This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

This Book belongs to

ROWLEY's

Circulating Library,

EDMONTON.

For the accommodation of Subscribers, please to return this Book as soon as read.

N. B. Particular Notice is taken of the Books when lent out, and when they are returned; and if any volume is lost, wrote in, or the leaf of any volume torn or damaged, while in the possession of a reader, that volume, or if it belong to a set, the set shall be paid for by the persons so injuring the same.

BOOK BINDING

in all its Branches.

STATIONERY AND PERFUMERY.

Fancy Goods & Paper, &c.

600075992

LETTERS

OF

MISS RIVERSDALE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

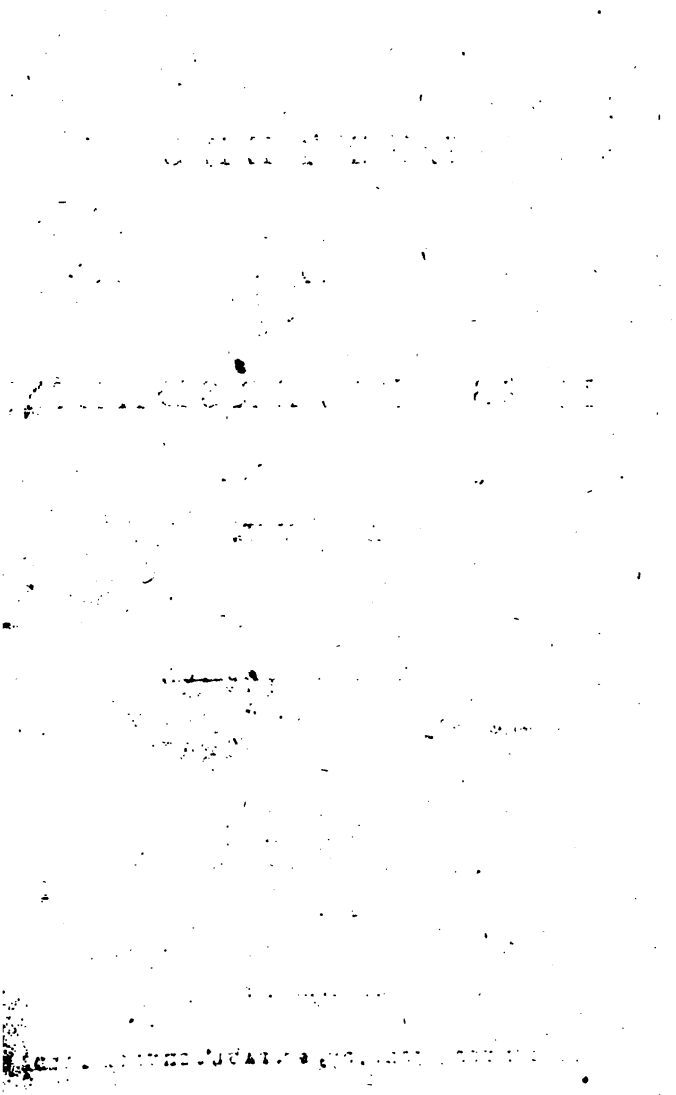
VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1803.

249. s. 24.



LETTERS

OF

MISS RIVERSDALE.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

July 17th.—IT is ſcarcely poſſible to deſcribe to you the aſtoniſhment that the unexpected appearance of Colonel Malcolm produced in every countenance: mine was, however, I believe, the only one, in which ſatisfaction was blended with it. But the cloud that hung over his brow inſtantly damped the expreſſion of my joy, and brought forcibly into my mind all the mean ſuſpicions, that had ſo lately diſtreſſed and humbled me.

My mother and I ſtarted up at the ſame moment to meet him; "Colonel Malcolm!" we both exclaimed. "How wonderful!" added ſhe.

"More ſo, than agreeable," replied he, "if I may judge by the conſternation I ſeem to occaſion."

"Surpriſe will wear various aſpects," returned my mother;—"no change for the worſe in Lady Mary Melvile's ſituation has, I hope, occaſioned this ſudden return."

" I left her very much mended," ſaid he, " ſhe has written to Miſs Riverſdale;" and he gravely took out a letter, which he preſented to me. " I attended her as far as Plombières," continued he, " where I wiſhed to ſee her comfortably ſettled, and to judge of the effects of her firſt bath. I met with an old friend there, who was coming to Geneva for a few days, and meant afterwards to proceed to Vienna;—he offered me his company and an agreeable conveyance, if I would deviate from my original plan; which I acknowledge it did not require much perſuation to induce me to do: but," . . .

He ſtopped, as if checking himſelf, in conſideration of the company, from adding ſome reproachful expreſſion, that was riſing to his lips.

Both Lady Riverſdale and I had held out our hands to him upon his firſt entrance; he kiſſed them ceremoniouſly: and made a cold, ſtiff bow to the reſt of the company, ſtudiouſly avoiding to take Prince Polinſki into it.

I offered him a chair next to me at the table, where we were looking over the drawings; but he dryly anſwered, " he had no

ſkill in *vertu*;"—and ſtalked away to the window.

I cannot deſcribe my embarraſsment—the coldneſs of his behaviour made any particular attention on my part highly improper; at the ſame time I was aware, that the want of it would be conſtrued by him into a confirmation of my diſpleaſure at his return.—I did not know what to do.

The Prince had been amuſing himſelf with examining the different drawings of mine, which hung round the room; perhaps to conceal his chagrin at this ſudden apparition; for he had changed colour in a very marked manner, at the Colonel's entrance.

It is natural enough, that he ſhould be alarmed at the idea of an interruption to the friendly intercourſe he ſeems to have ſet his heart upon cultivating with me: for I really believe he is not himſelf aware of being actuated by the ſentiments, which Lady Belfont thinks betrayed themſelves at the ball; and he cannot foreſee, that I mean to ſecure to him a continuance of the acquaintance, upon as intimate a footing as he *ought* to wiſh it; by the perfect candour, and expli-

citneſs, with which I ſhall lay every thing open to Colonel Malcolm, who will, no doubt, when informed of all the little traits of the goodneſs of the Prince's heart, be perfectly ſatisfied, that no improper thought or wiſh can ever harbour there. And as to me, however he might fear my becoming a dupe to a deſigner, he will not apprehend, that I ſhould voluntarily expoſe myſelf to miſchief, when I acquaint him with the pains I have taken, to avoid every impropriety in his abſence. This I ſhall clearly and candidly explain, the very firſt opportunity I have, as I meant to have done by letter; but he is not come this morning, which is extraordinary.

I ſat up ſcribbling great part of the night, that I might bring up my journal to this day; and am now continuing it, whilſt in expectation of the Colonel. My heart beats at the apprehenſion of his coming; becauſe his firſt diſpleaſure may be violent, before I can bring him to hear me. It was beſides unfortunately increaſed, as I was going to tell you, by the Prince's being very laviſh of the praiſe he beſtowed upon my drawings. He had inquired, whether that which hangs in *the* middle over the harpſichord were taken

from nature. Upon my riſing to ſee which he meant, Colonel Malcolm inſtantly came up, to look at it likewiſe; but I rather fear it was in the view of watching whether any thing might be ſaid, which it was intended he ſhould not hear: when his eye unluckily fell upon the little ſong of my compoſition, with the Prince's *impromptu* at the bottom of it. He took it up, and read it: I can give you no idea of the additional ſhades, that deepened on his countenance.

I was going to explain to him what had given riſe to it; but he turned his back upon me, ſnatched up his hat, and went away.

His departure ſeemed a relief to every one: and indeed, but for the manner of it, would have been ſo even to me; for his evident diſpleaſure, and the impoſſibility of coming to an explanation, kept me in miſery. But now I anxiouſly look for him, and he does not come.

Lady Mary Melvile's letter is full of kindneſs and friendſhip, and, quite like herſelf.

July 18*th.*—I have gone through a moſt diſtreſſing ſcene, my dear brother! and am

ſtill too much diſturbed, to give you a very diſtinct account of it, although it paſſed in the morning.

I laid down my pen, and have been endeavouring to collect my thoughts. I am now more compoſed, and will attempt to relate what has paſſed.

Colonel Malcolm came, agitated almoſt to madneſs;—rage ſeemed to choak his utterance—his aſpect was dreadful.

It threw me into a ſituation I can ſcarcely deſcribe: I wiſhed to ſpeak—it was impoſſible. My mother was preſent; and, nearly as much alarmed as myſelf, looked at him ſome time in ſilence. At length ſhe ſaid, "For God's ſake, Colonel Malcolm, what has happened? what is the matter?"

He made no anſwer; but walked furiouſly up and down the room, with his hat on, his eyes flaſhing fire—at length, folding his arms acroſs, and ſtopping to look at us both, he ſtood for a minute—and then, as if having juſt caught the import of her queſtion, he repeated, "Matter, madam?—D-n-n!"—and ſtriking his forehead with his *clenched fiſt*, he flung himſelf upon the ſofa, *his eyes wildly* bent on vacancy.—

I was terrified; but ſummoned reſolution to go to him, though hardly knowing what might be the reſult, and tremblingly ſaid, "Can you compoſe yourſelf ſufficiently to hear me, Colonel Malcolm?" and I took hold of his arm, wiſhing to ſoothe him.

He threw my hand off reſentfully, and, ſtarting up, again walked to and fro, muttering to himſelf, "Hear you! Death and diſtraction! I've heard too much already—I'll hear nothing."

I fell upon the ſofa he had quitted, and burſt into an agony of tears.—

He did not heed them.

My mother again interpoſed: "If, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "you are determined neither to hear what my daughter wiſhes to ſay, nor to explain the meaning of your unaccountable conduct, give me leave to tell you, that any other place than this would be fitter for you, until your ſenſes return a little more under your own command."

"By God, this alone was wanting!" cried he, "to add inſult to injury, and turn me out of your houſe:" and he was ruſhing furiouſly to the door; when, rouſed by the dread of *what might* enſue, I exclaimed,

"What injury? what inſult, Colonel Malcolm? either explain yourſelf, or let me"...

"No, by Heaven!" he fiercely interrupted, "I'll be made no bubble, no woman's fool, no ſkreen for . . "

"Stop Sir!" reſolutely ſaid my mother: "this is going a length I will no longer give way to; and ſince I ſee no other means of bringing you to a ſenſe of what is due either to us, or to yourſelf, we will leave this room to you, till we can with more propriety continue in your company."

And ſo ſaying, ſhe took me by the hand, and would have led me away; but, interpoſing, with redoubled fury, he cried out, "By what right are you taking Louiſa from me? has ſhe not promiſed to be mine? who ſhall diſpute my claim?" and he ſeized my other hand.

"*I* will diſpute your claim, Colonel Malcolm," ſaid my mother firmly, "if this is your method of enforcing it: ſhe ſhall not become the victim of an extorted promiſe, whilſt my favour or authority has any weight."

He became quite frantic—flung my hand from him; raved about the room like a mad*man; beat* his head againſt the wall—In ſhort,

I was

I was terrified beyond expreſſion:—knowing at the ſame time how much apparent cauſe for jealouſy the ſlighteſt miſrepreſentation of what had paſſed in his abſence muſt have given, and ſenſible that every word my mother uttered made the matter worſe, I entreated her to leave to me the taſk of endeavouring to pacify him, and to retire from a ſcene too trying.

"I cannot leave you to it, my child," ſhe cried, "it is impoſſible to gueſs what this fit of madneſs may end in."

"Of that, you ſhall ſoon be ſatisfied," he exclaimed; and burſt out of the room, and out of the houſe.

You may conceive, though I cannot deſcribe, the ſtate he left us in. Horror of the conſequences now ſeized upon my mother, as well as upon myſelf. There was no forming any conjecture of what his purpoſe might be; after paſſing a conſiderable time in fruitleſs apprehenſion, agitation, and diſcuſſion, ſhe ſaid, it would be beſt to ſend la Grange after him, to watch whither he might go.

La Grange was not within: He had been with his maſter from a very early hour in the

morning. This inſtantly accounted for the cauſe of Colonel Malcolm's violence;—he had certainly from him received a detail of every thing that had paſſed: and as la Grange could only relate facts, without adducing cauſes, this madneſs was evidently the reſult of my apparent encouragement of Prince Polinſki from the time of his departure.

It inſtantly ſtruck us both, that he might be gone ſtraight to the Prince; who being high-ſpirited, though leſs violent than the Colonel, would certainly brook nothing like an inſult; and the terrifying conſequences ſeemed inevitable.

What was to be done?—

"Let George go to his lodgings," ſaid my mother, "and inquire whether he be there: we ſhall then be better able to judge of what we may have to fear."

We ſent George.

The Colonel was at home; but had locked himſelf into his room, and ordered that nobody ſhould go near him.

So far, however, we were relieved; and we endeavoured to await the iſſue, as patiently as ſuch diſquieting ſenſations would admit.

About five o'clock la-Grange came home;

his maſter was gone to bed, in a high fever; and he believed him delirious; for he raved inceſſantly, and nobody could tell of what; and he ſeemed neither to hear nor underſtand any thing, that he or Hans could ſay to him; had not he better go for a phyſician?

"Certainly," my mother ſaid, "if he was in a fever."

As to the delirium, it did not appear to us in the ſame light as it did to la Grange: but the ſtrong ſenſe of the miſery, I was the unfortunate cauſe of bringing upon him, ſtruck ſo forcibly upon my heart, that I fell into a ſtate little leſs diſtreſſing than the Colonel's.

My mother, however, contended, that I had nothing to reproach myſelf with; and endeavoured, by every argument ſhe could think of, to convince me that his miſery was entirely of his own creating, and that he had given ſuch a ſpecimen both of the violence and impracticability of his temper, that it was better to let it work; in the hope that it might lead him to renounce the promiſe, from which ſhe could foreſee only irretrievable miſery.

But, my deareſt brother, I could not agree

in this way of thinking; I am perfectly conſcious, that much apparent cauſe has been given for his preſent anxiety: I know the explanation will diſpel it; and yet it is very certain, that, notwithſtanding all poſſible attention to the propriety of my conduct in his abſence, circumſtances have concurred, to ſtigmatiſe it with the appearance both of duplicity and inconſtancy: and I could never forgive myſelf for ſuffering an errour to work upon him, for the diſhonourable purpoſe of obtaining a releaſe from an engagement, perhaps too inconſiderately contracted, but which I muſt ever hold ſacred as my honour.

I entreated my mother, therefore, to let me write to Colonel Malcolm, as I propoſed to have done had he not returned, the explicit account of every thing that had paſſed; fully perſuaded, that a fair and candid detail of the truth would inſtantly pacify him, and reſtore him to his ſenſes.

I had much difficulty to obtain her concurrence in this ſtep: but I urged it ſo ſtrenuouſly, that ſhe at length conſented; and I wrote as follows:

"The exceſs of diſpleaſure you have *ſhown, without* deigning to impart the

cauſe, might perhaps make me appear to be guided by a proper ſenſe of my own dignity, if I left you to the conſequences of an errour ſo injurious to me: but I can conſult only my heart, when I ſee you ſuffer; and it leads me to adopt the moſt obvious method of relieving you from the anxiety, to which you are a prey; this, but for your own inconſiderate violence, I ſhould have done this morning, in the hope of reſtoring to you that peace of mind, which it is my firſt object you ſhould poſſeſs; and that confidence in me, which I feel to be my due."

I then ſtated to him, as briefly, but as explicitly as in my power, all that had occurred in regard to Prince Polinſki, ſince the moment of his departure; which I do not tranſcribe, my dear Henry, as I would ſave you the repetition of what you already know. Then adding Lady Belfont's teſtimony to the Prince's worth and rectitude, I conclude with ſaying, "All this was to have been imparted to you, the inſtant I knew where to direct; and believe me when I ſay, that any part of it, which had met your diſapprobation, ſhould have been rectified to

to the utmoſt of my ability; as the chief ſtudy of my life, after having convinced you of my ſincerity, will ever be to ſhape my conduct to your wiſhes."

My mother not diſapproving of the letter, it was immediately ſent.

I have yet no anſwer: and after giving you this haſty, and, I fear, incoherent account of the painful events of the day, I am going to try whether ſleep will compoſe my diſordered ſpirits.

July the 19th.—After a very reſtleſs night, I was this morning preſented with the following note:

"I am indeed much aſhamed of my precipitancy, and feel the force of your kind intention, in the explanation you have favoured me with:—It has ſoothed and much abated my anguiſh. I ſee, at leaſt, that, into whatever impropriety of conduct my Louiſa has been unguardedly drawn, her heart is not changed, and I may ſtill hope to retain that place in it, without which I cannot exiſt. We will talk over the paſt calmly; and I make no doubt of *convincing* you, even from your own *words, how* much more reaſon there is for

my miſerable apprehenſions, than you are yourſelf aware of. I am ordered not to leave the houſe to-day; which, by the impatience it occaſions, I am ſure, retards more than it advances my recovery. O, Louiſa! forgive the effects of the torture you occaſion, and let the exceſs of my adoration plead the excuſe of the unhappy

"MALCOLM."

I will not ſay, Henry, that I am ſatisfied with this note. You ſee he is but half appeaſed; and ſeems to make it a favour, that he will talk over the ſubject calmly. He does not acknowledge or ſeem aware of his unreaſonableneſs. Surely after ſuch treatmen as I had endured, I might have expected, that my fair expoſtulation would have produced a ſtronger ſenſe of the injuſtice done me, than he ſeems to feel.

20*th*.—All is peace again: and I truſt now, that it will be permanent.

The Colonel came, looking extremely ill, and ſtill half ſullen, as if afraid of giving way to conviction too eaſily. His ſallow countenance and ſunk eye inſtantly called forth all

the feeling, which his but half-repentant note had checked; and I was much diſtreſſed.

"You ſee your power over me, Louiſa," ſaid he; "you deſtroy and revive me at pleaſure: O that you would but a little more conſider the conſequences of the unguarded ſteps into which you are betrayed!"

"I had hoped, Colonel, that the clear and explicit account, contained in my letter, of every ſtep I had taken ſince your departure would have wholly acquitted me in your eyes."

"Of *intentional* errour it certainly does: but why ſo extremely fearful of ſhowing yourſelf averſe to all connexion with Prince Polinſki? You ſee, that he daily encroaches, and aſſumes upon your facility. He can in no ſhape do you credit;—after what has paſſed, the world muſt ſet him down as your lover; indeed all his artifice has tended to inculcate the idea: for you cannot be the dupe of his pretended forbearance, his affected timidity, and his real preſumption. He wiſhes to be ſuppoſed ſecretly favoured, that he may openly triumph, and contemn his conqueſt."

" I could not have imagined you would have retained ſo ſtrong a prejudice againſt him, after Lady Belfont's teſtimony, and his own ingenuous, candid diſplay of the honourable, worthy feelings of his heart."

" Take care, Miſs Riverſdale; take care," angrily interrupting me, " you are injudiciouſly warm in your defence of him:" and he bit his lips, and contracted his brow.

" I ſhould be equally ſo in favour of any one elſe, Colonel Malcolm, whom I thought unjuſtly accuſed; but, however, to convince you, that I have no wiſh to ſhow any civility to the Prince, beyond what you ſhall approve, I will tell you, that he was laſt night refuſed admittance, at my deſire, when he called."

His brow cleared.

" And as to all that occurred during your abſence," continued I, " it had Lady Belfont's ſanction; who was earneſtly ſolicitous to ſave me from every appearance of impropriety, at the ſame time that ſhe warned me againſt the affectation and the danger of giving too much conſequence to the Prince, by avoiding him in a marked manner."

" Lady Belfont cannot be ſo deeply inter-

eſted in forming a clear judgment of him as I am; and I think it both for your honour and my own, that he ſhould never more have admiſſion into this houſe."

"Then he never ſhall: will that convince you of my ſincerity?"

"You look as if you thought the ſacrifice entitled you to my gratitude, Louiſa."

"I ſhall not conſider it as a ſacrifice, if it anſwer the purpoſe of making you eaſy."

"It is purely for your own ſake, Louiſa, that I urge you to reſent his conduct, which is that of a forward, audacious puppy, who has no other view but to make a fool of you, and then laugh at your unſuſpecting credulity."

"I have no reaſon to think ſo, Colonel Malcolm;—but it is immaterial to me what his views are, provided I can ſet you at eaſe by diſregarding them."

"You will then both ſhun him when you meet him, avoid all converſation, and evince by your looks and manner, that you are aware of his preſumption, and deſpiſe him as he deſerves."

"I will put all the coldneſs into my man-

ner that can check forwardneſs; but, for my own ſake, you would not, I imagine, wiſh me to behave with rudeneſs."

"I do not underſtand theſe very nice diſtinctions; but I will confide in your ſincerity, my lovely Louiſa;" and he kiſſed my hand with apparent returning ſatisfaction. And then, as uſual, he exhauſted every expreſſion of love and adoration; expatiated upon his ſufferings, and the unſpeakable miſeries of abſence.

I ſaw him but juſt reſtored to ſome degree of tranquillity, and could not bear to diſturb it again, at that moment, by the mention of my own cauſe of complaint againſt him, for the unworthy ſuſpicions entertained and betrayed at old Cathèrine's: but I ſhall certainly ſeek an opportunity of making him ſenſible of their impropriety, before he leaves Geneva.

I own to you, my dear brother, that it is not without reluctance I give up Prince Polinſki's acquaintance: little indeed has he deſerved ſuch a return for the flattering proofs of eſteem and friendly regard he has teſtified for me. I deeply regret the diſappointment *of not* being able to make the *Colonel ſenſible of* his uncommon worth; at

the ſame time I feel I am doing right, and have no choice left.

The Prince came again in the evening, and was refuſed admittance. George brought in word he had called;—Colonel Malcolm's countenance wore the glow of triumph. Why ſhould it? too well he knows he can now conſtrain me to any thing; and I muſt ſubmit: but it would be more generous, and better underſtood, perhaps, to place that confidence in me, which would enhance the value of my preference of him. I thought he *was* generous, Henry—I do not know how it is—perhaps the ſpirit of contradiction, ſo natural to my ſex, is at work in me; but I think there is ſomething ſo cruelly mortifying in unmerited ſuſpicion, that, if any thing could impel me to act wrong, it would be the ſuppoſing me capable of acting ſo.

I believe, however, ſelf-love would keep me from that ſort of revenge too: but I am not quite at peace with either the Colonel or myſelf.

Madame d'Urtiſe came this evening and Mr. Burnaby with her. My mother received them very coolly indeed. The flirtation is out of all meaſure, and all decency; ſcarcely

any one ſpoke to them the whole evening; but they ſeemed quite ſufficient to themſelves, and impenetrable to any ſenſe of propriety. My mother aſked Mr. Burnaby pointedly, whether it was partiality to her own country, that prevented *his Lady* from accompanying him in his travels. He coloured, and ſaid, ſhe was not in a ſtate of health, or at a time of life, to have any great reliſh for foreign pleaſures.

Madame d'Urtiſe did not look either ſurpriſed or diſconcerted; ſo the knowledge of his ſituation was propably not new to her. Her infatuation ſeems wholly unaccountable; ſhe is entirely abſorbed in the gratification afforded to her vanity by his admiration; and he ſhows a jealouſy of her even ſpeaking or looking, for an inſtant, from him.

Lady Belfont ſays, ſhe once committed ſome thoughts to paper, for the uſe of a much more ſenſible woman than Madame d'Urtiſe, whom ſhe thought in danger of being led aſtray by an unwarrantable partiality; and ſhe would lend them to me for my mother's, and my peruſal; and if we thought they could have any effect in the preſent caſe, they were at our ſervice *to do* with as we pleaſed. But

I fear

I fear it is too late, to avert Madame d'Urtiſe's fate; yet I cannot believe her to be altogether deſtitute of principle, and the attempt is certainly worth making.

21*ſt.*—I have had another very unpleaſant diſcuſſion with the Colonel. He will by no means acknowledge, that I have any juſt grounds of complaint on the diſcovery of his mean ſuſpicions of me at Catherine's.

He was outrageous at her having betrayed him; but he vindicates the ſteps he took, and maintains, that jealouſy is inherent to love as exceſſive as his.

There might be a *ſpecies* of jealouſy, I allowed, originating in diffidence of oneſelf, which was highly flattering to its object; but where it ſeemed to proceed from want of confidence in the perſon beloved, or want of eſteem, it was humiliating almoſt beyond endurance.

He contended, that it was not deficiency of eſteem, but a dread of my youth and inexperience laying me open to artifices, of which I could not be aware.

I ſaid he had once done me the honour,

to think my mind formed beyond my years: and, although my inexperience of the world might expoſe me to ſnares, which I could not diſcern; yet he might truſt both to my principles and to my candour for ſaving me from them, the inſtant they became manifeſt.

He could have no doubt, he told me, either of my principles, or of my candour; but that ſuch were frequently, and almoſt imperceptibly to ourſelves, contaminated by intercourſe with the world; and that it was the ſafeſt method, certainly, to guard a young perſon even from the knowledge of the depravity, which pervaded human nature.

I argued, that, if good principles were founded upon a baſis ſo inſecure as mere *ignorance* of evil, I thought they were but little to be depended upon indeed; becauſe the moment, which put them to the teſt, muſt, according to that doctrine, by its nature, deſtroy them; and the chance of keeping a young woman what ſhe ought to be, could only turn upon ſhutting her up from all human intercourſe.

He ſaid, I carried his idea too far; he only thought it requiſite, that ſome clear-ſighted and experienced friend ſhould have a watch-

ful eye, to ward off inſinuating, artful at tempts, ſuch as Prince Polinſki's for inſtance who, under the maſk of ingenuous friendſhip had endeavournd to draw unſuſpicious inno cence into very dangerous ſnares.

I was hurt at the unmerited inſinuation and replied, "I think, Colonel, after th readineſs with which I have ſacrificed Princ Polinſki to your anixety, againſt my ow conviction, this attack upon him is no generous."

"If you conſider it as a *ſacrifice*, Miſ Riverſdale, I diſclaim it."

"I did not mean to uſe the word in the ſenſe in which you take it; I meant the ſacrifice o my own conviction to your opinion; and I do aſſure you, that, if I ſaw the eaſe reſulting to you, which it is my only aim to enſure, I ſhould never for an inſtant bring my own opinion into competition with your ſlighteſt wiſh; but I cannot bear the mortification of being thus doubted and tormented without end;"—and tears of vexation forced their way into my eyes.

He was ſoftened; and, approaching me with a milder look, ſaid, "It grieves my *ſoul*, Louiſa, when I diſtreſs you; but if

you knew how I am torn between hope and fear, expectation and deſpair, you would pity, and forgive me—indeed you would! all that gives you pain originates in the exceſs of my paſſion."

"I can be juſt to that, and allow for it, Colonel Malcolm: why will not you place equal confidence in me?"

"My adored Louiſa! I have no confidence but in you—no hope, or expectation of happineſs but from you—all—all my wiſhes are centred in you."

"Indeed they ſhall not be diſappointed, if you will only truſt me, and rely upon my integrity."

He paſſionately aſſured me, that he would; and at length ſeemed reſtored to tranquility, and to his former dependance upon me. He acknowledged, that la Grange's reports had driven him to the paroxyſm of madneſs I had ſeen; but aſſured me, that my own candid ſtatement of every circumſtance, which la Grange had mentioned, had perfectly ſatisfied him of my innocence: at the ſame time, that the proofs of Prince Polinſki's paſſion were ſuch, as to leave no manner of doubt in regard to him; and that nothing, ſhort of my

entirely dropping his acquaintance, could ſatisfy him, that I was ſafe from his deſigns.

I aſſured him that I would: and he went away ſatisfied.

But not ſo has he left your Louiſa. I ſee but too plainly, nothing will ever convince him, that his ſafety lies in my principles, and not in his own watchfulneſs:—and the violence of his temper, before he can be brought to hear reaſon, is ſo very dreadful, that I know not what to do.

Poor Prince Polinſki too!—little has his open, honeſt conduct deſerved ſuch a return. I believe, upon the whole, however, it may be better for him, that our acquaintance ſhould drop. He certainly has betrayed ſigns of ſtronger intereſt, than is conſiſtent with his ſituation. Still, that he ſhould have reaſon to think me ſo very capricious, inſolent, and ungrateful, as the change that is to take place in my behaviour to him muſt make me appear, diſtreſſes me very much. It is hard to ſubmit to being ill thought of by the worthy. But I have only my own precipitance to accuſe for the difficulties, in which I am involved, and have therefore neither right of option nor complaint left me.

22*d.*—Lady Belfont aſked me to a little muſic, yeſterday evening; but I concluded Prince Polinſki would be there, and refuſed; certain that I ſhould pleaſe Colonel Malcolm by it. He *was* pleaſed; and I again have hopes of at length bringing him to be ſatisfied with me.

He brought a letter, juſt received from Vienna, which confirms his expectations. His buſineſs will be ſettled, entirely to his ſatisfaction, the inſtant he arrives.

I have declined another invitation from Lady Belfont to day, becauſe he ſets out to morrow, and I did not chooſe to be abſent from him ſo many hours. But we go to Mrs. Freeman's this evening, and he goes with us. Probably the Prince may not be there; or, if he ſhould, the Colonel will give him no opportunity of approaching me; ſo that I ſhall find it eaſy, to conduct myſelf as I wiſh, without attracting particular obſervation.

23*d.*—I have your letter of the 5th of July, but cannot at this moment anſwer it *, my

* This letter, and Louiſa's intended anſwer to it, if exiſting, have not been found.

deareſt brother: I have too much to relate.—O! why did I go to Mrs. Freeman's? I am in a greater difficulty than ever.

Mrs. Freeman had planned a little muſic, without appriſing us of it. The Colonel and the Dean went with us; and we found Lady Belfont, Lady Barbara, Madame d'Urtiſe, Mr. Burnaby, Lord Grantin, and Prince Polinſki, there.

The inſtant I perceived the preparations for a concert, I determined to make the excuſe of a cold; which, as I had never before allowed myſelf to do, without reaſon, I thought would not be queſtioned; and it was the only means, that occurred to me, to avoid all poſſibility of converſation with the Prince, who, I knew, would be fixed at the harpſichord the whole evening.

Mrs. Freeman expreſſed her hopes, at our entrance, that Lady Barbara's muſic books would gratify the company, by ſupplying me with a ſong.

I anſwered, that I feared my cold would put it out of my power to ſing.

"When, Louiſa," ſaid my mother, whom I had not had time to appriſe of my intention, and its motive, "did I ever before know you

guilty of the affectation of pleading a ſham cold?"

I was confounded.

"Bleſs me!" exclaimed Lady Barbara, coming forward, "why, is not that the unqueſtionable privilege of all us good fingers? Don't relinquiſh it, Miſs Riverſdale, I'll ſtand by you;—and there's poor Prince Polinſki in the corner yonder, with a bad head-ach—that's the privilege of fine harpſichord players, you know, becauſe then they can't ſee the notes; and you'll keep each other in countenance: and then, perhaps, talking over the cold and the head-ach may prove a relief to both." And her looks, while ſhe ſaid this, were ſtill more provoking than her words.

Finding, however, that the motive for which I had framed my excuſe was removed, and that I was now more likely to keep out of the Prince's way by ſinging, than by adhering to my refuſal, I ſaid, as cheerfully as I could, that I would endeavour to recover my credit, by waving my privilege, when I found it contrary to the ſenſe of the company; and that if Lady Barbara would have the goodneſs to ſhow me her books, I would do

the utmoſt to ſet the hoarſeneſs, which I felt coming on, at defiance.

However, the hoarſeneſs, which was of my own contrivance at firſt, now in reality came on, from the nervous agitation I experienced, in the dread of what the reſult of this evening might be. Still I reſolved not to give way to it, and, with evident uneaſineſs to myſelf, began a ſong, accompanied by Wurmſer at the harpſichord. I was unable to get through it; and when I turned to one that required leſs exertion, Wurmſer declared it was new to him, and he could not play at ſight.

"Then give me leave to accompany myſelf," ſaid I, and was taking Wurmſer's place at the inſtrument, when Mrs. Freeman objected, ſaying, "half the pleaſure of hearing a ſong is ſeeing the finger; and when Miſs Riverſdale accompanies herſelf, the deſk entirely conceals her: I muſt inſiſt upon her being accompanied," ſaid ſhe, "and am quite ſure the Prince's head cannot be ſo bad, as to diſable him from going through one ſong."

He immediately came forward, and made my retreat impoſſible. He had before only made me a formal, diſtant bow, and now ſat

down to the harpſichord, without looking up, or ſpeaking to me.

He accompanied me extremely ill, ſcarcely ſeeming to know what he was about, and looked pale, and much agitated.

Having finiſhed my ſong, I was moving away from the inſtrument; when Mrs. Freeman, who was deſtined, though unintentionally, to be my torment, came forward to ſtop me. "Before you ſit down," ſaid ſhe, "I muſt have that duet I have heard ſo much talked of."

I ſaid, I had it not; but Lady Barbara, miſchievouſly bent upon overruling all my excuſes, ſaid, ſhe had:—and, running giddily to look for it, ſhe overturned the candle, and ſpilt ſome wax upon her hand. Her exclamations now drew every one about her, except the Prince, who was ſo placed that I could not get paſt him till he moved, which it was not his intention to do; for, ſeizing that moment of confuſion, he pulled a paper out of his pocket, which he attempted to put into my hand;—but I withdrew it, ſaying, "I entreat you, Sir, to let me paſs."

Without attending to me, he laid his paper down upon the muſic-deſk before me,

and ſaid, "It is of infinite importance to me, that you ſhould read what I have written, and if you refuſe to take it, there it ſhall lie: you are aware of the conſequences, that may ariſe from Colonel Malcolm's picking it up, and I am willing to abide by whatever you may chooſe to expoſe me to."

The obvious meaning of theſe words alarmed me the more, from catching the Colonel's eye, at that moment turned upon us. Perceiving the Prince to be ſpeaking, he came forward with quickneſs.

I had no time for recollection; fear compelled me to take the paper, with the ſong on which it was lying, from the deſk; determining, however, in the ſame moment, to take an opportunity of ſlipping it back into the Prince's pocket, before he ſhould leave the room: but, as if aware of my very thoughts, upon ſeeing me in poſſeſſion of the paper, he inſtantly ſtarted up, put his handkerchief to his face, ſaying that his noſe bled; and ran out of the room.

"Was it my moving this way, that occaſioned this ſudden bleeding at the noſe?" aſked the Colonel, ſarcaſtically.

"I ſhould rather imagine it to be the

conſequence of the head-ach Prince Polinſki complained of," ſaid I, affecting not to take his meaning.

He darted an angry look at me, and returned back with ſolemnity to his place.

The alarm which Lady Barbara had choſen to create (for in reality ſhe was not hurt at all) having now ſubſided, and the book being found, the next inquiry was for Prince Polinſki.

"Miſs Riverſdale has taken her opportunity to ſpirit him away," ſaid Lady Barbara.

I replied, forcing a ſmile, that I fancied he had gone no farther than the next room, whither a bleeding at the noſe had driven him

"A bleeding at the heart, more likely," ſaid Lord Grantin, meaning to be witty.

Colonel Malcolm's eyes flaſhed fire.

Mrs. Freeman went in purſuit of the Prince; but he had left the houſe.

I cannot expreſs to you the perplexity and diſpleaſure I now felt. He had evidently duped me into the moſt improper action, that, conſidering my ſituation, I could fall into. He expoſed me to every violent conſequence from the Colonel's indignation, if I were diſcovered, or to the conſciouſneſs of carrying

on a clandeſtine intercourſe with him, if I concealed what paſſed. I was bent upon returning the note—but how? It was only folded together, not ſealed:—how ſhould I convince him of my not having read it? the open plan of conduct I had laid down to myſelf ſeemed to preſcribe the immediate communication of it to the Colonel:—but this did not relate ſimply to myſelf; it might here involve a quarrel of the moſt alarming nature.

Wholly abſorbed by theſe uneaſy reflections, I had not attended to the appearance of abſence which I wore. The concluſion of a piece of muſic, however, by awakening my attention, inſtantly turned it, to the inference that might be drawn from my unguarded reverie; and, raiſing my eyes, I found thoſe of the Colonel, of Lady Barbara, and of my mother, all fixed upon me. This added confuſion to conſciouſneſs: I had fallen into this ſtate ſo immediately upon the Prince's departure, that it was ſcarce poſſible to clear myſelf from imputation.

Lady Barbara came up to me:—"Here," ſaid ſhe, fantaſtically parodying from Thomſon, and repeating with emphaſis, "Here,

' With the *gloom* of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Lurks *dubious paſſion* in the feeling heart.'*

" My dear Miſs Riverſdale, you really do not carry on this buſineſs well at all; why, a child of ten years old would perform her part better; I ſee, I ſhall be obliged to take you under my tuition at laſt, or I ſhall never make out my novel. Wolmar will be off, if you go on at this rate—ſee how he ſtands yonder,

' With clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek;
Where the whole poiſon'd foul malignant fits,
And frightens love away.'

THOMSON.

" I think your ladyſhip would ſpare your raillery," I replied, " if you had the ſmalleſt idea how very diſtreſſing it is at this moment."

" Nay, if you are honeſt enough to cry *peccavi*, you diſarm me at once; for I am the moſt amiable confidante in the world: it is only hypocriſy and reſerve that I aim at beating out of the field."

* " Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy in the feeling heart."

THOMSON. SPRING.

Here Lady Belfont came towards me—"My dear Louiſa, I am grieved to ſee you appear ſo unwell, and have been at a loſs, whether to come up, and rouſe you to recollection, or take the chance of your thoughtfulneſs paſſing unobſerved, and leave you quietly to recover from it."

"I am aware, Lady Belfont, that I have behaved like a fool; but I am unſpeakably diſtreſſed, and wiſh much to ſee you for half an hour. I will go to your houſe to morrow, if you will receive me, after Colonel Malcolm's departure."

"I think I heard him ſay, juſt now, it was deferred for a day," anſwered ſhe.

"Well, then, my going to Sécheron muſt be out of the queſtion, till Wedneſday."

"I can ſee you at your own houſe, at your dreſſing time, to morrow," ſaid ſhe, kindly, "and learn what new troubles oppreſs my dear young friend."

I thanked her, from the bottom of my heart; and my mother, ſoon after this, aroſe, to go away, which was a very ſenſible relief to me.

The Colonel made no attempt to accom-

pany us home; but, bowing coldly, as we paſſed him, ſuffered us to go, without ſpeaking a word.

And, now—retired into my own room, I find my perplexity extreme—I know not what to do. Colonel Malcolm's evident diſpleaſure threatens a new ſtorm, which I neither know how to encounter, nor to mitigate. I cannot have recourſe to my mother, becauſe ſhe is by no means impartial; ſhe is incenſed againſt him, to a degree that would induce her to wiſh I ſhould keep no meaſures with him; and ſhe does not ſee the ſacredneſs of my engagement, in the ſtrong light, in which I ſee it myſelf. I am not of an age, ſhe ſays, to be bound by a promiſe ſo inconſiderately given; but you will agree with me, that

"Honour is much too proud, to catch
At every ſlender twig of nice diſtinction."

—"Thoſe, whoſe ſouls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy nobly ſway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws."

THOMSON.

In caſes of this kind, perſons muſt judge for themſelves, and I muſt ever abide by what I ſaid to Lady Belfont, that I ſhould

conſider it as an indelible diſgrace, could now be perſuaded to recede.

Meanwhile, however, I have locked t Prince Polinſki's note in my deſk, witho unfolding it; and there I mean to keep i until I can have Lady Belfont's advice hc to act.

24*th*.—Every thing combines to torme me. Lady Belfont has ſent me word, ſl has a feveriſh cold, and is afraid to ventu out; but begs I would write, if there be ar particular haſte in what I have to impart.

To write upon ſuch a ſubject, is impo ſible; to encloſe the Prince's note, every wa dangerous; and to go to her, out of m power. I expect Colonel Malcolm evei minute; and were he not to find me, when ought to have been anxiouſly expecting hin it would produce ſuch another fit of phrenz as the laſt.—In ſhort, I muſt now determir for myſelf; and I believe the moſt prudei plan, upon the whole, will be, to read th Prince's note; and, according to its purpor ſhow it to the Colonel, or not: poſſibly i contents may ſerve better to acquit m than any thing—and if not, I am but whei

I was.

I lay down my pen, to read it:—my hand-writing bears teſtimony to the agitation I feel, in ſo determining; my conſcience is not at eaſe—I was better ſatisfied that I was right laſt night, when I gained upon myſelf to lock it up without looking at it.

* * *

I forbear all commentary till you have read it.

PRINCE POLINSKI TO LOUISA*.

" Je ne viens point me plaindre, mademoiſelle, de la dureté avec laquelle on me refuſe votre porte; je ne viens point vous parler de ſentimens, que je n'ai peutêtre que trop trahis, mais qu'il m'eſt également

* Though the common Engliſh reader might, perhaps, be ſatisfied to have the tranſlation only of the prince's letters given in the text, the editor finds it ſo difficult to do them juſtice in that way, and is, beſides, ſo ſtruck himſelf with the peculiar elegance of their turn in the original, that he does not wiſh to rob the admirers of French letter-writing of the pleaſure that muſt be imparted to them by theſe ſpecimens of it. The EDITOR.

" I do not come to complain, madam, of the ſeverity, which ſhuts your door againſt me; I do not come to expreſs ſentiments, which I may, perhaps, have involuntarily betrayed, but which I am equally pro-

interdit de faire valoir, comme à vous de les entendre ; mais je viens vous ſupplier à genoux, d'écouter la voix du plus vrai, du plus déſintéreſsé de vos amis, qui vous conjure de vous ſouſtraire au malheur qui vous ménace, dans les liens diſparates que vous voulez former.

" Lorſque vous m'avez parlée de l'engagement que vous aviez priſe, j'ai été frappé de votre franchiſe, et de votre honnêteté ; et j'aurois, à tout prix, reſpecté votre volonté en ſilence, juſqu'au dernier moment de ma vie, ſi j'avois vu la moindre perſpective, je ne dis pas ſeulement de bonheur, mais même de tranquillité pour vous, dans l'établiſſe-

hibited from uttering, as you are from liſtening to them : but I come to implore you, upon my knees, to liſten to the voice of the trueſt, of the moſt diſintereſted of your friends, who conjures you to draw back from thoſe diſproportionate ties you are contracting, and which can only unite you to the moſt unqualified miſery.

" When firſt you mentioned your engagement to me, I was ſtruck with the frankneſs and the candour of your acknowledgment ; and ſhould ever have bowed to your decree in reſpectful ſilence, had I perceived the ſmalleſt proſpect—I will not ſay of happineſs, but of common tranquillity,—in the eſtabliſhment

ment que vous avez daignée agréer. Mais dès l'inſtant que j'ai apperçu ce fier Colonel, avec ſes cinquante ans, ſa mine inſultante, et ſon froid maintien, tout l'intérêt que vous ſavez ſi bien inſpirer eſt venu agir ſur mon cœur de manière à l'occuper tout entier. Comment! me ſuis je dit, cette Louiſe, ſi douce, ſi jolie, ſi ſpirituelle, ſi ſenſible,—pétrie de la main des Graces—réuniſſant les talens et l'inſtruction au jugement le plus ſolide—Louiſe! ſe ſacrifieroit ainſi? je n'en revenois pas.

" Voyons au moins, me diſai-je encore, ſi ſon caractère, ſi la tournure de ſon eſprit la dédomageront de ſon age, et de ſon ton

you had deigned to accept. But from the inſtant that I beheld this haughty Colonel, with his advanced years, his inſulting looks, and his cold demeanour, all the intereſt, that you ſo infallibly excite, came preſſing upon my heart, and expelled every thought, but that of anxiety for your welfare. How, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhall this Louiſa—ſo mild—ſo attractive—ſo animated—ſo feeling—formed by the hand of the Graces—uniting every accompliſhment to elegant acquirements and ſolid ſenſe—ſhall ſhe ſo ſacrifice herſelf? My aſtoniſhment was inexpreſſible.

" Let us ſee, at leaſt, continued I, whether his temper, and the turn of his mind, will make her amends for his age, and forbidding manners. But

bruſque ? mais que devins-je ? quand je fus convaincu que déjà ſa jalouſie, ſa mauvaiſe humeur portoit ſur tout ce qui vous approchoit ; que vous étiez gênée, timide devant lui, n'oſant parler, ni regarder, à droite ni à gauche, crainte de la ſcène, qui alloit s'enſuivre. Ah, mademoiſelle ! ſi vous aviez pue voir la douleur, dont j'ai été navré à cette cruelle découverte, vous me pardonneriez l'indiſcretion qu'elle me fait commettre aujourdhui, en me ſervant du ſeul moyen que j'ai de vous faire parvenir (tandis qu'il en eſt encore tems) cette remontrance, dictée par le zèle, le reſpect et la ſincérité.

" J'avois eſpéré, durant ſon abſence de pou-

what became of me again ? when I was convinced, from my own obſervations, that already his jealouſy and moroſeneſs ſhowed themſelves to all who approached you ; that, in his preſence, you were conſtrained, timid—afraid of looking either to the right or to the left, in the dread of the ſcene that was to follow. Ah, Miſs Riverſdale ! could you have been witneſs to the affliction, with which this painful diſcovery overwhelmed me, you would forgive the impropriety of which it now makes me guilty, in taking this, the only method I can deviſe, of conveying to you, while it is yet time, a remonſtrance, dictated by zeal, as reſpectful as it is ſincere.

" I had flattered myſelf, that during the Colonel's

voir gagner aſſez ſur votre eſtime, et ſur votre confiance, pour oſer vous dire ce que je ſuis maintenant reduit à vous écrire: et le ciel m'eſt témoin, que tous mes vœux portent ſur votre propre bonheur: helas! il n'eſt que trop independant du mien, que ce ſoit Monſieur Malcolm ou un autre qui en ait le ſoin, la rigueur de mon ſort ne me permet d'y contribuer, que par le déſintéreſſement le plus pénible, mais le plus réel.

" Le retour inopiné de M. le Colonel a tout bouleverſé: je n'ai plus trouvé le moyen de vous approcher; mais je vois—mais je ſais que vous êtes malheureuſe, et je n'y

abſence I might gain ſuch ground in your eſteem and confidence, as would authorize my interference, and give me the courage to ſay to you, what I am now reduced to the neceſſity of writing. Heaven is my witneſs, that your happineſs is my only object: alas! it muſt ever be but too independent of mine. Whether Colonel Malcolm, or any other, be entruſted with the care of it, the rigour of *my* fate admits only of my contributing to it, by means the moſt truly, though the moſt painfully diſintereſted.

" The unexpected return of the Colonel has defeated my hopes; I have no longer been ſuffered to approach you: but I ſee—but I know, that you are unhappy, and

puis tenir. Ah! ſongez—ſongez que c'eſt pour la vie que vous allez vous lier!—ſongez que ces ſcènes, qui ne vous tourmentent maintenant que de tems à autre, ſe renouveleront journellement, quand il ne ſera plus retenu par la crainte que vous ne lui échappiez—que ſon humeur noircira encore à meſure qu'il avancera en âge—que jeune, belle, et faite pour plaire, vous attirerez, malgré vous, des hommages, dont chacun vous fera un nouveau crime à ſes yeux. Enfin, je le répéte—je tombe à vos genoux, pour vous conjurer d'écouter la voix de tous vos amis, qui s'explique par mon organe. Il n'eſt qu'un cri ſur le compte de

I cannot bear it. Think—ah, think! that it is for life you are going to bind yourſelf: conſider that theſe ſcenes of jealous violence, which now only occur from time to time, will be renewed daily, when he is no longer reſtrained by the fear of loſing you—that his temper will become worſe as he advances in age—that young, handſome, and formed as you are to pleaſe, every man who approaches you, will pay a tribute of admiration, which will conſtantly be imputed to you as a freſh crime by his unreaſonable jealouſy. In ſhort, I proſtrate myſelf before you, to entreat—to conjure you, to liſten to the voice of all your friends, who ſpeak through me. There can be *but one opinion* in regard to Colonel Malcolm and

Monſieur Malcolm et ſur le votre; et c'eſt votre prévention en ſa faveur, qui peut ſeule vous aveugler ſur le ſort qui vous attend. Ah dégagez vous! vous aurez auſſitôt le monde entier à vos pieds, et vous ne ſauriez manquer de faire un choix plus digne de vous. Je ne vous dirai pas que j'aurois le courage d'en être témoin. Louiſe, libre, ſeroit encore pour moi un objet mille fois plus dangereux, que tout ce qui a juſqu'ici aſſailli ma conſtance: mais j'aurois la force de fuir, mademoiſelle! j'irois ou le devoir m'appelle, et je chercherois dans l'abſence à triompher des ſentimens, dont je ne me permets point de vous entretenir, et à ne

yourſelf; and your prejudice in his favour can alone blind you to the fate that awaits you.—Ah! diſengage yourſelf from theſe unworthy fetters, and you will have the world at your feet, and cannot fail of making a choice more adequate to your deſert. I will not boaſt, that I ſhall have the courage, to be witneſs to ſuch an event. Louiſa, free, would be an object of a thouſand times more danger, than any that has yet aſſailed my fortitude; but I ſhould have reſolution ſufficient to fly—I ſhould go where my duty calls me; I ſhould endeavour to triumph, by abſence, over thoſe feelings, which I muſt not expreſs, and to enjoy thoſe, which ſhall have fortunately contributed to reſcue you from miſery, and of which you may

nourrir que ceux dont vous ne rougirez point de recevoir l'hommage; et que je chérirai d'autant plus, pour m'avoir inſpiré la hardieſſe avec laquelle je viens de vous parler, ſi le ſuccès couronne mon attente, et que je puiſſe me flatter d'avoir prévenu votre malheur: et peutêtre ne dédaignerez vous pas un jour de marquer à votre *ami* (car j'oſe m'arroger ce titre) que vous avez ſue lui rendre juſtice, et que ſon déſintéreſſement lui a mérite une place dans votre amitié. C'eſt tout ce que je puis me permettre de demander:—Helas! que ne puis-je ajouter, c'eſt tout ce que je déſire."

Well, my dear brother! what ſay you now? Is it poſſible, to carry diſintereſted zeal and generous friendſhip further? for, although there is no being blind to the meaning of his ſuppreſſed ſentiments, you ſee how very far he is from a thought of

without bluſhing, receive the tribute. And, perhaps, the time may come, that you will condeſcend to acquaint your *friend* (for I venture to lay claim to that name), that you do juſtice to his ſentiments, and remember him with the eſteem, which his diſintereſted attachment merits. This is all, that I muſt allow myſelf to *aſk*: alas! that I could add—it is all I *wiſh*."

indulging them. How little did I know him, when I feared to read his note! how little did he merit my ungenerous ſuſpicions! —Amiable prince! What amends can I make for the pain I have given, and muſt continue to give, to his feeling heart? for he urges an impoſſibility: my doom is irrevocably fixed.

You ſee, that the nature of this note abſolutely precludes the communication of it to Colonel Malcolm. I am now condemned to act with a duplicity, of which the conſciouſneſs is miſery to me—but what can I do? The Prince, however, will ſoon leave Geneva, and that will put an end to every difficulty. Meanwhile, it appears to me, that common gratitude calls for an anſwer to his kindly meant remonſtrance; though I ſhall not give it without Lady Belfont's approbation: I am too ſenſibly aware, how much I miſtook my way before, to truſt wholly to my own judgment again.

* * *

The Colonel has been here, and renewed a ſcene of violence, with the nature of which you are now become too well acquainted, to make the detail neceſſary. Suffice it to ſay,

that, after a great deal of very intemperate diſcuſſion, and degrading ſuſpicion, he was at length compelled to allow, that I could neither have taken more pains to avoid the Prince, nor thrown more reſerve into my manner, without marking my ſituation to the whole company; which, I ſaid, I wiſhed, for his credit, to avoid, as it would grieve me to have any but myſelf aware, how very unreaſonable he could be.

He had ſeen the Prince ſpeaking to me—What did he ſay?

I replied, "that he had told me, he ſhould ſoon remove a painful object out of my ſight."

I did not ſcruple to have recourſe to this little evaſion, becauſe it was calculated to relieve Colonel Malcolm's mind, by the idea of his ſpeedy departure; and, in fact, was contained in the letter, which I could neither ſhow nor acknowledge.

"What! is he going, then?" exclaimed he, with the utmoſt eagerneſs; "Heaven be praiſed!" And this unexpected piece of good news ſo appeaſed him, that he became quite ſerene, and dropped the ſubject.

The Colonel now propoſes leaving Geneva

to morrow. How is it, my dear brother, that his approaching departure no longer raiſes in me that dread of ſeparation, which I ſo painfully experienced three weeks ago? Am I changed?—Am I no longer the grateful, affectionate Louiſa, who took ſuch delight in conſidering herſelf as a pledge of happineſs to the friend of her family; to the man, to whom ſhe herſelf is ſo highly indebted? I almoſt ſhrink from my own inveſtigation: ſtill, I find my heart retain every friendly anxiety for his welfare, that ever filled it. I would ſacrifice any thing, to acquit the debt of gratitude, which I owe him: but I fear his happineſs is not in my power; although convinced of his ſincerity in aſſerting, that without me he ſhall be wretched. Many people, however, paſs through life very tolerably, without attaining poſitive happineſs: indeed, it is avowedly a "phantom, that mocks our purſuit:" peace will ſtand inſtead of it; and could I hope to ſecure his, I ſhould find my own in it: but the conſtant recurrence of this ſuſpicious irritability fills my mind with apprehenſions for the future. It is too late, however, to reflect upon this now; I have involved myſelf by my own

precipitancy, and muſt ſubmit to my fate. In a choice between two evils, it is better, certainly, to encounter miſery in the performance of one's duty, than in the breach of one's promiſe; the conſciouſneſs of acting right is a ſupport, never to be thought lightly of.—

But I am very low.

25*th*.—Lady Belfont is ſtill confined with her cold. The Colonel's departure is again delayed—and the poor Prince unanſwered.

I reproach myſelf ſeverely on his account. Such pure, diſintereſted friendſhip is certainly entitled to a better return, than ſilent neglect!—and he is going—going away, perhaps with the impreſſion, that I am ungrateful—undeſerving of his eſteem—inſenſible to the peculiar delicacy of his way of thinking and acting.—Surely, he has entitled himſelf to thanks at leaſt!—This appears to me one of the few occaſions, that juſtify a ſlight deviation from thoſe rigid rules of decorum, which prohibit the anſwering of a clandeſtine note; and I really think I ought to write, particularly as it will give me an opportunity of pointing out to him the danger, to which his indiſcretion

might have expoſed me, and being explic
as to my poſitive determination, never
ſuffer myſelf, upon any pretence, to
drawn into any thing of the kind again.
courſe, Lady Belfont ſhall ſee the letter, a
determine upon the propriety, and the mea
of tranſmitting it.

I tranſcribe it for you.

* " Je crois que ſi vous aviez réfléchi, mo
ſieur, à tous les inconvéniens qui pouvoie
réſulter de la manière dont vous vous y ê
pris pour me faire part de vos alarmes
mon compte, vous euſſiez cherché quelq
voie moins répréhenſible de m'en inſtrui
Je ne puis cependant que vous ſavoir gré
la franchiſe et du déſintéreſſement de vo
amitié; et je contreviens ſans ſcrupule a
règles uſitées, pour faire preuve de mon eſtim

* " I believe, Sir, that if you had conſidered
miſchief, which might have ariſen from the meth
you have taken, of imparting to me your anxiety up
my account, you would have fallen upon ſome leſs
prehenſible plan: ſtill, I muſt give you credit for
openneſs and diſintereſtedneſs of your friendſhip; a
I make no ſcruple to tranſgreſs the received rules
ſtrict decorum, *as a proof* of my eſteem, and the ju

et de la juſtice que je rends à vos ſentimens, et pour diſſiper vos craintes ſur le ſort qui m'attend. Soyez ſur qu'elles ne ſe réaliſeront point. Vous me jugez ſur les jeunes perſonnes de mon age; mais je n'ai jamais eue les goûts jeunes. Je ſuis liée au Colonel Malcolm par le ſentiment de l'eſtime, fondé ſur des qualités eſſentielles et diſtinguées, auxquelles vous ne ſauriez rendre juſtice, parceque vous n'avez pas eu l'occaſion de les approfondir; et je lui dois de plus une reconnoiſſance, que tout le cours de ma vie n'acquittera que foiblement: je ſuis d'ailleurs convaincuë qu'il m'eſt attaché au point de ne pouvoir plus connoître le bonheur que par mon moyen: et cette conviction ſe réunit à

I do to your way of thinking, as well as with a view to diſpel your fears in regard to my proſpect. Be aſſured, that they will not be verified. You judge of me by the generality of young people, but my taſte has never been juvenile. I am bound to Colonel Malcolm by the moſt perfect eſteem, founded upon great and good qualities, to which you cannot do juſtice, becauſe you have had no opportunity to inveſtigate them: I owe him a debt of gratitude, which the whole courſe of my life will be devoted to repay; and I know, beſides, to a certainty, that his attachment for *me is ſuch, as to* admit of his obtaining happineſs only

la ſainteté de ma promeſſe, pour m'interdire toute option. Je ſuis trop franche pour vous nier que quelques ſcénes pénibles n'ayent réſultés, de tems à autre, de ſon inquiétude ſur la ſolidité de mon attachement pour lui; mais je conviendrai en même tems que les apparences y ont donnés lieu: et il n'y à que l'extréme ſimplicité et uniformité de ma conduite, qui puiſſe me juſtifier pleinement à ſes yeux. Ne m'accuſez donc ni de caprice ni d'ingratitude, ſi je me conforme ſcrupuleuſement à tout ce que cette juſtification exige: car je ne sais point tempérer avec mon devoir; il me fait impérieuſement la loi, et m'ordonne de vous éviter; il m'ordonne encore, quand, malgré moi, je vous verrai, de

through my means. This conviction ſtrengthens the ſacredneſs of my engagement, and leaves me no option. I will not deny, that ſome momentary doubts, on his part, of the ſolidity of my affection, have occaſionally given riſe to painful ſcenes; but juſtice compels me to allow, that appearances may have given cauſe for them: it, therefore, reſts with the openneſs and uniformity of my conduct, to juſtify me fully in his eyes. Do not, then, accuſe me, either of caprice or ingratitude, if I ſcrupulouſly adhere to what my juſtification requires; for I cannot make a compromiſe with my duty: its *laws are imperious* and unequivocal: they

renfermer dans les bornes de la plus froide politeſſe les ſentimens d'eſtime que vous avez ſi bien mérité : et ſurtout de ne me laiſſer engager, par quelque motif que ce puiſſe être, de recevoir un mot de réponſe de votre part : mais il n'exige point que je détruiſe l'exiſtence de cette eſtime dans mon cœur, parceque ce ſeroit exiger l'impoſſible, ſentant, comme je le fais, tout le prix et toute la verité de votre amitié.

" Recevez donc, Prince, pour l'unique fois que je me permettrai jamais de vous les témoigner, les remercîmens les plus ſentis, et l'aſſurance de mes voeux pour votre bonheur."

" Je crois que vous faites bien de partir ;

command me to avoid you ; or if, in ſpite of myſelf, I ſhould meet with you, they prohibit all intercourſe, but that of the moſt diſtant civility ; and, above all, that I ſhould ſuffer no motive whatever to induce me to admit of an anſwer of any kind to this ; but they do not require me to obliterate the conſciouſneſs of your worth, becauſe that would be exacting an impoſſibility, acknowledging, as I do, the value and the truth of your friendſhip.

" Receive, then, for the only time I ſhall ever allow myſelf to expreſs them, my heartfelt thanks, and the aſſurance of my wiſhes for your happineſs.

" *I believe you* do well to leave this place ; but I

mais je déſire que vous emportiez la conviction que je ne ſerai point malheureuſe : et je prends ſur moi de vous en répondre, parceque, quand même, contre mon attente, une partie de vos craintes ſe réaliſeroit, je ſuis intimement perſuadée qu'on n'eſt jamais à plaindre, quand le ſentiment du devoir eſt adouci par le témoignage de ſa conſcience ſur la manière de s'en acquitter."

And now I truſt, my dear brother, that, ſo far from thinking I ſhould have any ſcruple about conveying this to the Prince, you will agree with me, that it is the moſt effectual mode of ſecuring a concurrence in our breaking off all acquaintance, of which, until he clearly underſtood my motives for wiſhing it, he would never ſee the neceſſity.

Colonel Malcolm has received accounts from V——, which give him reaſon to hope, he may not be detained there above a month, before every thing may be ſettled to his wiſh;

wiſh you to go ſatisfied, that I ſhall not be unhappy: and I take upon myſelf to anſwer for this; becauſe, if (contrary to my expectation) a part of what you apprehend ſhould even take place, I am perfectly convinced, that no one can ever be very miſerable, in whom the ſenſe of duty is ſupported by the conſciouſneſs of *fulfilling it.*"

and he is now preparing for his departure to morrow, in great ſpirits at the proſpect of this ſpeedy end to all his uncertainties.

I have written Lady Mary Melvile an account of this happy turn of affairs, and ſlightly hinted at the proofs I had received, in confirmation of her warnings; expreſſing my earneſt hopes, at the ſame time, that the openneſs and conſiſtency of my conduct would finally remove them.

26th.—The Colonel is ſet out, elate with hopes, and ſatisfied with my ſincerity. His expectation of ſo ſpeedy a return has removed all the anguiſh, which appeared in the former ſeparation; and the proſpect of the Prince's immediate departure removes his apprehenſions in regard to him.

My mother ſeems uneaſy, and is, I believe, diſappointed, that the connexion has not been broken off, which, ſhe had probably perſuaded herſelf, would ultimately be the reſult of his repeated and unwarrantable violence.

I am now going to Sêcheron, to dine with Lady Belfont, and conſult her upon the propriety of my note; and ſhall return before

the ſhutting of the gates, to avoid ſeeing Prince Polinſki at her houſe in the evening.

I purpoſe going round by Simon's, to take Javotte home: ſhe has been perfectly well for ſome time; but we could not ſend her back ſooner, becauſe the poor mother and infant had both caught the infection before her removal; they have, however, had the diſorder favourably, and are now almoſt recovered. I forgot to mention this in its proper place, for my mind has been ſo engroſſed, that I have been able to impart only the more important ſubjects of anxiety.

The Dean will walk with me. He appears perplexed with all that is going forward; and I gueſs, from his avoiding his uſual interference and jokes, that my mother has entruſted him, at leaſt, with my engagement to Colonel Malcolm.

27*th*.—How ſeldom, after all our calculation and contrivance, do things turn out in the way we propoſe or wiſh; every part of my yeſterday's plan was defeated, by the perverſeneſs of circumſtances; and I have been moſt cruelly mortified!

The Dean and I ſet out, with Javotte, for

Simon's cottage; but the day being hot; and my nerves, perhaps, a little ſhaken by the various conflicts I have of late undergone, he ſaw me fatigued, and inſiſted upon my not going down the lane, which, he averred, to be above half a mile out of my way; ſaying, he ſuppoſed I did not fear to be left alone, and I might ſtay for him in my favourite ſeat under the elm tree, whilſt he walked down with Javotte to the cottage; and I might depend upon his bringing me a particular account of how all was going on there: and, indeed, good man! I believe he has ſcarcely miſſed a day inquiring after them himſelf, ſince the poor woman was taken ill.

I aſſured him I had no fears, and he left me.

He was hardly out of ſight, when I perceived a man on horſeback coming towards me, whom I immediately recogniſed to be Prince Polinſki. He no ſooner ſaw me, than he alighted, and ſtepping quickly forwards; "This is, indeed, a piece of good fortune I could not have hoped for," ſaid he; "and had I not been informed, before I rode out of Geneva, that the Colonel had left it, I *ſhould not*, on your account, have dared to

avail myſelf of it, when found; but now, I may venture to approach you, and entreat your forgiveneſs."

"We muſt have no converſation, ſir," interrupting him; "Colonel Malcolm's injunctions are as ſacred to me in his abſence, as his preſence could make them." I ſpoke with quickneſs and emotion, feeling, in reality, much embarraſſed at this unexpected meeting.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed he impetuouſly, "does he forbid your ſpeaking to me? and can you ſubmit, knowing the purity of your own and my intentions, to be treated with ſuch indignity?"

I ſaw no means of freeing myſelf from this improper diſcuſſion, but by giving him the anſwer to his note, which I had in my pocket to ſhow to Lady Belfont. There was now no time for her diſapprobation, or concurrence; and, in fact, I ſaw no cauſe to doubt of her approving a meaſure, that ſo determinately, and explicitly, put an end to all theſe embarraſſments. Taking it out, therefore, and preſenting it to him, I ſaid, "This ſir, will explain every thing, and you muſt have the goodneſs inſtantly to leave

me; for Doctor Frankly is but juſt gone on to yonder cottage, and I would not have him find you with me, at his return, upon any conſideration."

I ſpoke with ſuch evident anxiety, and earneſt ſolicitude, that he did not attempt to oppoſe me; but reſpectfully kiſſing my hand, and the paper as he took it, he put it into his boſom, and, with a very dejected look, remounted his horſe, and left me.

I was not well before, and this unexpected overthrow of all my plans diſturbed me ſo exceedingly, that, the inſtant he was out of ſight, I burſt into tears.

I had now, again, been compelled, by circumſtances, to act without the advice of Lady Belfont, in whom I placed my entire reliance. Satisfied, as I was, of the rectitude both of the Prince's intentions and my own, I had been led into doing, without a ſanction, what I *muſt conceal* from the Colonel; and what, even if known to any one elſe, could only be juſtified by the purport of my note, which I muſt, for the preſent, be ſatisfied to repeat from memory to Lady Belfont, and ſhe might, or might not, truſt my accuracy *in reporting* its contents. Theſe uneaſy re-

flections fill'd my mind, and the tears were trickling faſt from my eyes, when the Dean returned to me, with the account, that all was going on as well as poſſible at Simon's. "But, bleſs my ſoul! what has happened in my abſence?" exclaimed he, looking at me with ſurpriſe.

"Nothing—I am rather low with fatigue," I ſaid; "and being left to myſelf, I was indulging a little fit of crying—that was all."

"I feared you might have met with ſome fright," replied he, "for Javotte ſaid, juſt as we were turning the corner of the lane, that ſhe ſaw two men on horſeback riding towards you; and I ſhould have come back immediately, but that I could diſtinguiſh, by the regimentals and the cockade, that it was a gentleman and his ſervant; ſo, I was ſatisfied you were ſafe. Your looks, however, alarm me—you change colour:—ſurely, you have not met with any impertinence; have you?"

"None whatever, ſir, indeed; it was Prince Polinſki."

"Prince Polinſki! and gone already—and left you in tears—why, what is all this? Louiſa! Louiſa!" ſhaking his head, "tak

care! it may be very flattering to vanity to have two ſtrings to your bow; but, with ſuch a hot-headed man as the Colonel, it is a buſineſs of danger."

"Good heavens, Doctor Frankly! you cannot ſuppoſe me capable of ſuch duplicity."

"Nay, child, I ſuppoſe nothing, but that pretty young ladies do not always conſider the conſequences of encouraging admiration."

"Indeed, you do me injuſtice—I have conſidered every thing, and diſcouraged, to the utmoſt of my power, any particular attentions from the Prince. I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, if I could find a gratification in ſporting with a man's feelings—indeed, you hurt me exceedingly"—and my tears flowed faſter than before.

"Well! well! I did not mean to hurt you; I'm ſure I'm very ſorry if I have. I only thought, that a little friendly advice, juſt to put you upon your guard, was what I owed to my anxiety for your welfare; for I ſee you are fretting yourſelf to death, and loſing all your cheerfulneſs, and all your *bloom; and* I could not help feeling uneaſy—

that's all—and ſo you muſt forgive me—I meant it well."

"Forgive you! I muſt even thank you for your friendly ſolicitude; I am only grieved, that I ſhould appear in ſuch a deſpicable light to you, and could wiſh to convince you, that I do not deſerve to appear ſo."

"No! no! you don't appear in a deſpicable light—I know nobody, that I think half ſo well of—but you are young, and may not always conſider the conſequences of things—and ſo I wiſhed to give you a hint—that was all—becauſe, you know, the Colonel being only juſt gone, and the Prince following you in your walk, and taking the opportunity of ſaying a word to you alone—"

"You are quite miſtaken indeed, my dear ſir, if you ſuppoſe the Prince had any expectation of finding me alone: I do aſſure you, the meeting was wholly unforeſeen; and ſo far from entering into any converſation with him, I give you my word, that I peremptorily declined it, and inſiſted upon his leaving me inſtantly."

"Well! I dare ſay you did; but then, having a letter ready for him came to pretty

much the ſame thing, you know; or, was rather worſe indeed."

"A letter!" I repeated, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment and conſternation.

"Ay, a letter, Louiſa—you ſee the danger of entering into a correſpondence with young men; they cannot keep their own counſel a minute."

I was now ſo confounded, that I knew not what to ſay, or which way to look, and could ſcarcely articulate the words—"What can you mean?"

"Why, you know, I have no right to expect, that you ſhould let me into your ſecrets, nor do I want to pry, but juſt ſo far as may be for your own good. The truth ſimply this. I ſaw him from the riſing ground, as I came out of the cottage, at a diſtance, where he certainly thought himſelf concealed from every human eye: he had diſmounted, and retired under the projection of the rock, (I ſuppoſe, to get out of ſight of his ſervant,) ſo far, that I could not even be ſure it was the Prince; but I ſaw him kiſs, repeatedly, a paper which he was reading; and now, ſeeing what I ſee, and knowing what I know

—and being told by you, that it was the Prince—I put all theſe circumſtances together, and very naturally draw the inference, which I have not heſitated to mention to you; becauſe, the ſame diſcovery might have been made by ſome one leſs friendly to you, and who would have made a different uſe of it:—ſo then, my dear child, once more forgive me, if I have diſtreſſed you; and I will leave you to the guidance of your own good ſenſe and good principles, and aſk no more queſtions."

"But, indeed, ſir," recovering in ſome degree from the extreme confuſion he had thrown me into, "you muſt now be farther informed; for I cannot bear the poor, pitiful figure I at this inſtant make in your eyes, with my apparent prevarications."

I then informed him fairly of all that my own juſtification required him to know, in regard to my ſituation between Colonel Malcolm and the Prince Polinſki, ſuppreſſing only the violences of the Colonel, which, if poſſible, I would wiſh to conceal from every mortal.

He ſeemed highly gratified by the confidence I repoſed in him, and juſt as we reached

Sêcheron, he concluded with ſaying, "Well! you are a very good girl, and will, I hope, ſome day, be as happy as you deſerve to be—but ſomehow I have my fears about Colonel Malcolm."

But what a leſſon, Henry! of the danger of letting any conſideration lead one into the hazard of a clandeſtine tranſaction.

We found Lady Belfont better. She wiſhed to have kept the Dean to dinner, but he had not yet had half his walk, he ſaid; ſo he hurried off. I immediately acquainted her with all the difficulties, in which I had been involved: ſhe extremely lamented the trick, by which Prince Polinſki had ſurpriſed me into receiving his note; though its contents vindicated him from improper intentions: at the ſame time ſhe pointed out, what had entirely eſcaped my obſervation, that, were his ſentiments really as diſintereſted as he profeſſed them to be, he would have been the laſt man to have expoſed me to the animadverſions, which an appearance of connivance between us muſt excite, ſituated as I am in regard to Colonel Malcolm.

"But, as it was againſt the Colonel himſelf," I argued, "what other means had he?"

"If he meant no more than that," replied Lady Belfont, "the readieſt and leaſt dangerous method was to apply to me, whom he ſaw equally intereſted with himſelf, and of whoſe concurrence he might have been very certain, in urging you to what every friend you have muſt ſo much wiſh: but, depend upon it, Louiſa, that the ſecret hope of his heart, perhaps even unacknowledged to himſelf (for I would by no means impeach his integrity) certainly was to draw you into a correſpondence; and nothing but your own good ſenſe, and unerring delicacy, could have baffled the attempt."

She "ſpoke daggers" in theſe laſt words. Henry, my confuſion was inexpreſſible—I hid my face in her boſom. "Oh, dear, dear Madam! you think far too favourably of me; indeed my ſenſe has fallen very ſhort of what you expect from it—you will deſpiſe me, when you know—indeed I did not intend to have proceeded one ſtep without your advice; only circumſtances fell out ſo perverſely, to keep you from me." Emotion choked me; I could not go on.

"Well, my love! do not agitate yourſelf ſo much, *for merely* a miſtaken intention;

ſuppoſing you have not ſeen things exactly as they ſtrike me, and that you fancied yourſelf obliged to write an anſwer, the ſuppreſſing of it ends the whole difficulty; and however mortified you may feel at having, even in *idea*, erred, believe me, the beſt of us may be thankful, if we can reſt our conſciouſneſs of tranſgreſſion there. You do not preſume, that you are to be exempt from errour at ſeventeen, do you? I can tell you, that I ſhould, in that caſe, I fear, find enough of the woman in me, to like you the leſs for making me feel ſo little in the compariſon, who have been labouring to the age of thirty, and find myſelf ſo ſhort of perfection ſtill."

"Deareſt Lady Belfont! your indulgence ſinks me lower and lower in my own eſtimation: the errour has not reſted in my intention; it is committed, and I have forfeited your good opinion beyond redemption."

"Indeed, my ſweet girl, if you had committed a much greater errour, your ingenuous acknowledgment, and evident regret, would ſave you from all danger of loſing my good opinion. Tell me, then, how you unfortunately met with ſo ſpeedy an opportunity of conveying your anſwer to him?"

"Under ſuch very kind encouragement, who could endure the idea of going wrong a ſecond time? The only atonement I can make is in the ſincerity of my acknowledgment." I then repeated to her, as nearly as I could recollect them, the words of my letter, and related the circumſtance, which had forced it from me, before I could ſubmit it to her better judgment. She ſaid, the ſentiments it contained were calculated to do away the imprudence of the manner of communicating them; and ſhe was ſatisfied, that this practical leſſon would inculcate more forcibly upon my mind, than all the theory in the world could have done, that no purity of intention can obviate the poſſible inconvenience attending the purſuit of improper methods: "and be aſſured," added ſhe, "that I ſpeak from the reſult of my own obſervation and experience (which is farther confirmed in the preſent inſtance), when I aſſert, that no man, who will unneceſſarily expoſe you to malignant obſervation, however meritorious the oſtenſible motive may be, is *wholly* diſintereſted. Self ever lurks at the bottom of unjuſtifiable means; and if the Prince do not deceive you, he at leaſt deceives himſelf.

How could he be ſure, that your very inc perience might not expoſe you to every pe ſon in company, by the awkwardneſs a agitation of concealing a note ſo given? I deed, the more I reflect upon it, the mo I am diſpleaſed with him."

After giving me time to recover ſome con poſure, by the mention of various and indi ferent ſubjects, Lady Belfont then told n —this was a ſhock to my heart indeed!- ſhe then told me, ſhe ſhould ſoon lea Geneva.

This finiſhing ſtroke ſo completely ove came me, that I behaved more like a fo than I care to acknowledge, even to n brother, who has been ſo accuſtomed to be with my weakneſſes. For, after all, I h never ſuppoſed, that Lady Belfont was take up her abode at Geneva; but the id of loſing her ſo ſoon, had never once occurr to my imagination; and to have it f upon me juſt at this moment—when my hea can ſo ill ſpare her—I cannot expreſs how am grieved!

She kindly uttered a wiſh, that it were po ſible for Lady Riverſdale to ſpare me for few months; but I ſtated to her the uti

impoſſibility, on all accounts, of bringing ſuch a point to bear. The Colonel's approaching return—and, even were that unexpectedly delayed—the ſolitude in which I ſhould leave my mother, precluded the thought altogether. Had we ſucceeded in the plan of getting the houſe for my grandmother and aunt, as we wiſhed, it might, perhaps, have facilitated—But no—even then my becoming an inmate with Lady Barbara could never meet the Colonel's approbation *.

Lady Belfont acknowledged to me, that Lady Barbara gave her great uneaſineſs. She is purſuing her conqueſt over Lord Grantin with the moſt dauntleſs intrepidity. The connexion cannot poſſibly be agreed to, either by Lord Egmore or Lord Belfont, who have, for many years, been at variance, and bear a perſonal animoſity to each other, on account of ſome political competition, which ſhe did not explain. Lady Belfont has, from the firſt, been barely civil to Lord Grantin; but Lady Barbara has, in ſpite of all remon-

* It has probably been in the packet that is miſſing, that the diſappointment of that plan was explained.

ſtrance, kept forcing him upon her. The fooliſh young man is flattered with the preference ſhown him by a woman of ſo much wit and beauty as Lady Barbara, and lays it all to the account of his fine perſon. His fortune, independent of his father, is, however, by no means what he had ſtated it to the Dean: Lady Belfont knows it to be a bare competency for a ſingle man, and Lady Barbara has nothing—beſide that ſhe is a year or two older than he. She openly avows the moſt perfect contempt for his underſtanding; but that, ſhe contends, is very immaterial: figure, faſhion, and good humour, are all the qualities requiſite in a huſband, ſhe ſays: and as to the objections, they only heighten her reliſh for the frolic. Lady Belfont will be glad to take her away, in the perſuaſion, that abſence will ſoon drive her out of Lord Grantin's thoughts.

I am entruſted with the reflections, which Lady Belfont had mentioned with a view to Madame d'Urtiſe; but I fear they are beyond her comprehenſion. I tranſcribe them for you, my dear brother, that you may form a juſt conception of the perfect liberality, the mild virtue, as well as judicious ſenſe and

ſtrength of obſervation of this charming woman.

Lady Belfont's Reflections.

"Alarmed in the extreme for my friend's ſafety, by our yeſterday evening's converſation—perceiving a cloud to be gradually veiling that ſtrong ſenſe of her duties, which ſo lately marked all her thoughts and actions—I find myſelf irreſiſtibly impelled to make one more attempt, to counteract the inſidious power, that is imperceptibly undermining her principles, and unſettling her beſt reſolves.

"After we had exhauſted every topic of religious and moral obligation, which early education had impreſſed upon your mind, and judicious reading had ſince confirmed; you fairly avowed, that your reaſon only ſubſcribed to the doctrines I retraced, while your heart ſeemed to be in ſearch of a ſanction for deviating from them. You hinted at a poſſible exiſtence of extenuating circumſtances—you were inclined to believe, that, *if* a ſtrong mind could get over the check of religious and moral reſtraint, *happineſs* might reſult from a connexion, un-

ſanctioned by law, and the cuſtoms of the world. You did not, indeed, aſſert this as an opinion, you merely hazarded it as a conjecture. Alas, my friend! the admitting ſuch an *if*, already argues conſiderable danger to the mind that ſuggeſts it.

"I muſt now follow the example of thoſe able divines, who have found it expedient to ſtrengthen remote expectations by the more immediate influence of ſelf-intereſt; and make that dangerous *if* the baſis of my argument. Deeply intereſted in giving it effect, I ſhall carefully ſhun the ſeverity, that is too apt to be deemed the teſt of rigid virtue; but which I conſider rather as originating from natural want of feeling, than characteriſtic of that amiable moral attribute, the gentle influence of which will operate by example upon others, whilſt it inſures tranquillity to its poſſeſſor. Severity muſt ever be inadequate to produce conviction; true virtue is leſs aſſuming, and more ſtudious of the means to effect general good. I recogniſe her exiſtence in my breaſt, by her ſteady adherence to principle, to the excluſion of all ſentimental ſophiſtry; by the humility with which ſhe urges the determina-

tion to fly, when, to ſtay, has threatened danger; and, above all, by that indulgence to the faults of others, which proceeds from the conviction impreſſed on my mind, that, even in her beſt triumphs, ſhe chiefly owes her permanence to that divine protecting hand, which has averted trials beyond her ſtrength.

"Diveſting myſelf, therefore, of all reference to the criminality incurred, I follow up your alarming *if*, and undertake to prove, that *poſitive internal wretchedneſs* muſt, of *neceſſity*, follow a woman's deviation from virtue; independently of remorſe, of the treachery of her ſeducer, or of the obloquy of the world.

"Turn your attention, for a moment, to the conſequences that muſt naturally reſult from the difference of the ſpheres, in which the ſexes move,—the paſſive lot of woman compared to the active ſcenes for which man is deſigned,—and place them both under the dominion of a mutual paſſion: what, in the whole catalogue of a woman's domeſtic life, can in any degree counteract an invader ſo powerful? and ſtating her domeſtic avocations (in which I mean to include every ſtudy and accompliſhment, that can grace a

female mind,) is placing her in her ſtrong hold; for, independently of them, a woman's thoughts can only be employed in purſuits ſo futile and frivolous, as might rather lead her to ſeek an object, to engroſs them, than ſupply her with means to expel one. Her ideas, thus concentrated, become an eaſy prey to the encroaching uſurper, who by degrees acquires poſſeſſion of them all, and bends her whole ſoul to his influence. The extenſive range of a man's purſuits muſt, on the contrary, perpetually counteract his feelings, and cauſe his thoughts to diverge from their favourite object. Love may, and probably will, abſorb his faculties for a moment—but when the connexion is ſuch, as honour and integrity diſavow, he bluſhes at his conſcious weakneſs—he is ſunk in his own eſtimation, by its triumph over his nobler powers; his purſuits are public, and public contempt falls upon inactivity: for, however each man, individually, may acknowledge the force of paſſion, mankind, collectively, will ever deſpiſe him, who continues long a ſlave to it.

"Ambition, glory, intereſt, ſoon reſume their empire; and when they no longer have uncontrollable deſire to contend with, will

eaſily conquer what may then remain of love; and all a man's beſt ſentiments will combine to give them force, by ſuggeſting to him, that gratitude and ſecrecy are the utmoſt, to which a woman can lay claim from the moſt *honourable ſeducer* (if I may be permitted ſuch a contradiction in terms), in return for the ſacrifice of her principles, her reputation, and every thing which ſhe has been taught to hold moſt ſacred; for I will allow my ſeducer what the world calls honour, for the ſtill greater ſtrength of my argument. Were I to repreſent him like the general run of men, who ſeek ſuch ſort of connexions, deſigning, ungenerous, faithleſs—there could be little need of rhetoric, to ſatisfy the moſt infatuated of my ſex of the certain conſequences of ſuch a choice: but I will call him honourable, ſincere, and feeling; ſuch, in ſhort, as every woman believes her lover to be, until ſad experience undeceives her: nor ſhall ſhe in this be undeceived, he ſhall actually be ſo, and yet make her wretched. For ſee what her ſituation now becomes!—The object of her affection ſtill more endeared to her by the ſtruggles he has occaſioned, and by the ſacrifice he has ultimately

obtained—she builds all her hopes upon the continuation of that ardent passion, which he had so often vowed, (and perhaps himself believed) would be eternal; and 'tremblingly alive' to its most minute appearances, she cannot, for an instant, be blind to its gradual and natural decrease. She finds him, as it almost imperceptibly to himself subsides, substituting cool, grateful, affectionate attentions to those unbounded transports, that fervent adoration, with which he had been used to meet her, and which, she had trusted, would ever continue, to repay her for all her sacrifices.

"It has been prettily enough observed, that '*une femme qui cède est un roi qui abdique**;' but there is this difference: a king is aware he is parting with his power, whilst a woman is misled into the opinion, that she is confirming her's; and when the fatal conviction comes, it comes too late to produce any thing but repentance, and probably reproaches, which must soon complete the alienation of a heart, that now continues to devote its services only from

* A woman who yields, is a sovereign who abdicates.

a ſenſe of propriety, and perhaps compaſſion; and well will it be for her, if, in the end, ſhe can even retain the friendſhip of her lover.

"His friendſhip!—ſurely if there were one thing to which ſhe felt more entitled than another, it was his everlaſting friendſhip—and ſufficiently mortified ſhe feels, to have his boaſted love dwindle down into a return ſo inadequate for all that ſhe has riſked, and all that ſhe has done for his ſake. But even here the deluſion now appears: in the fulneſs of her reliance upon his affection, ſhe had never conſidered that true friendſhip can be founded only on *eſteem*. In a fortunate union, this intereſting ſentiment crowns and perpetuates the ſenſe of the fleeting enjoyments of paſſion, and ſecures the permanence of happineſs, by rationalizing (if I may uſe ſuch a word) its origin: But here the connexion could only ariſe from a forfeiture, on her part, of all claim to eſteem: and though ſhe might endeavour to perſuade him, what ſhe perhaps herſelf believed at the time, and he would certainly appear to credit, that it was to the wiſh alone of making him happy, that ſhe generouſly gave up every other conſideration; will ſhe now, upon a

candid and deliberate review of her motives, abide by that aſſertion; and, laying her hand upon her heart, can ſhe with truth declare, that her defeat was a deliberate and diſintereſted ſacrifice, made to the man ſhe loved, without one ſelfiſh wiſh to aſſiſt it? Impoſſible!—A ſuſceptible mind could not be ſo abſtracted from the feelings implanted in it by Nature; a ſenſible head could not admit ſuch an etrour: and of one of theſe I muſt ſuppoſe a woman poſſeſſed, or the whole of theſe reflections will be thrown away upon her. Will ſhe not rather acknowledge candidly, that it was in a moment, when her reaſon, and perhaps her ſpirits, weakened by conſtant ſtruggles, could no longer contend with her paſſions, that his ſolicitations overpowered her? And in this caſe, what becomes of her claim even upon his gratitude? Eſteem is merited only by the ſacrifices made to duty; ſhe, on the contrary, has given up her duty to her inclination.

"This was not the language her lover had held to her in the height of his paſſion: far from it. He had told her a thouſand times, that eſteem, reſpect, friendſhip, and every other ſentiment, of which his heart was ſuſ-

ceptible, all concurred to form that affection, with which ſhe inſpired him. But how does the ſame object change, when beheld through a different medium!—It is reaſon now, not paſſion, that reviews her conduct. He coolly inveſtigates the probability, that his miſtreſs ſhould have been ſo wholly diveſted of natural feelings, as ſhe had wiſhed to appear to him. Might not her avowed love for him bear ſome ſhare in impelling her to the ſacrifice, which ſhe rated ſo high? Had not the happineſs ſeemed mutual in their tender intercourſe? And, after this impartial ſcrutiny at the bar of reaſon, will not his conſcience acquit him, if he ſhould form a determination, to withdraw from a connexion, which involves conſequences of ſo much danger to both parties, if diſcovered? And can it be denied, that he acts up to all the claims of honour and propriety, by faithfully burying the ſecret of her miſconduct in his own boſom?

"We have, however, ſuppoſed him a man of too much feeling and liberality, to balance the account ſo ſtrictly: it therefore remains incumbent upon him, to ſubſtitute

what the French call *des procédés* (i. e. ſubmiſſive reſpect and polite attention) to the ſentiments that have involuntarily withdrawn themſelves from his heart. Place theſe, however, in their beſt light—what amends can they make to a woman, who ſtill loves, and ever muſt love, for the loſs of that unbounded paſſion, to which ſhe gave up her all?—for the humiliating neceſſity ſhe has brought upon herſelf of acting a part of conſtant duplicity—for the never ceaſing miſery occaſioned by a dread of detection, and the long train of anxieties, that aſſail a candid mind on all ſides, in the conſciouſneſs of acting wrong? Severe, therefore, muſt be her lot, who has not the ſtrength of mind, to reſiſt the allurement of a beginning partiality. While vanity, and a wiſh for admiration, are perhaps chiefly concerned, ſhe may give to theſe conſiderations their full force; and be deterred by the conviction, that, according to the moſt favourable ſtatement that can be made; putting (as I ſaid at firſt) religion and morality on the one hand, and detection and treachery on the other, wholly out of the queſtion; *an illicit*

connexion muſt, by its own nature, and the common courſe of things, be productive of inevitable miſery."

So far Lady Belfont. Are you not charmed, my dear brother, with the liberality of ſentiment, diſcriminate truth, and elegant turn of her obſervations? but, I fear Madame d'Urtiſe ranks with that deſcription of women, upon whom, ſhe ſays, they will be thrown away.

I was ſtruck with ſome expreſſions, which ſeem to refer to trials of her own—perhaps before her marriage with Lord Belfont; for I underſtand they are a very happy couple, and that muſt ſurely exempt her from all danger. I hinted at this as we read it; but ſhe only anſwered, that ſhe had placed the whole in the point of view, that appeared to her beſt calculated to make an impreſſion upon her friend, who would have immediately cloſed her heart to any arguments, that had appeared to iſſue from ſtrictneſs and ſeverity of virtue.

I did not think ſhe ſpoke this, as if it were the whole truth; but I had no right to urge her.

29*th*.—Juſt as I was preparing to go with my mother and Mrs. Freeman, to dine at

Sêcheron to day, I received a meſſage from Madame d'Urtiſe, deſiring ſhe might ſee me upon very particular buſineſs. Concluding it to be ſomething as trivial as before, I begged to be excuſed till the evening, when I would certainly call upon her. A ſecond meſſage, however, came to ſay, that her ſeeing me could admit of no delay; and requeſting me to go inſtantly.

My mother bid me take the carriage, and they would ſtay till I returned to them. So I went, little imagining what awaited me.

Poor Madame d'Urtiſe was in ſtrong hyſterics, and it was her maid who had ſent for me, as the only friend to be truſted upon ſuch an occaſion. The whole houſe was in alarm; and all the account I could obtain was, that Mr. Burnaby had deſtroyed himſelf.

You may believe, I was inexpreſſibly ſhocked. I inſtantly determined to ſtay the day with her; and ſent word to my mother, that Madame d'Urtiſe was unwell, and, as it would be unkind to leave her, I begged ſhe would excuſe me to Lady Belfont. I did not like to impart the horrid intelligence, till I better underſtood the truth of it.

"What can we do, Madam?" aſked her affrighted maid; "theſe fits have now laſted theſe two hours, and, till you came, I did not dare to ſend for any one."

"Nor muſt you now, Frenoy, unleſs more alarming ſymptoms ſhould appear; we ſhall ſoon, I hope, recover Madame d'Urtiſe ſufficiently, to direct what ſhe will have done herſelf"—and applying ſome ſpirits of hartſhorn to her noſe and temples, and making her ſwallow ſome, to the great terrour of her aſſiſtants, (who were quite unacquainted with it, and thought I ſhould certainly choke her,) I ſoon produced ſigns of returning ſenſe. I had heſitated, for a moment, to take ſo much reſponſibility upon myſelf; but it occurred forcibly to me, that ſhe might be ſome way implicated in this horrible cataſtrophe, which would make it material, that there ſhould be only her maid and myſelf about her, till ſhe was ſufficiently collected, to know what ſhe was ſaying. I ſhould have been very glad, to have requeſted my mother's preſence and aſſiſtance, only, that Madame d'Urtiſe ſtands ſo much in awe of her, and, ſhe is, at times, ſo far from indulgent, that I would not, for my own relief, run the riſk

of deepening a wound, with the nature of which I was yet wholly unacquainted.

As ſoon as I perceived ſigns of amendment, I diſmiſſed all but her maid, under pretence of keeping her quiet. As her ſenſes returned, ſhe recogniſed me, and exclaimed, "O, my God! how good you are to come to me!—but you muſt hate—muſt deſpiſe me—"

"If I harboured any ſuch ſentiments in my breaſt, I ſhould not be here at this moment, devoting myſelf to the care of your recovery: do, dear Madame d'Urtiſe, try to exert your fortitude, to recover ſome compoſure; and do not yet ſpeak."

She ſighed deeply, and deſired to be put to bed.

She had, however, two fits more before we could accompliſh it; and her inceſſant cry, when able to articulate at all, was in the moſt deſponding ſtrain of ſelf accuſation.

I thought, if it were poſſible to compoſe her ſpirits by a little ſleep, it might enable her afterward to impart the dreadful tale more coherently. I ventured, therefore, to adminiſter ſome drops of laudanum, without her knowledge, and told her, that if ſhe

would let me darken the room, and draw her curtains, the fatigue ſhe had undergone would probably, at length, procure her ſome ſleep; and I would ſtay in the next room till ſhe called me. But ſhe caught hold of me, ſcreaming, "O ſave me! ſave me! don't leave me—don't darken the room!"

I endeavoured to pacify her, by the aſſurance, that I would remain, and not darken the room, provided ſhe would lie ſtill, and not ſpeak till I gave her leave.

She tried to ſubmit—but there was no keeping her quiet—ſhe cried and bemoaned herſelf with unceaſing vehemence; and the fits now ſeeming at an end, it appeared more adviſable to promote her throwing the burden off her mind, by aſking her queſtions upon the ſubject.

With much ſoothing and perſuaſion, I at length obtained the particulars, which I ſhall not give you in her own words, becauſe they were ſo extremely confuſed and interrupted by reflections upon herſelf, and deprecations of my hatred and contempt, that you could not make ſenſe of it.

Mr. Burnaby had, from the firſt of their acquaintance, devoted his attentions to her,

in a manner that immediately intereſted her in his favour. Handſome and agreeable, as every one muſt think him, how could ſhe help conceiving a partiality for him? When, in the courſe of their expedition, however, ſhe made the diſcovery of his being a *married man*, ſhe determined to guard her heart againſt the danger of becoming too deeply engaged; but could ſee no reaſon for not treating him with that preference, to which ſhe thought his merit entitled him: the cenſure of the world ſhe ſet at defiance, ſatisfied with having no criminal intentions, and not doubting his wiſh to marry her, the moment his wife died, which, he aſſured her, muſt happen ſhortly. Upon theſe grounds, ſhe had encouraged his addreſſes, with the publicity which had given ſuch cauſe for ſcandal. At length, however, finding him grow preſuming, ſhe had been alarmed, and attempted to draw back; but this he would not brook, and became violent and abuſive. Having called unexpectedly yeſterday, and found Wurmſer with her, he had appeared frantic with jealouſy; and, after treating him in a manner, that none but Wurmſer would quietly have

ſubmitted to, and having as good as turned him out of doors, he had inſiſted upon her proving her attachment by an elopement, which ſhe peremptorily refuſed.

He quitted her in wrath, and returned this morning, obſtinately bent upon admitting of no proof, ſhort of this public avowal of her affection; treated her ſcruples with the utmoſt contempt, attributing her refuſal entirely to fickleneſs and caprice; and accuſing her with having worked up his paſſion to madneſs, by the encouragement ſhe had given to it. Provoked at his reproaches, ſhe inconſiderately treated his anger with raillery, till his fury and inſolence roſe to ſuch a pitch, that ſhe at length declared, ſhe never would ſee him more. The raſh creature threatened her, to beware how ſhe drove him to extremities—which ſhe not heeding, "Then take the conſequence," cried he, and flew out of the houſe.

A moment's recollection terrified her for what the conſequence might be; and ſhe inſtantly wrote to entreat him to return—but her note came too late. The unhappy wretch had gone ſtraight home—locked him-

ſelf into his room—and, applying a piſtol to each temple, ſhattered his ſkull to pieces.

The pen falls from my fingers at this tale of horrour!

* * * *

What an awful warning to coquettes!

She had exhauſted herſelf in giving me this relation. It had taken up above two hours; and the violence of her diſtreſs having at length a little ſubſided, I perceived that the laudanum was beginning to take effect, and a friendly drowſineſs ſtealing upon her; I ſat by the bedſide till ſhe was aſleep; and then ſoftly left her, to give you the ſhocking particulars.

I had not gotten half through them, when I was interrupted by her cries—"O protect me! protect me! Miſs Riverſdale: if you leave me, I am loſt!"

I hurried back. She was ſcarcely awake, but, graſping my hand eagerly, "ſit cloſer!—ſit upon the bed," ſaid ſhe, "that I may be certain I have you."

It was in vain to attempt to reaſon with her; ſo I ſat down quietly, and ſuffered her violence to exhauſt itſelf upon the topic,

that preſſed ſo heavily on her mind, without attempting to interrupt her wailings, or ſelf reproaches.

The ſcene was really very dreadful.

Towards evening ſhe became more calm, but ſeemed feveriſh and ill. I then propoſed calling in advice, provided ſhe could command herſelf ſufficiently, upon the cauſe of her diſorder. She aſſented, and the phyſician was immediately ſummoned.

I thought it neceſſary to apprize him, that the fits had been brought on by a ſudden ſhock. He ſhowed no ſurpriſe, nor did he aſk any queſtions relative to it; whence I conclude, that the whole town is in the ſecret by this time.

He ordered her to be blooded, and preſcribed a ſecond doſe of laudanum; and then made it a point with me, that the inſtant ſhe again dropped aſleep, I ſhould leave her to the care of her maid, and go home; or I ſhould ſoon ſtand as much in need of his care as ſhe did, he ſaid.

I did as he deſired: my mother and Mrs. Freeman were juſt returned before me, and already informed of the event, but knew no particulars. I related what I had gathered

from herſelf, which I felt juſtified in doing; becauſe, although it expoſes her folly, and her imprudence, it exonerates her from the want of principle of which ſhe was ſuſpected, and renders her more an object of compaſſion, than ſhe would otherwiſe have appeared.

Many reflections were made upon the fatal conſequences of indulging that inordinate love of admiration, ſo inherent in the generality of our ſex; and which is ſo aptly deſcribed by the French author, *ce ſilence du coeur, ce déréglément de l'eſprit, ce menſonge continuel, appellé coquetterie**. 'Tis true, every coquette is not deſtined to meet with a man equally violent, weak, and unprincipled, as Mr. Burnaby; but no woman can poſſibly foreſee, what may be the reſult of indulging her vanity, in the unwarrantable practice of exciting feelings, to which ſhe does not mean to make a return.

My mother ſeemed to acquit Madame d'Urtiſe of the total want of principle, of which ſhe had once been inclined to ſuſpect her, though ſhe was ſtill extremely ſevere in her ſtrictures upon her conduct, and ſaid,

* Eſprit de l'Encyclopedie.

"*Virtue* but ill deſerves the name, when bordering ſo nearly on Vice. It is tainted, from the moment a woman ſuffers a wiſh to be uttered to her, contrary to its dictates; and, in allowing herſelf to encourage an improper attachment, whatever mental reſerve ſhe may have, ſhe certainly ſullies the purity of her virtue, as effectually in the eye of ſound morality, as an actual deviation from it can ſully its purity in the eye of the world. This may be deemed harſh doctrine," added my mother, "in an age where matrimonial deviations are treated with ſo much lenity; but you ſee the aſſertion confirmed, from the very lips of the unfortunate victim of her levity. He thought himſelf authorized to put the conſtructions upon her conduct, which have driven him to his fate; and the poignancy of ſelf reproach will now ſet the matter in its true light to herſelf, and prove a tremendous admonition for her future life."

30*th.*—I went, the inſtant I aroſe, to Madame d'Urtiſe. She had ſlept, by means of the laudanum; but was in ſo miſerably deſponding a ſtate, when ſhe awoke, that ſhe *had ſent for* a prieſt, who was with

her when I called. I left directions with Frenoy, to let me know when her lady wiſhed to ſee me, telling her, that I would give up every thing, to go to her.

It is now almoſt dinner time, and ſhe has not yet ſent.

Prince Polinſki was at Lady Belfont's yeſterday, and told my mother, that he was ſhortly to leave Geneva; that he truſted the whole of his conduct had been calculated to impreſs her with a ſenſe of the perfect purity, honour, and diſintereſtedneſs of his reſpectful and friendly attachment to me; that, conſequently, he conſidered himſelf as entitled to lay claim to ſome confidence, on my part, in his integrity, and to her indulgence in granting a requeſt, which, under any other circumſtances, he ſhould not venture to make: and this was, that ſhe would give him leave to write me one letter, on the day before his departure, which ſhould be open to her inſpection, if ſhe choſe it; but, which, he could not go away in peace, if prohibited from addreſſing to me.

My mother agreed to his requeſt. She is ſo partial to him, that, I believe, ſhe would not have made the ſame objections, which

occurred to Lady Belfont, in regard to his former notes; and indeed, I believe, beſides, that her wiſh to break off the connexion with Colonel Malcolm has led her to deviate, in more than one inſtance, from what her ſtrict notions would have pointed out. I ſhould not have expected her to have granted this. What can he have to ſay, after the explicitneſs of my laſt?

I am ſent for to Madame d'Urtiſe.—

* * *

Poor woman! She is in a wretched ſtate of mind, indeed; and there is ſo little ſenſe to work upon, that one knows not what to ſay to her.

The prieſt will, I believe, be her beſt comforter. I do not find, that he has been very ſevere, though ſhe is not explicit upon what he has ſaid to her; only it appears, as if he had cautioned her againſt too free a communication with a heretic, unleſs ſhe ſaw any chance of converting me; and, in that caſe, he would meet me at her houſe, whenever ſhe would give him notice of my being there. She did not *ſay* this in ſo many words, but it dropped from her unguardedly in obſcure hints; and ſhe was

much leſs open than yeſterday, and wiſhe to palliate ſome circumſtances ſhe had tol me, as having only proceeded from no knowing what ſhe was ſaying.

I let her repeat it as ſhe pleaſed, fully perſuaded in my own mind, that the firſt inconſiderate effuſions of her diſtreſs had betrayed the true ſtate of the caſe; but you are aware, that I can only feel intereſted for her, as I might be for a perfect ſtranger, in ſimilar circumſtances. She is ſo very uncongenial to me, both in her ſentiments and her diſpoſition, that I feel no tie, except that of univerſal philanthropy, to take charge of her, and am very ready to make her over to the prieſt, if he and Madame d'Urtiſe prefer it.

The prieſt has ſuggeſted the propriety of having maſſes ſaid at Rome, and elſewhere, at a very great expenſe, for the releaſe of poor Burnaby's ſoul. This ſhe dwells upon with ſatisfaction; and to this, and penance, and paternoſters, ſhe ſeems to look as her only refuge.

I carried a friendly meſſage from my mother; but ſhe was terrified at the very thoughts of receiving her offered viſit. She earneſtly entreated, before I quitted her, that

that I would promiſe to be with her again very early in the morning; which, I acknowledge, I felt ſome reluctance to do, as Lady Belfont's approaching departure makes me grudge every inſtant that I paſs out of her company. I left word with Frenoy, to ſend for me, however, that I might not go ſooner than I was really wanted.

Juſt as I was coming away, Lady Barbara Brackley ſtopped at her door. I imagined, ſhe was probably come to fetch me; but ſhe ſent in word, that ſhe inſiſted upon ſeeing Madame d'Urtiſe; that ſhe was come purpoſely to ſit with her, and conſole her; and had even put her nightcap into her pocket, with a view to take a bed with her, as it was too late to get out of Geneva again for the night.

Madame d'Urtiſe ſeemed agreeably ſurpriſed, at this unexpected act of kindneſs; affecting, at the ſame time, to make a difficulty of ſeeing any one yet, beſide me; but, I aſſured her, that it would be of ſuch ſervice to her, and that Lady Barbara was ſo much better calculated than myſelf, to ſuggeſt conſolation to her, that the ſcruples, ſhe had thought it neceſſary to expreſs, gave way; and

I had the ſatisfaction of introducing her Ladyſhip to the office of comforter, to which I ſhall alſo leave her in the morning; and, with a very quiet conſcience, avail myſelf of the opportunity of paſſing a few uninterrupted hours with Lady Belfont.

31*ſt.*—Lady Belfont was much ſurpriſed to find, that Lady Barbara had gone to Madame d'Urtiſe, having underſtood, that ſhe intended to accept of a ſhare of my bed, which, ſhe ſaid, I had offered her at any time. I was a little ſurpriſed in my turn, not recollecting to have made any ſuch offer. I had ſent to inquire after Madame d'Urtiſe before I ſet out, and received a good account of her, together with a meſſage from Lady Barbara, deſiring me to inform her aunt, that ſhe ſhould not return to Sêcheron till to morrow.

I wiſh I could do juſtice, in the repetition, to all the judicious, inſtructive obſervations, that occurred to Lady Belfont upon Madame d'Urtiſe's tragical adventure; but facts crowd upon me, and I haſten to relate them.

She had ſeen the Prince, and remonſtrated very ſeriouſly with him, upon the imprudence

he had been guilty of, in regard to me. He made no other attempt at vindication than ſaying, that if ſhe could have any conception of what his forbearance coſt him, ſhe would think him excuſable in not being, at all times, equally maſter of himſelf. He was going to put an end to his ſtruggles, he told her, by quitting Geneva; but it would be to return into Italy for a time, and not to go ſtraight to Poland, as he found himſelf ill qualified, at preſent, for the renewal of addreſſes, from which his heart was ſo completely eſtranged. Time and abſence, joined to the unceaſing efforts of his reaſon, would, he hoped, at length ſubdue the impreſſion he had received, and reſtore him to what he ought to be.

He mentioned having obtained leave from Lady Riverſdale, to write one letter to me before he went; and that, he truſted, would obtain him an interview; after which, he ſhould leave the place, with a leſs acute ſenſe of miſery, than he had of late experienced; but, if either of theſe gratifications were denied him, he muſt ſtay till he obtained them.

Lady Belfont had attempted to argue him

out of both theſe wiſhes, but in vain. He was immovable—called her inhuman and unfeeling, and aſſured her, that if ſhe induced me to oppoſe him in either of them, ſhe would drive him to ſome act of imprudence, for which ſhe would be ſorry. In ſhort, ſhe found herſelf obliged to promiſe him not to interfere; and, therefore, I muſt follow my own judgment. This inclines me to receive the letter, and be guided by that, in regard to the propriety of ſeeing him.

I called at Madame d'Urtiſe's in my way back, and, to my great ſurpriſe, found Lord Grantin there, as well as Lady Barbara, and Madame d'Urtiſe in very tolerable ſpirits; although ſhe had lain down upon her ſofa to receive me, as a remaining indication of diſtreſs, with which ſhe could not yet, in common decency, diſpenſe. I was evidently a conſtraint upon them; ſo I took my leave.

Lady Barbara, with more embarraſſment than I had ever ſeen in her, accounted to me for Lord Grantin's being admitted. He was a friend of poor Mr. Burnaby, ſhe ſaid, and ſhe had perſuaded Madame d'Urtiſe to ſee him, as ſhe thought a little variety would *help to diſpel* her vapours.

I anſwered, ſmiling, that it was extremely kind, both in Lord Grantin and her.

She coloured, conſcious that I was not quite the dupe of her artifice. This brought to my mind her former attack upon *my* bluſhes, and I could not reſiſt the temptation of retorting her own quotation upon her, with a ſlight variation. "I think, Lady Barbara, that now, it is

"*You* bluſh, becauſe *I* underſtand *."

I never ſaw her daunted before; and I was vexed at myſelf, for having given way to a flippancy ſo like her own.

In the afternoon Lady Belfont came, with a view to take Lady Barbara back to Sêcheron with her. She ſuſpected her viſit might not be wholly agreeable to Madame d'Urtiſe, and appeared uneaſy. She ſent a ſervant with a note, to ſay ſhe was at our houſe, and wiſhed to ſee her.

The ſervant brought back word, that Lady Barbara Brackley was gone to Sêcheron.

This ſurpriſed us all—Lady Belfont muſt have met her upon the road—beſides, Lady

* "They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand."

SWIFT.

Barbara had no carriage, and it had rained all day.

"I much fear there is ſomething wrong," ſaid Lady Belfont; "will you excuſe me for leaving you ſo abruptly?" and, calling for her carriage, ſhe immediately ordered it back to Sêcheron. My mother requeſted ſhe would let George attend her, to bring us word, whether ſhe were relieved from her alarm.

He returned with a note, ſaying, that ſhe had not found Lady Barbara; and requeſting, that we would particularly inquire in what carriage ſhe had gone.

I immediately went to Madame d'Urtiſe's myſelf, to obtain more accurate information, than was likely to come through ſervants. She could tell me nothing more, than that, after dinner, Lady Barbara had perſuaded her, to retire to her own apartment, to compoſe her ſpirits, by endeavouring to ſleep; that Frenoy had ſitten by her bedſide; and that in about half an hour's time, finding herſelf not inclined to ſleep, ſhe had ſent her into the ſaloon, to requeſt Lady Barbara's company. Upon not finding her there, Frenoy had *made inquiry* of the footman, who ſaid, that

ſhe had left the houſe in about five minutes after his Lady had retired, and ordered him to tell her, when ſhe awoke, that ſhe had recollected ſome buſineſs, which obliged her to return immediately to Sêcheron, but that ſhe ſhould be with her again ſoon. Upon his offering to order Madame d'Urtiſe's carriage for her, ſhe refuſed it, ſaying, it would loſe time, and ſhe ſhould only walk to Lady Riverſdale's, who, ſhe knew, was going to Lady Belfont's.

I was very much ſtruck with theſe evaſions, which beſpoke a concerted plan; and recollecting her confuſion in regard to Lord Grantin, in the morning, I aſked whether he had dined there. Madame d'Urtiſe ſaid, no; he had deſired five minutes private converſation with Lady Barbara in the parlour, which ſhe concluded to have been relative to ſome of her affairs, which, from delicacy, they would not diſcuſs in her preſence; and that he had gone away, and not called ſince.

She ſeemed rather to wonder at the eagerneſs of my queſtions; but ſhe was ſo much engroſſed by her own troubles, and ſo provoked at Lady Barbara's cruelty in leaving her, after having promiſed to ſtay, and de-

vote all her time to her, that I eaſily evaded giving her any reaſon for my inquiries.

It was not, however, equally eaſy for me to bring away my intelligence. As ſhe had now no other reſource, ſhe again became ſo extremely fond of me, as to be very urgent for me to ſtay, and attempted to order away the carriage privately, and detain me in ſpite of myſelf; but, being aware of her intention, I ran out of the room, as if to give orders to the ſervant, and ſo ſecured my retreat.

My mother perfectly concurred in the opinion, that Lord Grantin was acceſſary to Lady Barbara's abſence, and propoſed ſending a meſſage to his lodging, requeſting to ſee him; and the anſwer might enable us to judge how far he migh be concerned.

Word was brought back, that Lord Grantin was gone to Lauſanne for a few days.

All our ſuſpicions were now confirmed, and my mother went herſelf with the unpleaſant intelligence to Lady Belfont, appointing me to follow in the morning, as I neither wiſhed to offer myſelf in her ſtead, nor yet to accompany her, leſt I might meet with *thoſe* I am ſo much bent upon avoiding.

I have devoted my evening to you, and I hope to have an opportunity of diſpatching this to morrow: ſo adieu, my beſt loved friend.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sécheron, Auguſt 1.—Lady Belfont is uneaſy and perplexed, and more grieved than Lady Barbara deſerves ſhe ſhould be, I think; but there is an indulgent kind-heartedneſs in Lady Belfont's diſpoſition, that, without blinding her to foibles, makes her forgive them; and ſhe cannot be indifferent to any thing, that has ever belonged to her. She is at a loſs what to do. There is not the leaſt probability of their being actually gone to Lauſanne, although Lord Grantin's carriage was ſeen to take that road; becauſe they muſt there be immediately recogniſed. Piedmont ſeems the moſt probable ſuppoſition; for at Turin they may be married by an Engliſh clergyman. At any rate, it does not appear, that there is any one thing for Lady Belfont to do, but to wait patiently, till the fugitive ſhall think proper to write to her.

Lady Barbara has contrived to get her maid away with her, who is a Swiſs girl, by having ſent her to Geneva the day before, upon pretence of her mother's being taken ill. The girl took a large parcel of things with her, as if to the mantuamaker's; ſo that the plan was thoroughly preconcerted, and poor Madame d'Urtiſe's unforeſeen diſtreſs offered the means of putting it into execution.

There appears to me ſomething peculiarly unfeeling in taking advantage of ſuch a cruel circumſtance, to involve her in additional cenſure; for the world will not ſcruple, to ſuppoſe her a party concerned. This ſtamps Lady Barbara's character, with me, more ſtrongly than all the reſt of the proceeding.

Lady Belfont does not know where to write to Lord Belfont either; ſo that ſhe remains in a very painful ſtate of reſponſibility and apprehenſion for the conſequences between him and the Marquis of Egmore.

My mother has agreed to leave me here for ſome days; and, the preſent ſituation of things precluding the admittance of chance viſitors, there can be no reaſon for denying myſelf the indulgence.

The good Dean came buſtling hither this morning, in all the hurry and incoherence of ſurpriſe and anger, ready to let his diſpleaſure fall upon the firſt object, that ſhould come in his way. This unfortunately happened to be Lady Belfont's woman, who is nearly as much concerned as her Lady upon the ſubject.

"Well! What! Hey! God bleſs my ſoul! Mrs. what's your name?" exclaimed he, "how could you poſſibly be ſo blind to what was going on? and let ſuch a deviliſh —God forgive me—piece of buſineſs take place—I ſhould have expected you, to have underſtood your duty better."

Poor Fermor, half crying at the unmerited accuſation, aſked him, what in the world ſhe could have done to prevent it?

"What?—why any thing—every thing—you ſhould have given your Lady notice ſhe was carrying away her clothes—had her dodged into Geneva—in ſhort, any thing was better than ſitting with your hands acroſs, and letting him go off."

Here Lady Belfont and I fortunately came into the room, and turned the courſe of his diſpleaſure; which he now vented in abuſe

of Lady Barbara. "An artful deſigning puſs! almoſt old enough to be Lord Grantin's mother!—had it been with this child here that he had played ſuch a fool's part, there might have been ſomething to ſay for him—but to be taken in, and go off, head over heels, with a woman that deſpiſes him into the bargain! Why, who does he ſuppoſe will ſet about ſoftening his father for him, in ſuch a madcap buſineſs as this?"

"I dare ſay he truſts to your good offices for that, Doctor Frankly; your kind heart will ſoon ſuggeſt, that, where diſpleaſure can no longer prevent the miſchief, the next conſideration is, to prevent its driving a weak young man to extremities. 'Bleſſed is the peace-maker,' you know."

"Why, I do not exactly know what to ſay to it—but, if he were my own ſon, I am ſure I could not forgive him yet; and he ought to be made to ſmart, if it were for nothing but deceiving me as he has done; for no longer ago than Sunday, did I make an attempt to get him to conſtrue ſome of Thucydides, to ſee whether he might not be loſing his Greek; and I was perfectly out of *humour with* his careleſs inattention: and

had he but then acknowledged what he had in his head, why I ſhould have tried to have gotten it out, by ſubſtituting ſome of the claſſics to Lady Barbara Brackley: but how could I poſſibly ſuppoſe, that, becauſe he liked to dangle after her, and hear her ſing, and let her laugh at him, he would ſuffer himſelf to be wheedled into forming ſo preposterous a connexion as this?"

"Do you recollect, my good Mr. Dean, that it is my niece you are talking of all this while? Upon my word, I apprehend the folly will prove quite as complete on her part as on his."

"Cry your Ladyſhip mercy! I did not think of that at the moment; nor, if I had, do I know, that it would have made any difference; for how could you help it? you did not make her what ſhe is, you know. I dare ſay you have been plagued enough with her. Nor is ſhe *your* niece, for the matter of that: Lord Belfont ſhould have taken care of her himſelf, and not let her come hither, to inveigle away ſilly youths."

"But will you not agree with me, Doctor Frankly, that the material point now is, to conſider how to avert the miſchief, that

may ariſe between Lord Egmore and Lord Belfont; and, however diſſatisfied you may have cauſe to be with the young man, perhaps for your friend's ſake, and for my ſake, you may be tempted to interpoſe your good offices."

"Aſſuredly, for Lord Egmore's ſake, and for your Ladyſhip's ſake, I would do any thing; and if I loved the boy himſelf leſs, I ſhould not be ſo provoked at him. He knows well enough, that, with regard to Miſs Riverſdale, I was ready to undertake what he wiſhed; but here,—that he ſhould put it out of my power to ſave him, is what I cannot forgive."

The worthy man continued to ſoften as he went on, and at length promiſed Lady Belfont, to write to Lord Egmore, in any way ſhe pleaſed. Her anxious wiſh is to be beforehand with ſuch reports, as may renew the former animoſity between the two Lords.

In the afternoon came a meſſenger from Madame d'Urtiſe with a long letter, which really is ſo characteriſtic, that if calamity did not render even folly ſacred, I might have diverted you by tranſcribing it. She

wants my company more than ever, ſhe ſays, and it is the heighth of cruelty now to leave her to herſelf. In ſhort, I have promiſed to ſee her in the morning.

2*d Aug.*—My mother came to ſtay with Lady Belfont; ſo I went to Madame d'Urtiſe for an hour or two.

She was extremely violent in her expreſſions of diſpleaſure at Lady Barbara and Lord Grantin, but not in the leaſt upon the grounds, on which a more delicate mind would have reſented their behaviour: it was merely the barbarity of leaving her, while ſhe ſtood ſo much in need of being amuſed, that ſtruck her in it.

The day after to morrow is fixed for Prince Polinſki's departure. I called at home, in caſe his letter might have been ſent, becauſe it would be cruel to increaſe his pain unneceſſarily, by delaying the anſwer. You would think ill of me, if I did not feel very much concerned for him, I am ſure, my dear brother.

However, there was no letter.

At my return to Sêcheron, I found that Lady Belfont had mentioned her wiſh to my

mother, of taking me with her to England for the winter, and that my mother conſidered the abſence of Lady Barbara as having removed the only objection ſhe could poſſibly make to ſo pleaſing a propoſal. But I ſtated Colonel Malcolm's expected return as an inſurmountable obſtacle. I ſaid, he would then indeed have every reaſon to be confirmed in his injurious ſuſpicions of me: nothing ſurely could more clearly evince levity, and total want of conſideration for him, than withdrawing from the poſſibility of his claiming my promiſe at his return.

My mother ſaid, he might be detained much longer than he imagined, and ſhe ſhould have a poor opinion of his attachment to me, if he found any difficulty in following me. I was, however, poſitive in my refuſal: and, I believe, that, circumſtanced as I am, you will think me right; though I honeſtly confeſs to you, my dear brother, that I do really feel this to be a ſacrifice to what I conſider as my duty; and if you reflect upon the poſſible chance of your not having ſailed by the time Lady Belfont expects to reach England, you will not wonder, that I ſhould feel it to be ſuch. A powerful motive, how-

ver, which helped to ſtrengthen me in acting right, was my unwillingneſs to leave my mother alone: but this I did not urge.

Lady Belfont candidly acquieſced in the propriety of my objections, and kindly lamented their being ſo well founded. My mother argued againſt them, till ſhe became quite angry with me for what ſhe called my obſtinacy. She was actuated, probably, by over ſolicitude for my pleaſure and advantage.

I am interrupted by the Prince's letter.

Read it here, my dear brother.

* "Enfin, Mademoiſelle, je pars—et ce mot doit me ſervir d'excuſe, ſi une ſeule fois encore j'oſe contrevenir à vos ordres, en vous ſuppliant de me lire—de me voir. Hélas! pourquoi me fuiriez vous? Qu'avez vous à craindre? Ai-je une penſée, un ſentiment qui ne ſoit dicté par le zêle le plus pûr, comme le plus tendre? C'eſt de vous

* "At length, Madam, I go—and this muſt plead my excuſe, if I again venture to diſobey your commands, by once more entreating you to read what I have to ſay, and to ſee me. Alas! why ſhould you avoid me? What have you to fear? Have I a thought, a ſentiment, that does not flow from a zeal for your

ſeule que je veux vous parler; c'eſt votre bonheur qui m'occupe uniquement.

" Votre billet me pénétre d'eſtime et d'admiration; mais j'y apperçois le courage du déſeſpoir. Vous vous trompez—mais vous vous trahiſſez en même tems, vous n'enviſagez point vous même un avenir heureux, et vous voulez néanmoins vous dévouer à l'acquit de votre parole—et voila ce qui me fait trembler, et voila ce qui me fait vous conjurer à genoux de me donner un moment d'audience. On fait bien mieux valoir ſes raiſons dans la converſation que par écrit; parceque la diſcuſſion eſt plus détaillée. Enfin, je ne réuſſirai peut-être pas à vous prouver

welfare, as pure as it is ardent? It is of yourſelf only that I wiſh to ſpeak—it is ſolely your own happineſs that inſpires me.

" Your letter fills me with eſteem and admiration for you; but I diſcover in it the courage of deſpair. You deceive yourſelf, and betray your feelings at the ſame time. You evidently do not look forward to any thing like happineſs; but are determined to devote yourſelf to the acquittal of your promiſe; and this it is that makes me tremble for you; and this it is, that emboldens me to conjure you, upon my knees, to grant me a moment's audience. An argument can be enforced far better in converſation, than in writing, *becauſe the* diſcuſſion becomes more circumſtantial.—

l'utilité qui peut réſulter d'une entrevue; mais j'oſe croire que vous ne la refuſerez pas à mes inſtances, quand je vous dirai que cette condeſcendance de votre part peut ſeule me donner la force de vous quitter. Je mettrai alors la main ſur ma conſcience, et je me conſolerai par la reflexion d'avoir dit et fait tout ce qui aura dépendu de moi, pour prévenir le funeſte événement qui mettra le ſçeau à votre malheur; et cette idée me ſoutiendra dans le pénible ſacrifice, qu'exige aujourdhui la vertu.

" Oui, je le ſens, Mademoiſelle, je ' fais bien de partir;' mais il faut encore le pouvoir, et c'eſt de vous ſeule que j'en puis tenir

In ſhort, I may fail in convincing you of the utility, that would ariſe from an interview; but I dare hope you will not refuſe it to my entreaties, when I urge, that this condeſcenſion on your part can alone give me ſtrength to quit you. I ſhall then be enabled to lay my hand upon my heart, and derive a conſolation from the teſtimony it will bear to my having ſaid and done all, that was in my power, to avert the fatal ſtroke, that will ſeal your doom: and this reflection will ſupport me under the painful ſacrifice, which virtue requires of me.

" Yes, Miſs Riverſdale, I feel ' I ſhall do well to go;' but it is alſo neceſſary, to have the power to do

le courage. Peut-être ne dédaignerez vous pas de me faire enviſager dans l'avenir l'heureux moment, ou, ayant triomphé de tout ce qu'il y à de trop dans les mouvemens qui agitent maintenant mon ame, vous ne récuſerez pas l'homage d'une amitié, qui embellira dans tous les tems le ſentiment de mon exiſtence—ou vous me permettrez de vous en parler; ou vous répondrez peut-être même à ſon langage, ſi peu connu, ſi peu ſenti par le monde en général. Et ſi cette jouiſſance n'eſt pas dans le cours ordinaire, de celles qu'on recherche à mon age; je vous devrai la conviction qu'en épurant ſes plaiſirs, en fixant leur ſource dans le cœur, on s'aſ-

ſo; and you alone can inſpire me with the fortitude requiſite. Perhaps you may not diſdain, to hold up to my view the happy period, when, having ſubdued thoſe feelings, which I muſt not plead in their preſent ſtate, I may venture to offer the pure tribute of thoſe chaſtiſed ſentiments of friendſhip, which will ever continue to brighten my exiſtence; when you will not only admit, but perhaps even ſpeak a language ſo little felt, ſo little avowed by the generality of the world; and however wide this gratification may be of thoſe uſually ſought after by perſons of my age, I ſhall be indebted to you for the conviction, that in *purifying* our feelings, and tracing their ſource from

ſure un bonheur durable, parcequ'il eſt encore augmenté par la réflexion : et ce ſera alors que je pourrai m'écrier avec le poëte.

Dans tes liens charmans oui tout eſt jouiſſance ;
Le tems ajoute encor un luſtre à ta beauté ;
Et tu ſerois la volupté,
Si l'homme avoit ſon innocence *.

" Voila le triomphe dont j'oſe vous répondre Mademoiſelle, ſi vous daignez accéder à ma demande.

" Ah, laiſſez vous fléchir je vous en conjure !"

I was extremely doubtful whether to ſee him or not : Lady Belfont was rather againſt it, my mother ſtrongly for it.—At length it

the heart, we inſure a happineſs, which is increaſed by reflection, and which realizes the French poet's * beautiful idea in his Addreſs to Friendſhip.

Thy ſacred bonds love's chaſter joys impart,
And time but adds a luſtre to thy charms ;
If innocence ſtill glow'd in man's frail heart,
He'd ſeek no other bliſs but in thy arms.

" And this is a victory, that I dare engage to obtain, if you will accede to my requeſt.—O, take compaſſion on me, I conjure you !"

* Voltaire.

was agreed, that it ſhould be in Lady Belfont's preſence.

The letter had come under cover to my mother, and the ſervant waited for an anſwer. Lady Belfont wrote, and informed him, that I was with her, and that we ſhould receive him to breakfaſt the next morning.

I dread this interview, Henry. Amiable, diſintereſted man! What a claim does he form upon my gratitude—my eſteem—my friendſhip! Yet how rigorouſly am I prohibited from teſtifying a feeling beyond common regard for him. His own peace, as well as what is due to Colonel Malcolm, preſcribe the line, from which I muſt not deviate. You are very ſure, that no perſuaſions he can urge will ſhake a reſolution ſo founded on principle as mine in regard to the Colonel. My only fear is, that I may betray the diſtreſs of my mind in regard to himſelf, which is indeed very great.

3*d*.—I ſlept little, as you may ſuppoſe, my dear brother. At nine the Prince came —his agitation was extreme. He tried, during breakfaſt, to ſpeak upon indifferent

ſubjects; but the words died upon his lips: I did not attempt to open mine.

After the tea-things were removed, he addreſſed himſelf to me. "May I not be indulged with half an hour's private audience? It is the firſt and the laſt I ſhall ever requeſt!"

"Lady Belfont is ſo much the friend of us both," I replied, "that there can be no difficulty in ſaying all that I ought to hear in her preſence."

He looked extremely mortified, probably from attributing the refuſal to diſtruſt. I ſaw Lady Belfont felt for him, and ſhe gave me a look of inquiry, whether my ſpirits were ſufficiently compoſed to diſpenſe with her preſence. Terrified leſt ſhe ſhould give way to this compaſſionate impulſe, from a conſciouſneſs, that, if ſhe left me, I might not behave with proper firmneſs, I fell into the very errour I was ſo anxious to guard againſt: for, catching hold of her, and clinging about her, I cried, "O! do not leave me, do not leave me! you know what I ſhould ſay to him, better than I do my-

"What you *ſhould ſay*, Miſs Riverſdal repeated he emphatically—"Have you th been ſtudying a leſſon, and will you r utter the plain dictates of your heart, in turn for the ſincerity and diſintereſtedneſs mine? Are you to guard your expreſſio as if I came to entrap you with ſome ſiniſ deſign?—O! be fair—be candid, as it your nature to be, and confeſs honeſtly, th my arguments have moved you, and th you are ſenſible of the miſery you will bri upon yourſelf in fulfilling this hateful e gagement."

"It is my wiſh—it is indeed in my natur as you ſay, to be open and candid," ſaid (ſcarcely able to recover from the confuſi he had occaſioned, by the manner in whi he had caught up my words, but ſtrugglin to articulate with firmneſs) "and I will n aſſert, that my proſpect of happineſs is exact what I once thought this engagement pr miſed me; but let it change as it ma nothing *can*, becauſe nothing *ought*, to f me free from it; and ſo fixed am I in th conviction, that, were I even certain of a the miſery you foretell, I ſhould, witho

heſitation, leap into the gulf: therefore every attempt to ſhake me is not only vain, but cruel."

"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, "and muſt I go with this horrible certainty impreſſed upon my mind, that you will, with your eyes open, ruſh on to perdition?—for you have now made the acknowledgment I have been labouring to obtain, that you no longer expect happineſs from the prepoſterous connexion—Go—with ſuch a terrible idea?—By all that's good, I will not ſtir from Geneva, till I have ſet aſide your ſcruples, and made it evident to you, as it is to every one elſe, that you are in no ſhape bound by ſuch an inconſiderate promiſe, and that you would be equally falſe to the Colonel, and to yourſelf, were you now to fulfill it, without warning him of the change that has taken place in your heart.—Never—never will I ſuffer during my exiſtence——"

His impetuoſity rouſed me to a more ſteady exertion.

"And by what right, Sir, will you ſtay in Geneva, for the purpoſe of interfering in

what ſolely regards me? Have my profeſſions of eſteem and gratitude entitled you, to attempt this ſort of mental tyranny? In denying me the power, to decide for myſelf upon the nature of thoſe teſtimonies of conſcience, which can alone ſecure my peace, you wreſt my words beyond their meaning, and then would force me from my own internal conviction of right and wrong."

"Oh Miſs Riverſdale!" interrupting me with vehemence, "forgive!—forgive me, I conjure you!—the ungovernableneſs of my feelings, where you are concerned, has hurried me beyond the bounds I had preſcribed to myſelf—I cannot ſtand the ſeverity of your aſpect—if I have incurred your diſpleaſure, I am every way loſt."

His extreme agitation increaſed mine.

Lady Belfont now interpoſed—"You are very uſeleſsly diſtreſſing each other. I will anſwer for Miſs Riverſdale's doing juſtice to your motives, Prince Polinſki; ſhe will not continue ſeriouſly diſpleaſed at what you were only hurried into ſaying, by the moſt diſintereſted concern for her welfare—ſhe ſpoke with the firmneſs requiſite to make you

abide by your original, neceſſary, and well-judged intention, of immediately quitting Geneva. You are perfectly ſenſible, that ſhe can, ultimately, be the only judge of what ſhe ought, or ought not to do; and your threatening to ſtay, muſt alarm her with the appearance of every impropriety, and every danger. Do not, therefore, prolong this painful interview; but leave it to my unbounded affection for her, and my perfect concurrence in your opinion, with regard to Colonel Malcolm, to diſcuſs this point, in every ſhape, with her, as I ſhall ſee opportunity. Depend upon it, I am not leſs anxious than yourſelf for her welfare."

"You are all goodneſs, Lady Belfont," he replied, "and I will rely upon your power over Miſs Riverſdale, to avert the miſchief I deprecate.—Only one thing more let me be ſatisfied in—when is this dreaded union meant to take place?"

"It depends entirely," anſwered ſhe, "upon his obtaining the diplomatic appointment he is ſoliciting, whether it ever may take place or no."

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed he, rap-

turouſly, "what a ray of light breaks in upon me! Is there ſtill a poſſibility, independent of her will, that it may *not* take place?—This—this, indeed, I was not prepared for!"—and he walked about the room, in extreme diſorder.

At length, turning ſuddenly, he ſprang forward, and ſeizing my hand, "One—one only requeſt I have to make," ſaid he, with the utmoſt emotion—"Oh do not refuſe it!"—

"What can it be?" ſaid I, trembling.

"That you will write to me, ſhould any bleſſed impediment ariſe to this baneful union; and I will fly from the remoteſt part of the earth"—He ſtopped—

"Good Heaven! what to do?"

"To improve," ſaid he, impetuouſly, "the affection that, in ſpite of yourſelf, I ſee working in your heart for me—to obtain the only bleſſing worth living for."—

"Hold, Prince Polinſki," I exclaimed, ſtarting up, "are your ſenſes bewildered? or, do you mean to inſult me?—It is now, indeed, time to put an end"—and I was moving, as I ſpoke, toward the door.

"Oh! for mercy hear me!—hear me but

one inſtant!" and catching hold of my clothes, forcibly to detain me, (Lady Belfont ſeeming in doubt, whether to let him proceed or no, but not interfering) he eagerly went on, "I know you think my own engagement irrevocable—ſuffer me only to ſpeak without interruption for this moment, and then, if you pronounce my doom, I will never offend you more—but I am now deſperate, and muſt be heard."

I ſat down again, exceſſively diſturbed.

He proceeded—"My engagement would very probably have been ſoon at an end, independently of all extraneous circumſtances, becauſe I am too little of a hypocrite to affect what I do not feel; and becauſe the lady, to whom I am engaged, has too nice a ſenſe of honour and delicacy, to wiſh to bind me by a promiſe, no longer ſanctioned by the affection ſhe is entitled to inſpire. And candidly acknowledge, that it was my intention, upon quitting you, to have made a fair ſtruggle with myſelf, to reſtore my heart to her: had I, however, not ſucceeded, which I very much doubt my having had the ſmalleſt chance of doing, I ſhould honeſtly have imparted to her the true ſtate of my af-

fections, at the ſame time offering to fulfil my promiſe at all events, and engaging to devote to her every ſentiment that was left me to beſtow, and ſupply, by the moſt grateful attentions, thoſe that might be wanting. I know her too well, to doubt for an inſtant what her anſwer would be. She would, without heſitation, ſet me free, and eſteem me for the candour of my proceeding. I will now purſue the ſame plan of ſincerity, only without taking time for the ſtruggle; becauſe I am fully aware, that the beam of hope, which has juſt broken in upon me, muſt render it ineffectual. Should ſhe, contrary to my expectations, chooſe to make me abide by my engagement, I will endeavour to fulfil it like a man of honour, and ſubmit to my fate: but ſhould her delicacy prompt her to act with a dignity more becoming her birth and qualifications, then, Miſs Riverſdale—Oh! then! I may, without offending any one ſentiment of honour or propriety, await the iſſue of your fate: and, ſhould it anſwer the fervent expectations, that are now awakened in my breaſt, I may then fly to improve thoſe kind affections, which, I dare to flatter myſelf, I perceive——."

He had fallen at my feet. I aroſe angrily; but he held me, and proceeding with vehemence, "Oh! do not be diſpleaſed with me, for thus venturing to interpret the emotions I have beheld—your very fear of being left with me—think me not preſuming—but"—

Aſtoniſhment had thus far contributed more to my ſilence, than any heſitation how to anſwer his requeſt; and he had continued, with an impetuoſity which it was ſcarce poſſible to ſtop. I now, however, breaking forcibly from him, exclaimed with indignation, "This is, indeed, too much, Sir! You are determined to make me fully ſenſible of my miſtaken indulgence, in ſeeing and hearing you—but no conſideration upon earth ſhall ever draw me into ſuch a deviation again"—and I burſt out of the room, notwithſtanding his efforts to detain me; in conſequence of which, I left a part of my muſlin-gown, of which he had caught hold, in his hands.

I ran into my own apartment; and, bolting the door, threw myſelf upon the bed, in a ſtate of mind, of which I can give you no idea. I had exhauſted all my powers, to bear up under *this* trying ſcene, and I now re-

mained in a ſort of ſtupid inſenſibility, hardly conſcious of what I had ſaid or done. In this ſituation I continued for more than two hours, and was, at length, rouſed from it by Lady Belfont's knocking at my door. She was alarmed at my appearance, when I opened it, and, taking me in her arms, gently ſoothed me, which ſoon produced the effect of bringing a plentiful ſhower of tears to my relief.

"This has proved a much more trying ſcene than I had apprehended," ſaid ſhe, "and I will delay reporting the iſſue of it, till you are more compoſed."

"I do not believe I ſhall ever be compoſed again, Lady Belfont, after ſuch an advantage having been taken—ſuch an interpretation put upon my compliance with his requeſt—ſuch an inſult, I muſt call it, as to ſuppoſe me actuated by ſentiments, which, ſituate as I am, would cover me with diſgrace."

"You ſee this in too ſtrong a light, my Louiſa. He was hurried into the impropriety, of which he was guilty, by the ſudden revulſion, occaſioned in his mind, from the *unexpected* diſcovery, that your fate, which

he had believed ſo fixed, ſhould ſtill, in ſome degree, be doubtful. His paſſions are ſtrong, and bear down every thing before them at the moment; but he left me, thoroughly ſenſible, himſelf, of his errour, and wretched in the dread of having diſpleaſed you; and I have undertaken to be his advocate, and obtain your forgiveneſs, upon condition, that he ſets out the inſtant I have ſignified it to him."

"And, if I grant it, he goes with the idea, that I retain ſentiments for him, every way incompatible with my honour and my duty. Can I, Madam, authorize the humiliating ſuppoſition?"

"Will you, then, detain him *here*, for fear he might ſuſpect you had reaſon to wiſh him away?"

"That, to be ſure, would be equally bad! —Adviſe me, deareſt Lady Belfont, what ought I to do?"

"I will tell you, my love, what paſſed after you left us; and then you will be better able to determine for yourſelf. As you, by haſtily pulling the door after you, defeated his attempt to ſtop you, he fell back upon the chair *neareſt* to it, and reſting his two

elbows upon his knees, he wholly concealed his face in the piece of your gown, which had remained in his hand: in this ſituation he continued for a conſiderable time, only uttering, occaſionally, "ſhe's gone!—I have offended her!—irretrievably offended her!—I am now every way undone!"—I did not attempt to interrupt him, perſuaded, that leaving him to himſelf would be the moſt likely method of reſtoring him to ſome compoſure. This laſted for about half an hour, when, raiſing his eyes, and ſuddenly ſeeming to recollect himſelf, he came toward me—"Oh Lady Belfont!" cried he, "will not you intercede for me? Will you not make allowance for the madneſs of a moment? Never can I forgive myſelf, unleſs Miſs Riverſdale forgive me—I muſt be for ever wretched!"—I aſked him what he would wiſh me to ſay to you.—"Oh! bring her back!" he exclaimed; "let me atone for my preſumptuous folly; let my evident contrition obtain pardon for my offence, and reſtore me to that place in her eſteem—in her friendſhip, which ſhe had ſo generouſly held out to me, and which, by aiming at more, I have perhaps *for ever forfeited*.—I cannot exiſt under the

ſoul-diſtracting idea." I told him, that any attempt to bring you back was quite out of the queſtion; but, that I was very ready to repeat to you any thing, that he could ſuggeſt, in extenuation of the impropriety into which he had been betrayed. He kiſſed my hand, ſighed deeply, and was for a time ſilent. At length, he requeſted, that I would allow him to put down upon paper what he ſhould entreat me to ſay for him, for he found himſelf unable to ſpeak. If I knew the conflicts of his ſoul, he ſaid, I ſhould not refuſe any thing that could alleviate them—and if I did not plead for him—if I did not obtain forgiveneſs for him—no power ſhould tear him from Geneva. "And will you," ſaid I, "when you do receive it, inſtantly fulfil your purpoſe, and go?"—Provided he was aſſured of it, he replied, either from yourſelf, or, at leaſt, under your own hand, he ſolemnly declared he would; for, rather than riſk incurring your diſpleaſure a ſecond time, he would forego any gratification the world could hold out to him. Upon this, I promiſed to undertake his cauſe, and endeavoured to comfort him with ſome hope of ſucceſs; he poured out a thouſand thanks, fell into a

thouſand inconſiſtencies; but left me thoroughly ſatisfied, that his heart and mind are as replete with conſcious honour and integrity, as I have ever thought them, although the ſtrength of his paſſions ſometimes occaſions deviations; from which, however, he ſoon returns, and in his return always appears to more advantage than before his errour, and ſo I am perſuaded it will prove in this inſtance."

"He has a moſt kind and able advocate in you, my deareſt Madam; and I ſubmit entirely to your opinion."

"We will be guided in our proceedings, then, by the contents of his letter."

In about an hour the letter came, addreſſed to Lady Belfont.

I tranſcribe it.

"Vous avez daignée entreprendre de plaider ma cauſe, Miladi; mais que vous ſerez loin de rendre la douleur et le repentir que rempliſſent mon ame! que vous ſerez loin de pouvoir exprimer tout ce que la

* "You have deigned to undertake to plead for me, Madam; but, how far ſhort will you fall of expreſſing the grief and the repentance of my ſoul! how far *ſhort of painting*, in its true colours, all that the dig-

conduite ſi noble, ſi impoſante de votre adorable amie vient encore d'ajouter au reſpect, à la profonde admiration, qu'elle m'avoit déjà inſpirée! Ah! ſans doute qu'elle a eue raiſon de me quitter dans l'égarement ou elle ma vu; elle m'a peut-être épargnée par la d'achever de me rendre indigne du pardon que j'oſe implorer par votre moyen. Elle m'a encore épargnée la plus cruelle de toutes les humiliations, celle d'être avili à mes propres yeux. Ah! qu'elle reconnoiſſe la vérité de mon honnêteté dans la franchiſe de cet aveu, ſi elle eut été moins ſévère, je devenois un malhonnête homme. Je cherchois un accommodement avec mon honneur, et je me ſerois

nified, the awe impreſſing conduct of your adorable friend has ſtill added to the reſpect, to the profound admiration, ſhe had before inſpired me with! Ah! too ſurely ſhe was right, to leave me in the delirium in which ſhe ſaw me; it has, perhaps, been the means of ſaving me from becoming wholly unworthy of the pardon I now venture, through your means, to implore. She has, beſides, ſaved me from the moſt cruel of all humiliations, that of being degraded in my own eyes. Had ſhe been leſs ſevere, I might have become a diſhoneſt man: for I was ſeeking a compromiſe with my duty, and ſhould have made myſelf deſpicable. Ah! let her recogniſe the reality of my uprightneſs, in the ſincerity of *this* acknowledgment; let her recogniſe

rendu mépriſable: qu'elle reconnoiſſ véritable empire de la vertu, dont l'exe excite l'émulation dans un cœur droit, plus ſurement encore, que l'exemple du n'entraine un cœur foible. Oui elle a renaître la mienne, et ma gratitude en éternelle.

" Qu'elle daigne me pardonner, ſi j'a un inſtant me laiſſer aller à la préſomptic croire ne lui être pas indifférent! la cru avec laquelle elle m'en a puni, a été tique, mais efficace. J'ai failli y ſuccon mais j'en releverai plus digne de ſon eſt et je la contraindrai (toute ſévère qu'elle de convenir qu'au moins j'aurois mérité

alſo, and glory in it, the never failing power of V whoſe bright example excites the emulation of well meaning mind, with ſtill more certainty, th example of Vice miſleads a weak one. She has ki the latent ſpark in mine, and my gratitude will but with my exiſtence.

" I implore her forgiveneſs, for having preſume moment to give way to the idea of not being indif to her. The cruelty, with which ſhe has reſent was critical, but efficacious. I was near ſinking it, but I ſhall riſe more worthy of her eſteem. I conſtrain her, rigid as her principles are, to a *that I am at leaſt* deſerving of the place in her

place dans ſon cœur, ou il m'eſt défendu d'aſpirer: je la forcerai de me rendre cette amitié ſi précieuſe qu'elle m'avoit accordée, par le ſacrifice que je vais m'impoſer. Oui, Miladi, je pars demain, j'en jure mon honneur, pourvu que j'obtienne de ſa main ce pardon, qui va faire mon unique conſolation, et qu'elle y ajoute la permiſſion de lui écrire quand j'aurai triomphé des ſentimens qu'elle ne veut pas écouter. Qu'elle ne craigne pas de me l'accorder; elle peut s'en rapporter à ma ſincérité ſur l'uſage que j'en ferai; la *diſtance* qui va nous ſéparer me rendra mes forces, quoique dans cet inſtant ſa ſeule idée me fait

tion, to which I am prohibited from aſpiring. I ſhall force her, by the ſtrict propriety of my future conduct, to reſtore to me that valuable friendſhip, which ſhe had granted me. Yes, Madam, I will go to morrow—I declare it upon my honour—provided that I obtain, under her own hand, the pardon, which will now become my only conſolation; and, that ſhe condeſcend to add to it the liberty of writing to her, whenever I can truly boaſt of having ſubdued thoſe ſentiments, to which ſhe will not give ear. She may ſafely grant me this indulgence, and rely upon my ſincerity for the uſe I ſhall make of it: the diſtance, that will ſoon ſeparate us, will reſtore my ſtrength, however the bare idea *of it, at this moment*, may make me ſenſible of

ement ſentir toute ma foibleſſe. ..., pour ne pas ajouter un mot, que puiſſe nuire à l'impreſſion que je cherche à vous donner de ma vertu.

" Mais vous, Miladi, qui vous êtes donnée des droits ſi juſtes à ma plus vive reconnoiſſance, quels termes trouverai-je pour vous en donner une idée? Quand le ſentiment eſt au deſſus de l'expreſſion il eſt inutile de parler: je n'ai jamais eu tant de raiſon de me taire. Daignez donc me continuer votre bienveuillance, et recevoir l'hommage d'un attachement et d'une reconnoiſſance ſans bornes.

" LE PRINCE POLINSKI."

You will not ſuppoſe, my dear brother, that my anger could reſiſt ſuch a letter as

my weakneſs. I conclude, to guard againſt the riſk of adding a word, that might ſuggeſt a doubt of my reſolution.

" But in what terms ſhall I expreſs to your Ladyſhip my ſenſe of your indulgent kindneſs, in this and many other inſtances? When feeling ſurpaſſes expreſſion, it is in vain to ſpeak. I never had more reaſon to be ſilent.—Deign, Madam, to continue to me your goodneſs; and accept the aſſurances of my unbounded gratitude and attachment."

this. With Lady Belfont's approbation, I inſtantly ſent the following anſwer.

" Quand on releve de ſes fautes comme vous, mon Prince, on ſe donne de nouveaux droits à l'eſtime des ames ſenſibles et honnêtes, je vous rends toute la mienne, en ſignant votre pardon: et quand vous pourres ne me parler que le langage de l'amitié, j'y repondrai avec toute la ſincérité de celle que vous méritez. Quand même les circonſtances me défendroient d'en recevoir en droiture le témoignage, et d'y répondre de ma main, j'apprendrai toujours avec intérêt par Miladi Belfont des nouvelles de votre bien-être et de votre tranquillité: et quand je ſaurai que vous avez rempli les engagemens que vous

" To recover from errour, as you have done, Sir, muſt give you a new claim upon the eſteem of every good mind; and I reſtore you fully to mine, in ſigning the pardon, for which you call upon me; aſſuring you, at the ſame time, that whenever you can ſpeak to me the language of friendſhip only, I will anſwer it with all the ſincerity you merit. In the event, that circumſtances ſhould preclude our actual correſpondence, I ſhall ever feel intereſted in the accounts I may receive through Lady Belfont of your welfare and happineſs: and whenever I ſhall underſtand, that you have brought

tés, vous porterez à leur comble mitié que je vous conſacre.

Adieu, Prince !—Je ne vous cache pas que ce mot me coute : la franchiſe dont je fais profeſſion m'en arrache l'aveu, et je puis me le permettre maintenant que vous ne pouvez plus vous tromper à ſon motif."

This letter went to the inn, where we found he was waiting to receive it. We heard nothing farther from him; and the next day he left Geneva.

7th.—This has taken me ſeveral days to write, as I am unwilling to loſe a moment of Lady Belfont's company. Now, that her ſtay is ſo limited, I confine the time I dedicate to my pen to an hour or two before going to bed.

I wiſh I could have your opinion, in regard to all that has lately paſſed with

yourſelf to fulfil your engagement, you will have carried my good opinion of you to its utmoſt heighth.

" Adieu, Prince Polinſki! I do not trace this word without pain; the frankneſs, I upon all occaſions profeſs, draws this avowal from me; and I need not ſcruple to make it, now that you can no longer miſtake *its motive.*"

Prince Polinſki. You ſee I have not verified your prediction; and, as I feel ſatisfied, that I have acquitted myſelf in the beſt manner circumſtances would admit, I truſt I ſhall obtain my dear Henry's approbation. I feel really relieved by Prince Polinſki's departure, though I avow high admiration of him, mixed with ſincere friendſhip, and do not wiſh to conceal from you, that his happineſs lies very near my heart. The very unuſual depreſſion, that hangs upon my ſpirits, I attribute wholly to my approaching ſeparation from my beloved Lady Belfont. You will not wonder that, at ſuch a moment, I cannot write cheerfully, or of indifferent people.

8th.—I have a letter from Colonel Malcolm from Ulm, entreating, that he may find one from me at Vienna, with every minute particular of what has paſſed in his abſence. Alas! there I am precluded from following the natural dictates of my ſincerity, which gives me a more uneaſy ſenſation, than I ſhall allow myſelf to deſcribe, leſt you ſhould again accuſe me of affectation. I truſt, Henry, you have admitted my defence

upon that ſubject*. I did not tell you *all* the pain ſuch an accuſation from you gave me.

The Colonel's letter is filled with proteſtations of affection and confidence. Heaven grant, that his confidence may at length prove permanent. The pleaſing intelligence I have to communicate, of the Prince's departure, will ſet him wholly at eaſe for the preſent.

9*th*.—Lady Belfont has at laſt received news from Lady Barbara—from *Lady Grantin*, I ſhould ſay. I have obtained leave to tranſcribe the letter for you: ſure I am, that ſuch a letter nobody but herſelf would have written on ſuch an occaſion.

LADY GRANTIN TO LADY BELFONT.

Turin.

"Your Ladyſhip will probably expect a very penitential letter, in atonement for the heinous miſdemeanour, of which I have been guilty; and, if I knew in which fold of my

* By this it appears, that ſome of Louiſa's anſwers, which were written independently of her journal, are *alſo miſſing*. E.

heart to look for one grain of contrition, my earneſt wiſh to obtain your forgiveneſs would make me particularly ſolicitous, to improve it into the moſt pathetic peace-offering upon the occaſion. But as I muſt, in the fulneſs of ſincerity, acknowledge, that, ſearch as I may, I can diſcover nothing but happineſs ariſing out of my trangreſſion, I cannot, for the ſoul of me, repent of having ſecured ſo rare an acquiſition; and ſhall, therefore, with my accuſtomed honeſty, content myſelf with intreating my dear Lady Belfont's pardon, for having purſued the coy goddeſs in my own way, and taken a flying leap into her favour. And, as a writer,* from whoſe authority your Ladyſhip will not, I am ſure, appeal, aſſerts, that, even when courted and obtained in the propereſt manner, 'ſhe does not always make good her name,' I truſt I ſhall the more readily ſtand acquitted for trying an experiment rather out of the beaten path.

"I am aware, that I have ſinned againſt rule, againſt decorum, againſt delicacy. But could any of theſe, or all of them together, have done better for me, than enſure felicity?

* Young.

I preſume, not: and certain I am, that, had I ſacrificed felicity to them, they could not have offered me the ſmalleſt compenſation in return. Having, therefore, like a judicious gameſter, calculated the chances, and got the odds in my favour, I think I may lay claim even to my uncle's indulgence, for having benefitted ſo much by his inſtructions.

" I ſhall not yet, however, venture to ſtate the merits of the caſe to him, but beg your Ladyſhip's kind mediation; for, although I contend, that it would be highly unreaſonable in Lord Belfont to expect, that his differing from Lord Egmore in politics ſhould prevent my agreeing with his ſon in love; or that the loſs of his election, was to ſet aſide mine; ſtill I am a little too deep read in men and things, to expect him to be ſoon ſufficiently rational, to attend to the rationality of my plea. I muſt, therefore, throw myſelf wholly upon your Ladyſhip's mercy, after deprecating your wrath, by the aſſurance, that, if my precipitate retreat have given you a moment's uneaſineſs, I am unfeignedly ſorry for it; for of having ſeriouſly incurred your diſpleaſure I have not the ſmalleſt appre-

henſion, becauſe, however my wild flights may have at times provoked your cenſure, you had always too much kindneſs toward me in your heart, for me to ſuppoſe you can be angry that I am happy. You ſatisfied yourſelf, that you did your duty in tutoring me, and ſtrenuouſly oppoſing what you could not really be averſe to; and you will not deny me the credit of having done mine, in balancing my own ſentiments againſt your arguments: it was not my fault if the arguments kicked the beam.

"And now I come to intreat my dear Lady Belfont, to employ that mild conciliating ſpirit, which makes her beloved even at the moment ſhe is oppoſing one's inclinations, and ſoften Lord Belfont in my favour.

"You can, from your own knowledge, ſet forth how liberal dame Nature has been to my ſwain, in all external advantages; how Faſhion has marked him for her own; how Fortune will, after his father's death, make him amends for her preſent niggardlineſs; and how Folly had ever failed of obtaining any empire over him, until ſhe tempted him to lay all theſe advantages at my feet: per-

haps the amiable humility of this laſt acknowledgment may captivate my uncle's good will. Then your Laydyſhip may aſſert, from *my* teſtimony, that he has enough of ſenſe, not to pretend to more knowledge than he is poſſeſſed of; good humour, proportioned to my calls upon it; and of ſenſibility a *quantum ſufficit*, to deem one acre, with Phillis, worth a whole county, without her. Let him duly weigh all theſe allurements, and then candidly pronounce, what mortal woman could have withſtood them? And pray do not let Miſs Riverſdale's name be found in your letter, leſt it ſhould help him to, perhaps, the only exception, that could be quoted againſt me.

"Will his Lordſhip object, that we may be involved in difficulties, when it reſts ſo much upon any ſlight conceſſion, on his part, to Lord Egmore, to remove them? And will not Dean Frankly, if deſired by your Ladyſhip, ſtate to the Marquis, how much it is his intereſt, if he loves his ſon, to furniſh him, by his kindneſs, with inducements to wiſh his life, rather than, by harſhneſs, leave him no hope but from his death?—In ſhort, my dear Madam, give us your powerful ſup-

port; and we ſhall have little to fear; and you could not refuſe it, if you ſaw how delightfully we are formed for each other—how mutual all our pleaſures—how we walk—how we ride—how we ſing and play—how attentively *he* liſtens when *I* talk, and bows down ſubmiſſive to my ſuperiour ſenſe—in ſhort, 'how we live, and how we love.'

'Content with what the bounteous gods have given,
I ſeek not to engroſs the gifts of Heaven.
To ſome, the powers of bloody war belong;
To ſome, ſweet muſic and the gift of ſong.
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſidering mind.'

POPE'S ILIAD.

"And whilſt my Paris is content to admit this rare poſſeſſion to be excluſively mine; I would not wiſh to improve him into any Hector or Diomede of them all.

"I muſt not omit mentioning one little circumſtance, which evinces my not having wholly eſcaped the contagion of your Ladyſhip's and Miſs Riverſdale's prudiſh notions. Having, as you would probably conjecture, my own woman to chaperon me in the chaiſe, I inſiſted upon travelling night and day, without ever alighting, except for the tak-

ing it to pieces acroſs mount Cenis, until we reached our Envoy's chapel at this place, where Mr. Davenport was, in conſequence of Lord Grantin's requeſt, in waiting to join our hands. Now, as I expect that this due regard to the moſt ſcrupulous decorum will raiſe me to ſome degree of favour, I take this to be the very part of my letter, where the aſſurances of my unaltered affection will be likely to meet with the greateſt indulgence, let me truſt, therefore, to your long-experienced kindneſs, my dear Madam, for clothing them in every proper expreſſion of regard and gratitude; and believe that, though my heart does not always take the uſual methods of ſhowing its feelings, it is very truly yours, BAR. GRANTIN."

This curious epiſtle was accompanied by one from her Paris, as ſhe calls him, ſo very ſilly, that it is not worth tranſcribing.

Lady Belfont is now employed in making the beſt ſhe can of it all to Lord Belfont, who writes her word, that he will meet her at Lyons, if ſhe will ſet out in about a fortnight, and ſtop for a few days at Madame de Sainval's, as he cannot accurately fix his *time of being* there.

Meanwhile, we are going with Lady Belfont to Lauſanne, to ſee ſome friends of hers before ſhe leaves Switzerland. This little excurſion will be agreeable to my mother and me in all reſpects.

This will make an interval of a few days in my journal, ſo that my *folio* packet will remain for the Dean to forward by a friend of his.

Adieu, my deareſt brother.

MISS RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY.

Geneva, Aug. 16th.—Every hour, that I have paſſed with Lady Belfont, has ſtill endeared her to me; ſhe is all, that one can wiſh a woman to be; and to think, that I ſhould poſſeſs the friendſhip of a being ſo exalted, and ſo ſoon to be torn from her—I know not how to endure the thought—what will become of me? The trying moment of ſeparation now draws very near, and abſorbs every other idea; ſtill I endeavour to dwell upon it as little as poſſible—but I am very wretched.

My friends add ſeverely to my diſtreſs, by concurring with my own wiſhes in favour of

Lady Belfont's propoſal to take me with her; on the other hand ſtands ſtern Duty alone, from whoſe dictates, however, there is no appeal.

It was propoſed, that my mother ſhould reſide at Lauſanne, with my grandmother and aunt, during my abſence; and my mother dwells ſo much upon the ſatisfaction this would afford to them all, that it alſo places me in the light of ſacrificing their comforts, to what they can honour with no better name than *my obſtinacy*. This is a trying ſituation, you will allow. I have declared myſelf perfectly ready to live at Lauſanne, if they would accept of my company in addition to their ſociety, inſtead of making me the bar to their enjoyment of each other. I obſerved to my mother, that my having now done with the maſters, upon whoſe account our reſidence was fixed here, there could be no reaſon for our continuance at this place, in preference to Lauſanne; but ſhe would not liſten to me; her aim is to force me away; ſhe is not, however, impartial upon the ſubject; and while it is left in my option, I feel myſelf *bound* to reſiſt.

We returned hither laſt night, and find Madame d'Urtiſe is gone to Soleure, probably to follow up, with more rigour, the forms of penance preſcribed to her. Her abſence is a very lucky circumſtance for me juſt now.

Aug. 17.—A letter, juſt received from Colonel Malcolm, gives ſuch an opening for the renewal of Lady Belfont's propoſal, that my agitation is extreme, in the doubt of what I am to do——

The Emperor ſuddenly left Vienna, the very day before Colonel Malcolm reached it. His return is uncertain, and may be deferred from weeks to months. The diſtance and expenſe preclude his returning hither in the interim.—You may believe he curſes his ſtars, and writes under great depreſſion of ſpirits—his letter is diſtreſſing in all reſpects, excepting that it profeſſes the moſt unbounded confidence in my affection, and reliance upon my prudence,

I am interrupted.

* * *

My mother and Lady Belfont came to inquire into the contents of the letter: I gave

it them to read: they, with one accord, inſtantly pronounced that this uncertainty put an end to all poſſible objection to my journey.—

I ſtill combated, but I fear it was feebly for they conquered—and now I am ſo divided, between the happineſs held out to me in my dear Lady Belfont's ſociety, and the fear of having deviated from what Colonel Malcolm was entitled to expect from me, that I ſcarcely know what I think, or what I feel.

In the mean time, my beloved brother, I venture to indulge a hope, which I have never before admitted into my breaſt, leſt it might too powerfully draw me aſide from what I conſidered as my duty—and this is, that I may once more embrace my Henry, before he embarks—once more have the inexpreſſible happineſs of beholding him—of recurring to his opinion upon many points, upon which thoſe of his letters, that have fortunately reached me, have not been explicit.—O, may your apprehenſion of being delayed till Chriſtmas now prove prophetic! May I be ſo fortunate as to find Colonel Malcolm's concurring approbation of my excurſion at

Paris, whither I requeſt him to direct his anſwer, which there is no time for me to receive here, and my ſatisfaction will be complete.

My mother goes to Lauſanne.—The few remaining days, previous to our departure, will be ſo completely filled up by the neceſſary preparations for it, that I muſt here conclude my journal; which I ſhall, however, reſume upon the road, although travelling toward you.—No words can convey an adequate idea of the preſent ſtate of my mind; but you may conceive it.—Adieu, my beſt friend!—How freely does this word, which has ſo often diſtreſſed me, now flow from my pen!—Adieu! Adieu*!

* The only fragment that has been found of the journal Sir Henry mentions to his ſiſter, is inſerted here, as the beſt place for a thing ſo entirely unconnected with the ſtory; which the Editor, however, hopes the public opinion will juſtify his wiſh to bring to light.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE TO LOUISA.

——My journal will aſſuredly place Engliſh manners in a new light to you, and probably damp the enthuſiaſm, with which you now view them: how far you may thank me for undeceiving you, I know not; but it may be a conſiderable time, before I find a convenient opportunity of forwarding to you a packet ſo voluminous.

In compliance, however, with your impatience to be initiated into ſome of the faſhionable circles I frequent, I have, in the meanwhile, devoted one night to the communication of the tranſactions of one day, which has afforded me as much entertainment, from the variety of characters it has thrown in my way, as any that I have paſſed ſince I came to England.

When Stanville introduced me to Lord Leſſingham, he had mentioned to him my curioſity to ſee and hear extraordinary characters; in conſequence of which, we received *an invitation* to dinner, to meet Doctor Poly-

glot, Mr. Gadſon, and Mr. Hornbeam, names certainly not new to you; to theſe were added, Sir Silenus Furzeball, Mr. Fairford, and Lady Urania Dyſon, compoſing, altogether, a motley and diverting group.

To Polyglot, Gadſon, and Hornbeam, my attention was chiefly directed, from their various celebrity in the literary and political world; but Lady Urania having ſingled out, and invited Doctor Polyglot to ſit next her, for the expreſs purpoſe of aſcertaining his depth in the Greek language, and the converſation being carried on in a half whiſper on her part, and a contemptuous ſort of dry retort on his, the entertainment of it was confined wholly to themſelves.

Sir Silenus Furzeball, on the other hand, engroſſed the attention of the reſt of the company, by critical diſſertations upon various diſhes, and the improvements and diſcoveries of his own cook, Morel, whoſe culinary talents ſoar ſo far above competition, that his table bids defiance to rivalry. And this was ſet forth in ſuch evident contempt of the repaſt before him (which, however, was not only expenſive, but elegant), as

placed Lord and Lady Leſſingham's politeneſs in a ſtrong light, who did not betray the ſmalleſt perception of a want of good breeding, ſo manifeſt to every one.

I looked impatiently for the removal of the cloth, in the hope that with it would be removed the incitement to Sir Silenus's garrulity. It was but an exchange of evils. Doctor Polyglot inſtantly reminded Lady Leſſingham of her uſual indulgence in admitting his *hooka*, which he declared to be abſolutely requiſite to the reliſh of his firſt glaſs of wine. The hooka was introduced, and with it, to my infinite regret, he ſoon puffed away the ladies.

The converſation now, however, became general, and I thought characteriſtic enough.

"My good friend," ſaid Fairford, whoſe attention had, till then, been divided between the dinner, and the dreſs of Lord Leſſingham's daughters, by whom he was placed, and in whoſe agreeable countenances an arch, but inſtantaneouſly repreſſed ſmile, had occaſionally betrayed their opinion of the obſervations addreſſed to them: "my good friend," ſaid he, to Doctor Polyglot, "per-

mit me to take the liberty of ſuggeſting, that you muſt be bigotted to that barbarous habitude to the laſt point, when you can purſue it, at the price of putting to flight that enchanting ſex, which I vow, before Heaven, I never feel in my element, when ſeparated from."

"Τοις πασιν ὁ χρονος και καιρος*," replied the Dean, dryly.

This powerful retort, being above the comprehenſion of his new *friend*, (for, it appeared, that they had only once before been in company together) remained unanſwered.

"I think, we are much obliged to the Dean," ſaid Sir Silenus; "for, upon my ſoul, I always conſider the women at table as a bar to conviviality, and it's a d—d provoking thing, that they do not remove, after the firſt glaſs, as they uſed to do."

"Why, as to that," replied Mr. Gadſon, "the late enlargement of their minds, and their freedom from prejudices, brings them ſo much nearer to a level with us," (and the

* "To every thing there is a ſeaſon."
3d Eccles. 1ſt verſe.

little creature drew himſelf up, as he uttered the word *us,)* "that I rather feel my ideas brightened by their preſence; and, if ever I have thought myſelf more peculiarly fortunate, at one time than another, in the defence of a free opinion, it has been againſt a female antagoniſt."

"There may be another reaſon for that, Jacky," ſaid Doctor Polyglot, drolling: "We ſometimes ſhine poſitively, and ſometimes comparatively, you know. Now the weakneſs of your opponent's logic might, very probably, conſtitute the ſtrength of your argument; for, you will not pretend to deny, Jacky, that when you broach any of your nonſenſe to me, I cut you up without mercy —turn your own weapons upon you—Ha! ha! ha!"

"Nay, nay," contended Jacky, a little nettled, "you may, indeed, overpower me by force of lungs, in default of argument, at any time; but, if you recollect, how ſatisfactorily I proved to you, at our very laſt meeting, the advantage that would reſult to ſociety from the annihilation of all laws—"

"You prove a fiddleſtick," interrupted *the Dean.* "You got beyond your depth,

Jacky, and I was unwilling to expoſe you."

Gadſon coloured, and was preparing to reply with warmth, when Lord Leſſingham, probably wiſhing to turn off the diſcourſe, pleaſantly interpoſed, by ſaying, "He takes very unfair advantage of you, Gadſon; for, ſhould both argument and lungs fail, he can envelop your brighteſt ideas in clouds," (coughing from the ſuffocation of the ſmoke) "through which the devil himſelf could ſcarce diſcern them, however he might expect to gain from their propagation."

"I have as little faith in the devil as in any other popular prejudice," cried Gadſon. "I labour for the benefit of human nature, in exploding all received opinions, and am perfectly clear, that univerſal happineſs can alone be eſtabliſhed upon univerſal independence."

"I entreat you, ſpare one popular prejudice, in the univerſal wreck, for my ſake," ſaid Hornbeam; "and that is, in favour of pure, genuine, unſophiſticated wine, for which, I think, Lord Leſſingham may challenge the world; ſo, put the bottle round, Mr. Stanville."

"And do not let us loſe ſight of the topic that was originally ſtarted," replied Stanville, paſſing the bottle, "the enlargement of female minds; I own, I love to diſcuſs it; for *my* prejudice, with which I ſhould be as unwilling to part as Mr. Hornbeam, runs ſo ſtrongly in favour of the ſex, that I cannot help wiſhing to aſſociate them, in one way or other, with my moſt agreeable purſuits."

"Your language is that of a young man, and a bachelor, Sir," ſaid Sir Silenus; "I, who am neither the one nor the other, can ſpeak from *experience*; and, upon my ſoul, they are a d—d ſet altogether, and the clearer a man can keep of them, the better for him."

"Speaking from *experience*, precludes all conteſtation of the reaſons that may have been given for your opinion, Sir Silenus; though we may be allowed to condole with you, upon not having been more fortunate in the choice of your acquaintance," replied Stanville.

"Sir Silenus Furzeball probably employs his time in more rational purſuits, than *thumbing* the poets," obſerved Hornbeam;

'or ſo profeſſed a votary of Bacchus could never think of ſeparating him from his ſworn friend, Cupid."

"He'll aſſociate the god of ſoupes and ragouts with him, in his ſtead," cried Lord Leſſingham; "and high prieſt Morel will ſacrifice never-failing incenſe upon his altars."

(It ſeems, this modern Lucullus divides his day between the labour of inventing new diſhes, and the joy of gormandizing them, ever accompanied with potations deep, which happily relieve him from the tedium of the evening.)

"Now, I cannot, for my life," cried Hornbeam, "ſhake off my juvenile reminiſcences of Horace and Anacreon; and, indeed, I would not, if I could, ſeparate love and wine; and ſo I connect women as much with my pleaſure, and keep them as diſtinct from my buſineſs, as poſſible—that's my creed, in reſpect to them."

"Had Horace and Anacreon lived in theſe days," reſumed Stanville, "they might have admitted their miſtreſſes to a participation in the 'flow of ſoul,' as well as in that of wine. I cannot ſuppoſe it is my exclu*ſive privilege, to be acquainted with women*

of enlightened minds, and enlarged underſtandings; and I will candidly confeſs, that I have reaped more advantage from female opinion and advice——"

"In regard to the cut of your coat, or tie of your cravat, I ſuppoſe," interrupted Furzeball, ſneeringly.

Stanville looked diſdain; but Fairford interrupted the expreſſion of it, by ſaying, eagerly, "And permit me to have the honour of aſſuring you, Sir, that they are poſitively the only judges in the world of every thing of that ſort. I abſolutely declare, that I do not think there can be any appeal from their tribunal; in fine, I always hold myſelf by the opinion of my particular friend, Prince Potaramouſky's, the Ruſſian Ambaſſador at Madrid, upon this ſubject."

"My dear Fairford," ſaid Lord Leſſingham, laughing, "if you let a Ruſſian guide your opinion in regard to women, the Lord have mercy upon your wife!"

"Ah! my friend," replied Fairford, "you always turn every thing into pleaſantry; but, upon my honour, what I was going to ſay, was of the greateſt ſerioufneſs, and it was afterward confirmed by another intimate

friend of mine, Count Dunderblink, at Conſtantinople."

"The devil! coming both from Madrid and Conſtantinople, it muſt be forcible, indeed!" Lord Leſſingham exclaimed. "Well, Fairford, what was it?"

"My dear Fairford,' ſays the Prince, (for we were upon that footing of intimacy which diſpenſes with the *Mr.*) 'my dear Fairford,' ſays he, 'put it well into your head, that it is to pleaſe the women we dreſs, and to our ſucceſs with them we owe our beſt reputation; and, therefore, if they approved of your turning your ſtock-buckle in front, or wearing your ruffles about your throat, never heſitate, but count upon its ſucceeding."

A general laugh enſued, which Fairford, for an inſtant, heſitated how to take; but, being perfectly good humoured, and not in the leaſt aware of laying himſelf open to ridicule, he joined in it very heartily.

"How long people may live without being aware of their own deficiencies!" obſerved the Dean. "Now, I proteſt, I always conſidered myſelf as tolerably verſed in my mother tongue, and yet, Mr. Fairford finds means to make me ſenſible of my ignorance

of it; for, unleſs ſome of the company does me the favour to act the part of an interpreter, I am in danger of remaining a ſtranger to the force of his argument. Now, Jacky," turning quick to Gadſon, "I adviſe you to take a few leſſons from him, and you'll know how to *nonplus* me in future."

"I am really, Sir, infinitely flattered," Fairford replied, "that you honour my idiom with your attention; it is what I have made my particular ſtudy, ever ſince my friend, Baron Rammekin, obſerved to me, upon the grating ſound of Engliſh to a foreign ear. It immediately ſtruck me, that by adopting, as much as poſſible, the French turn of phraſe, and a little ſoftening the pronunciation, one might harmonize the Engliſh language, ſo as to make it leſs diſguſting; and, indeed, the Baron took notice, when he was here laſt year, that my manner of ſpeaking was ſo much improved, and betrayed ſo little of the *goût du terroir*, that he could poſitively almoſt have taken me for a foreigner. But that might be his partiality, you know; and, of courſe, I do not mention it from vanity."

"*No*, truly, Sir," Doctor Polyglot ſaid,

there is no occaſion; ſo far from eſteem-ng it a merit to aſſimilate our language to a oreign ear, I ſhould be glad to reſtore a *uantum ſufficit* of its original barbariſm, to rive every foreigner out of the ſound of t."

Fairford, offended in the perſons of all the rinces, Counts, and Barons, his particular iends, retorted with warmth. "I feel myſelf o much bound, by the rules of good breed-g, to attack the avowed partialities of any erſon in company. I make no alluſions to he claſſics; I am no judge, how far the udy of them is likely to improve the man-ers of their votaries"—looking round for pplauſe, as if he had ſaid, that was a ſharp ouch.

The Dean, with a loud laugh, "We none f us ſuſpected you were, I believe, Sir. Ha! ha! ha! excuſe me; I always hold it ir to give hit for hit, as well as argument r argument; for, if we were to diſcuſs the oint ſeriouſly, I ſhould contend that the reeks underſtood the *to prepon*." *

* Elegant decorums.

"The *toe*, what, Sir?" interrupted Fairford, angrily.

"Pſhaw!" Lord Leſſingham interpoſed, "you muſt not expect Fairford to defer to any *toe* but Veſtris's—and, by the way, if you have a mind to ſee him in the Deſerter to night, here's my ticket for you."

"My friend, I would not ſee Roſſi and Le Picq in the Deſerter again, upon any conſideration," returned Fairford: "I proteſt, it racks one's ſenſibility ten times worſe than the Siddons. I went to the Ducheſs of D——'s, from the opera laſt Saturday, ſo very hyſterical, that I was obliged to have Eau de Cologne, and all manner of things, to recover me, and I thought Lady Urania would never have done teaſing me about the delicacy of my nerves."

Doctor Polyglot withdrew the hooka from his lips, preparatory to another hit at Fairford; but Lord Leſſingham, ſmilingly, warded it off. "Now you name Lady Urania," he ſaid, "there's an enlightened woman's mind for you, Stanville! and ſee what a d——d thing a female pedant is!"

"If the overbearingneſs of knowledge were

ither general in women or peculiar to them, would give up their cauſe," he replied. But I muſt contend, that I have ſeen male edants as intolerable as Lady Urania, and uperiour faculties born as meekly by women, s by Mr. F— himſelf. You are acquainted with Mrs. Blandford, as well as with Lady Urania my Lord, what ſay you to her? Few men ſurpaſs her, either in underſtanding or knowledge; and what woman has more gentleneſs or ſweetneſs of manners? Playful, unaſſuming, rather endeavouring to bring others forward, than to obtrude herſelf."

"What d—d hypocriſy that muſt be!" cried Sir Silenus; "I ſhould hate her for it."

"I defy any mortal to hate her, that has ever ſeen her"—Lord Leſſingham replied.—"True, Stanville, I had forgotten her: equal to moſt men in ſcience, 'yet not above her ſex's cares,' as Young ſays."

"If ſhe really have acquired a critical knowledge of Greek, without being vain of it," the Dean ſaid, "I will allow her merit; not, indeed, that I hold a woman worth ſpeaking to, who is wholly deſtitute of claſſical knowledge; for what converſation is there

without it? If my wife could not feel the aptneſs of a Greek quotation, and admire me for it, when we are ſitting over the fire in a winter's evening, I ſhould be mighty apt to ſpit in her face."

Fairford burſt into a violent fit of laughter, begging a thouſand pardons, at the ſame time, for his rudeneſs; but, really, that *claſſical galanterie* was ſo unlooked for, that it wholly overpowered his reſpect for good manners.

"A ſlight violation that of the *to prepon*, to be ſure, Mr. Dean," Hornbeam obſerved: "Anacreon was not ſo difficult to pleaſe as you; for, after enumerating the peculiar advantage allotted to every ſpecies in the creation, he goes on, you know, to women:

> 'What, then, does feeble woman boaſt?
> *Beauty*, more potent than a hoſt,
> Tho' arm'd with ſpear and ſhield;
> Let beauty ſparkle in her eye,
> The fair may fire and ſteel defy,
> And win the glorious field.'

And I ſay, with him, *that* is their diſtinctive property, let them abide by it, and make the moſt agreeable uſe they can of it, *for all our* ſakes. Come, here's the whole

ıchanting ſex!" filling up a bumper. "One ıecies of happineſs, for which I am conantly indebted to them, is the delight of ɛtting drunk to their healths."

"I muſt beg leave, Sir, to revert to what firſt threw out," ſaid Gadſon, "and call our attention to one prodigious advantage, ſulting to the ſex from the preſent enırged ſphere of their education, which, ſhall take the liberty of obſerving, Mr. tanville did not urge, as, I think, he might ave done; and that is, its affording them ıe means of emancipating from the fetters f prejudice, and foſtering, at the ſame me, a liberality of mind, which may prompt ıem to diſpenſe with that badge of ſuperition and ſlavery—the marriage ceremony. will be bold to ſay, it is the grand deſide.tum to be accompliſhed, by letting the ınge of their ſtudies be unconfined; and a ɔmplete ſyſtem of morality will never obıin, till women and property are in comıon."

"How limited muſt have been the perceptions of the ancient philoſophers," ſaid ɨtanville, "when they abſurdly aſcribed

the civilization of mankind to connubial love.

"Et mulier conjuncta viro concepſſit, et unum
Caſtaque privato veneris connubia læta
Cognita ſunt——
—— Pueri parentum
Blanditiis facile ingenium fregere ſuperbum *.

And how comprehenſive and new the ideas of our modern Lucretii, to reverſe the ſyſtem, and improve mankind, by returning to a ſtate of barbariſm!"

"Philoſophy would ill deſerve its name," replied Gadſon, "if it were to be ſtaggered by a ſneer; neither do I flinch from the imputation of novelty, Sir," added he, with ſome degree of exultation.

"Nor yet, in this particular, build much upon it, I ſhould imagine," ſaid Lord Leſſingham. "Rouſſeau's Eulogy of Savage

* Thus engliſhed:
Domeſtic ſcenes their ſoftened hearts inſpire,
They rear the cot, and own Love's ſacred fire;
To the ſoft joys of bliſs connubial led,
And the chaſte pleaſures of the marriage-bed;
The infant's liſp, and ſweet enchanting ſmile,
Charm their rough hearts, and every care beguile.

Life, or the refined Spartan plan of female exemption from modeſty, might either of them ſerve as the baſis of the ſyſtem.—"

"Which, when duly eſtabliſhed, may illuſtrate the Athenian's reply to the boaſting Spartan," added Stanville, "and prove the true republican code of virtue, to be founded upon the permiſſion of every ſpecies of immorality *."

"I reprobate the very word code, Sir," cried Gadſon.

"Ha! ha! ha!" interrupted the Dean; "your *new* ſyſtem, Jacky, will turn out like my poor curate's Concordance, which he paſſed ſixteen years in compoſing, and when he came to London, to offer it to the bookſellers, found there had been one publiſhed before he was born, which he had never heard of. I do not, however, accuſe you of never having *heard* of Rouſſeau, or Lycurgus; but you think, by a little new-

* Alluding, probably, to the ſtory in Plutarch's Apophthegms, of the Spartan, who boaſted adultery was unknown in Sparta. "How ſhould adultery exiſt, where wives are in common?" replied the Athenian.

fangled nonſenſe ſuperadded, to bamboozle us out of the recollection of them."

"I acknowledge no maſter, Sir, but Truth; my ſearch after that may induce a coincidence with Rouſſeau or Lycurgus, for which I do not hold myſelf accountable; but truth is my object."

"Ay, but you are for ever groping at the bottom of the well, while truth floats much nearer the ſurface than you are aware of," rejoined the Dean; "and none but ſuch a miſchievous paradox-monger as you would think of denying matrimony to be the band of civilization.—Don't force me, now, to bring down my heavy artillery upon you. You are conſcious, Jacky, I could annihilate you, if I thought proper; for you have nothing but plain Engliſh to fight with yet," glancing his eye at Fairford, "and that won't bear out your abſurdities; but, truſt me, you'll get yourſelf ſhut out of every man's houſe, who has either wife or daughter, if you go about propagating ſuch confounded doctrine."

Whether from fear of the threatened artillery, or that Gadſon's delight is in ſtarting

hypotheſes, which he wants the ingenuity to defend—he was ſilent.

"You are right enough there, Mr. Dean, indeed," exclaimed Sir Silenus; "hold out wickedneſs to woman, and neither huſband or father can ſave her from running headlong into it—Don't I know them?"

"A little to your coſt, it ſhould ſeem, Furzeball," Lord Leſſingham ſaid.

"I would readily enough make over *les petites morales* to them, ſo they would keep clear of ſcience," cried Hornbeam; "but I never meet with a philoſopher in petticoats, that does not put me in mind of the old ſong,

'You may do very well for our couſins and aunts,
'But, truſt me, you'll never be wives.'

"Their d—d itch for ſcribbling offends me: if the women take to the pen, the men muſt take to the diſtaff, or what the devil's to become of children and houſekeeping? and where will the evil ſtop? It pervades every claſs."

"Ay, that's juſt what I wiſh," cried Gadſon.

"Why, then, I wiſh you had been of the

party, who had like to have loſt their dinner by it, at my houſe, the other day," returned Hornbeam. "I had invited ſome friends to eat roaſt beef and plumb pudding with me: a conſiderable time paſſed, after the uſual hour, without any appearance of dinner; when, upon going into the kitchen, to inquire what had happened, I found the beef half burned to a cinder, while my cook was correcting an ode ſhe had written upon her pudding, inſtead of thinking of diſhing it."

Hornbeam's illuſtration of his argument afforded a hearty laugh.

I now made an attempt to give a political turn to the converſation, having ſome curioſity to hear Hornbeam upon a topic, which, I had been told, he treated with the ſame gay pleaſantry that he does every other; but Doctor Polyglot became ſo impetuous, Sir Silenus ſo contemptuous, and Hornbeam himſelf to verge ſo near upon that felicity, which he had before declared to be his *ſummum bonum*, that Lord Leſſingham checked and turned off the ſubject. Others, leſs to my taſte, occurred; and I took the firſt opportunity of making my eſcape to the ladies.

Upon entering the drawing-room, I was

highly gratified to perceive Mrs. Blandford, whom Stanville had mentioned with ſo much admiration, ſitting upon the ſofa at work, by Lady Leſſingham.

I had before been in company with Mrs. Blandford, and admired the peculiarly agreeable turn of her countenance and manners, but was not aware of her very ſuperiour underſtanding, and had neglected to get myſelf introduced, for which I propoſed to make myſelf amends, the moment that Stanville ſhould join us.

Lady Urania Dyſon was lounging upon the oppoſite ſofa, with a Greek Homer in her hand. At the farther end of the room were Lady Leſſingham's daughters, two elegant, accompliſhed young women, looking over ſome drawings, brought from Italy by a Mr. Fulmer, who, with his ſiſter, completed a very agreeable group, which I immediately joined, perceiving Mrs. Blandford and Lady Leſſingham to be engaged in a whiſpering converſation.

Fairford ſoon followed me up ſtairs. "My dear friend!" he exclaimed, "I am ſo infinitely obliged to you, for giving the example of attending the ladies, as you can have no

idea; for, upon my honour, I never exiſt in ſuch an atmoſphere before; and, were not out of conſideration for Leſſingham, would really neither have endured, nor paſſed under ſilence, that groſs pedant's abſolute want of knowing how to live, in his coarſe attack upon my foreign friends."

"You, who have been in all parts of the world, Mr. Fairford," interrupted Lady "Charlotte Summers, can, perhaps, decide the diſpute between Mr. Fulmer and me, in regard to this drawing."

"Your Ladyſhip does me too much honour," he replied. "Certainly, as far as any little talents one may have the fortune to be poſſeſſed of can be improved, by the number of courts one has had the happineſs to make one's bow in, I may boaſt, that mine have not been neglected; particularly, as I have had the honour of cultivating the friendſhip of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages about the ſovereigns of every country I have viſited, which I look upon to be the only efficient mode of enlarging one's underſtanding, increaſing one's knowledge, and poliſhing one's manners."

"We all allow you to be the abſtract and

brief chronicle of courts and faſhions," ſaid Lady Emily, ſmiling.

"You muſt have devoted many years to the important purſuit, Mr. Fairford," ſaid Miſs Fulmer.

"Quite the contrary, I do aſſure you; I completed the whole in leſs than a twelve-month."

"Cultivating all thoſe friendſhips as you went along?" ſaid Lady Emily.

"Engliſh people can form very little idea of the rapid advances friendſhips make abroad: I proteſt, it never took me above a week; indeed, I ſeldom ſtaid above a fortnight any where, or how could I have got on, you know? But, then, I may ſay, without vanity, that I poſſeſs the art of accommodating myſelf to people, and I never had the mortification to be recogniſed for an Engliſhman any where."

"Fie, Mr. Fairford!" cried Lady Charlotte, "what could you be taken for, that is half as good?"

"Certainly—in point of eſſentials, and all that, I don't mean—but only the manner of preſenting oneſelf—one's *coſtume*—one's

art of ſaying pretty *nothings*, have ſo much effect abroad——"

"The effect is not wholly loſt even here, I aſſure you, Mr. Fairford," ſaid Lady Emily, looking archly round upon her companions, who were ſmothering a laugh.

He repeated, ſhe was too good; and then began to examine the drawing, which Lady Charlotte put into his hand, deſiring he would determine, whether a ruin there repreſented was the temple of Fortune, or of Concord, which Mr. Fulmer called it, and ſhe diſputed.

Fairford, who had probably never heard of the exiſtence of either, ſcreened his ignorance under a *plaiſanterie*, in the true French ſtyle, ſaying it was aſſuredly the temple of *Diſcord*, ſince it had produced a diſpute between her Ladyſhip and Mr. Fulmer.

A general ſmile ſatisfied him, that his wit had ſaved the credit of his learning; and he concluded his ſpeech with a hearty laugh.

"If I were at home, I could look into Strabo for you," ſaid Lady Urania. "His authority is incontrovertible, in any point of geographical knowledge."

"This is merely topographical," ſaid Mr. Fulmer; "both the temples in queſtion are in the environs of Rome."

"I beg your pardon," Lady Urania replied; "I thought the ſketches had been Grecian, or I ſhould not have interfered."

"I think I perceive an inſcription," ſaid Lady Charlotte.

"The characters are ſo minute, I cannot diſtinguiſh them," Mr. Fulmer ſaid.

"Mrs. Blandford is an able decipherer," replied Lady Charlotte; "if ſhe would juſt caſt her eye upon it."

Mrs. Blandford declined it, ſaying, Lady Urania Dyſon would underſtand it better.

Lady Urania roſe indolently from the ſofa, and, glancing her eye over it, ſaid, "Mrs. Blandford means to compliment my ſight, I preſume; for, as to the inſcription, it is *only* Latin; any child may conſtrue it."

"I am perfectly aſtoniſhed, to hear your Ladyſhip hold Latin ſo cheap," ſaid Fairford, "when I recollect the labour and ſtripes the attainment of it coſt me, and how little I ſhould have known of it, after all, but for the habitude of ſpeaking it in Poland and Hungary."

"Lord! is there any body, that is ignorant of Latin?" returned Lady Urania, half yawning. "What upon Earth can they read?"

Here the converſation was interrupted, by the entrance of the Ducheſs of Lovemore, with her daughters, the Lady Staines, and Mrs. Hallden.

"Are not your men come up yet from dinner?" cried the Ducheſs. "Leſſingham promiſed me a party at quinze, before I went to Lady Anther's aſſembly, if I would be here by ten, and it has juſt ſtruck."

Lady Leſſingham gave orders, to let the gentlemen know they were wanted.

"Heavens, Ducheſs!" exclaimed Lady Urania, "how can you bear to waſte that precious time at cards, which might be turned to ſo much better account?"

"Lord! why, what would you have me do, Lady Urania? I'm ſure, it's better than talking ſcandal, and that's the only alternative the world offers, when one's paſt the age of flirtation."

Lady Urania took a pinch of ſnuff, caſting a look of contemptuous pity at the Ducheſs, and turned over a page of Homer.

Lord Leſſingham and Stanville obeyed

the ſummons, that had been ſent to the gentlemen. The reſt did not appear.

The parties were formed, Lord Leſſingham placing himſelf next to Mrs. Hallden at quinze, with an air of familiarity and predilection ſo very marked, that I ſhould ſcarcely have thought it excuſable between avowed lovers upon the point of marriage.

I aſked Stanville, whether Lady Leſſingham's blindneſs were real or pretended, having been ſtruck with the warmth of friendſhip, with which ſhe had received Mrs. Hallden.

He ſmiled: "You have not yet learnt to underſtand the plan of mutual forbearance, which obtains in the faſhionable world, I perceive; Lady Leſſingham is neither blind, nor wiſhes to be thought ſo: Mrs. Hallden is her moſt intimate friend; and Lord Leſſingham, in return, aſſociates Fairford in all *his* amuſements; it is ſcarce poſſible to ſee a happier *domeſtic* circle."

I could not conceal my ſurpriſe. Lord and Lady Leſſingham are ſtrikingly elegant in their manners, polite to a degree of re-

inement, and pay all the attention to each other, that real affection could dictate; I had ſet them down, in my own mind, as examples of conjugal felicity.

"And ſo they are, in fact," contended Stanville; "we retain old eſtabliſhed expreſſions, only affixing new ideas to them. We *domeſticate* gallantry, and our women never loved their *homes* better, for they conſtantly call upon the whole circle of their acquaintance, to witneſs the enjoyment it affords them."

"Am I in Paris or in London?" I exclaimed. "But you joke; you would not feel the reverence, which, upon all occaſions, you avow for the ſex, if they deſerved this ſatire."

"It certainly is not from among thoſe to whom it applies, that I ſelect the objects of my reverence," he ſaid. "One is apt to call a particular ſet the world; and, indeed, the numerous inſtances I could adduce in ſupport of my aſſertion, might juſtify the epithet, but that there are ſuch exceptions, in the very higheſt line, as may redeem the credit of faſhionable life for a century to come."

He then named the ——— of ———, &c.*

"I know that Mrs. Blandford is one of your exceptions alſo, and ſhould be very glad you would afford me the means of forming my own eſtimate of her perfections, by introducing me."

Juſt as I had ſaid this, Mrs. Blandford ſat down with Lady Leſſingham to caſino, which precluded ſuch an interruption.

The two Lady Staines had, upon the Ducheſs of Lovemore's ſitting down to quinze, caſt a ſupercilious look around, and withdrawn themſelves to the farther part of the room, ſeparate from the reſt of the company, where they ſeemed to be indulging themſelves in the amuſement of criticiſing all that was going forward.

Lady Leſſingham, whoſe good breeding is never at a fault, perceiving that her daughters made no attempt to draw them into their little circle, called upon Lady Emily, to ſhow them the new canzonets Miſs Fulmer had brought from Italy.

Lady Emily immediately went to the

* The Editor, out of reſpect, ſuppreſſes the names, which the *reader* can be at no loſs to ſupply.

piano-forte, and the Lady Staine's condeſcended likewiſe to move toward the inſtrument, but evidently with reluctance, as repining at being the means of ſhowing Lady Emily to ſuch advantage, who ſings in a very finiſhed ſtyle.

My attention was ſo entirely captivated by the muſic, that I did not perceive Lady Leſſingham beckon me to her, till Fairford ſprung ſuddenly from the card-table towards me, exclaiming, "My dear Sir! you are plunged in ſuch a reverie, as makes you abſolutely inſenſible to all the rules of politeneſs—Lady Leſſingham has been doing the impoſſible to catch your eye—ſhe wiſhes you to take Mrs. Blandford's cards, that ſhe may ſing a duet with Lady Emily."

Though you well know, how reluctantly I ever move from the muſic deſk—this was an opportunity of being introduced to Mrs. Blandford, which I was not willing to forego; and Stanville being juſt then at a diſtance, I preſumed upon my newly-formed intimacy with Fairford, with whom, you'll obſerve, I had never but once before been in company, and requeſted him to preſent me to Mrs. Blandford.

"My very particular friend, Sir Henry Riverſdale, Ma'am," ſaid he, as he led me up to her.

"I muſt make as free with him as if he were mine alſo," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling; "and entruſt him with concerns of too much importance to admit of a moment's delay;" riſing to give me her ſeat; "for, however impatient the company may be to hear a new duet, there is no expecting ſuch a ſacrifice to be made to it, as that a diſputed rubber at caſino ſhould ſtand ſtill the while."

I expreſſed myſelf flattered by the truſt; but hinted a fear, that my attention would be ſo divided, as to gain me little credit with my employer.

"The muſic will not diſturb us in the leaſt," ſaid Lady Leſſingham, who is a decided gambler, "and the point is much too critical to admit of delay."

I hoped, at leaſt, the ſtake was not deep.

"*Only* half guineas," ſaid Lady Leſſingham: "Mrs. Blandford won't play higher."

The *only* ſilenced me—I felt aſhamed to object to what was treated ſo lightly; and, from the fear of incurring ridicule,

by appearing to think it of conſequence, I ſuffered myſelf to riſk the loſing ſo much more of Mrs. Blandford's money by my bad play, than I ſhould have choſen to venture of my own; and thus may the dread of ridicule lead into every crooked path thoſe, who either want energy of mind to encounter it, or ſteadineſs to ſhun dangerous examples. This little ſcrap of morality has, however, only occurred upon repeating the ſcene to you, Louiſa.

Luckily, I proved a ſucceſsful agent; and how it could happen, Fortune alone knows; for my attention was irreſiſtibly captivated by the performance: there is a ſoul in Mrs. Blandford's ſinging, that converted me wholly into ear, and an occaſional ſimilarity of tones with thoſe of my dear Louiſa's vibrated upon my heart, and carried me back, in an inſtant, to ſcenes of former happineſs, accompanied, at the ſame time, with a ſenſe ſo keen of my preſent deprivation, as called up feelings, to which I cannot give a name; never before was I made ſo pleaſurably ſenſible of pain.

I was moſt provokingly rouſed, however, from this ſtate, by the ſtrong expreſſions of

Lady Leſſingham's diſpleaſure at her partner, for having kept up a fourth ace, which had loſt the game; and all the ſubmiſſion of Fairford's apologies but increaſed her wrath. The French adage ſays, "*Amis juſqu'aux autels* *;" which, being tranſlated, means, "Well-bred as far as the card-table." I have been ſtruck with this in many inſtances, but never more forcibly than in Lady Leſſingham's politeneſs giving way to this predominant paſſion.

Mrs. Blandford immediately returned to the table: "I perceive my delegate has acquitted himſelf too well—ſhall I reſume my place?"

At this moment another inveterate caſino player being fortunately announced, Lady Leſſingham ſaid, "I know you never play but out of complaiſance, Mrs. Blandford; therefore, I can now ſet you at liberty."

As I followed Mrs. Blandford toward the ſofa, comparing in my own mind her mild, unaſſuming, agreeable manners, with the air of contemptuous incivility, that pervaded the features of moſt of the women in the

* Friends to the altars, i. e. friends as far as matters of ſerious import are not concerned.

room, my ear was caught by a queſtion of Lady Anne Staines to Stanville, who had juſt approached her: "Had he the good humour, to give the ſingers credit for having performed that duet at ſight?"

He had been ſo charmed with the manner, in which it was ſung, that he had not given the queſtion a moment's conſideration. Did ever expreſſion equal Mrs. Blandford's?

Lady Anne really could not ſay ſhe had particularly attended to it, ſhe was ſo much diverted and taken up with Lady Urania's cap. "Did you ever ſee any thing ſo preposterous in your life, Caroline?" turning to her ſiſter; "I declare, it looks as if it had come out of Taviſtock-ſtreet."

"It would be but good-natured," replied Lady Caroline, "to tell her how ſhe expoſes herſelf. We have been wondering, Lady Urania," going up to her, "where in the world you could get that cap!"

"Cap!" ſaid Lady Urania! "Have I got on a cap?" putting her hand to her head.

The critics both burſt into a loud laugh. "Dear, to be ſure you have; did you ever

hear the like? Not know whether ſhe's got a cap on or no! and ſuch an ugly fright of an old faſhioned thing!"

"I really do not feel reſponſible for my cap," returned Lady Urania, with much indifference: "I order my maid to chooſe it, and ſhe puts it on as ſhe pleaſes; and, provided ſhe do not diſturb me with queſtions while ſhe is about it, I am perfectly ſatisfied."

"Dear! did you ever hear any thing ſo odd, Anne? And your gown, Lady Urania, I dare ſay it has been made theſe three or four years."

"Very poſſibly, but it anſwers every purpoſe of a gown, juſt as well as your Ladyſhip's. If, indeed, I were to appear in a Roman mantle, or a Grecian tunic, you might with juſtice criticiſe me."

"O, but we ſhould not, indeed," cried Lady Anne; "I dare ſay they were vaſtly becoming."

"Be aſſured, Lady Anne, that it is the ornaments of the mind which can alone adorn the perſon. Aſk Mrs. Blandford, whether ſhe have time to beſtow upon her dreſs; and ſhe will quote the enlightened

Athenians to you, who furniſhed the ſtrongeſt grounds for my obſervation, by the perfect contempt they ſhowed for their wives, who carried their refinements in dreſs even beyond thoſe of the preſent day."

"Do aſk her, Mr. Stanville, for I am not acquainted with her," ſaid Lady Anne. "But I wonder your Ladyſhip ſhould appeal to her, for I dare ſay it is all ſcandal to ſay ſhe is learned, ſhe looks ſo much like other people."

"I own," rejoined Lady Urania, "that from ſome circumſtances, which have occurred this evening, I have my doubts upon the ſubject."

Mrs. Blandford's anſwer was, "that ſhe was not ſo fortunate, as to have a maid upon whoſe taſte ſhe could ſufficiently rely, and was therefore obliged, to take the trouble of chooſing for herſelf."

Her dreſs, Louiſa, is very much in the ſtyle of your own; it is hardly poſſible, to imagine a contraſt more ſtriking, than the two Grecians offered.

"I am determined," ſaid Lady Urania, "to aſcertain, this very moment, how far *her reputation* for learning is juſtly found-

" and, ſtepping acroſs the room, " Have
ı ſeen this Glaſgow edition of Homer,
ıdam?" ſaid ſhe. " If my queſtion appear
ıer abrupt, from not having the honour of
ır acquaintance, I can only ſay, with Mo-
e, " *Et pour l'amour du Grec embraſſons*
ıs toutes deux *."

" I muſt be flattered with any ſuppoſi-
n, that leads me to the honour of your
dyſhip's notice," Mrs. Blandford replied;
but Moliere's ſatire upon female learning
ſtill too recent, to encourage pretenſions of
ıt nature, unleſs ſupported by ſuch a fund
knowledge, as Lady Urania Dyſon may
aſt."

" As far as devoting the whole mind to a
rſuit affords a chance of eminence, I may
tainly put in ſome claim," returned Lady
ania; " but you, Madam, have probably
ived your knowledge from intuition; for
s evident that muſic, drawing, the modern
guages, and even work, and the trifling
ocations of the toilet, and the card-table,
:upy a ſhare of your time."

Mrs. Blandford was viſibly uneaſy at being
ıs held up to notice.

* For the ſake of Greek, let us embrace.

"The chief happineſs of life," ſhe anſwered, "appears to me, to turn ſo much upon the art of employing time, that I do not conceive there is much more merit in one mode than in another, provided the end be obtained with ſome advantage to ourſelves, and no detriment to others."

"But you have ſtudied the claſſics?" urged Lady Urania.

"I do not recollect giving grounds for the ſuſpicion by any pretenſions of the kind."

"There now!" exclaimed Lady Anne, exultingly, "I was ſure ſhe knew nothing of Greek or Latin, ſhe dreſſes ſo becomingly."

A general ſmile followed this obſervation.

"I never before knew Mrs. Blandford guilty of affectation," ſaid Lord Leſſingham, from the quinze-table. "Why ſhould you evade acknowledging, what is ſo well known?"

"Cowardice, you know, is ever addicted to evaſion, my Lord. I have obſerved ſuch a proneneſs in men, even of ſenſe and parts, to lower women, who are ſuſpected of claſſi-

al knowledge, that I have always thought t expedient, to conceal what chance has hrown in my way in that reſpect; feeling nyſelf, by nature, more inclined to ſhrink rom cenſure, than to court obſervation."

"I am tempted," ſaid Stanville, "to detect a ſpecies of vanity, perhaps unknown to Mrs. Blandford herſelf, lurking under this miſtaken diffidence; for whilſt every word ſhe utters betrays ſenſe, judgment, and fancy, more conſpicuous and attractive than the learning ſhe affects to conceal, I appeal to Riverſdale, whether it be not evident, that ſhe overrates her acquired talents, to the depreciation of her natural endowments?"

"Certainly," I replied, "to be conſiſtent, Mrs. Blandford ought never to ſpeak at all."

"Beſides, that this cowardly ſpirit, ſo unblushingly avowed," continued Stanville, 'merits the ſevereſt reprobation, for defrauding the female literati of the juſtification her example would afford. Talents ſo meekly worn, and ſo happily blended with elegant accompliſhments and domeſtic purſuits, muſt make a convert of every father, brother, and huſband, that fall in her way."

"I arraign my accuſer for unfair practices," replied Mrs. Blandford, playfully, "in inſidiouſly blending flattery with cenſure, for the expreſs purpoſe of confounding the judgment of his hearers."

"There is a ſpecies of cenſure, which I conſider as the higheſt flattery, becauſe it is *unintentional*," ſaid Lady Urania, with a glance, intended to mortify Stanville; "and ſo widely do I differ from Mrs Blandford, that my ambition leads me to court the very conteſt ſhe profeſſes to ſhun, and eſtimate my knowledge in exact proportion to the male abuſe it provokes. For,

'Envy does Merit as its ſhade purſue,
And, like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true.'

I might have called to Mrs. Blandford's recollection Pindar's alluſion to the jackdaws purſuing the eagle, but I wiſhed to make myſelf generally underſtood."

"Well, I proteſt, I was never more ſurpriſed in my life," ſaid Lady Caroline Staines, "than to find, that Mrs. Blandford is actually a ſcholar, particularly as I have ſo often ſeen her play at cards. I don't ſuppoſe,

Lady Urania, you would touch a card if it were to ſave your life."

Lady Urania thanked Heaven ſhe did not know a ſpade from a club.

"I have now and then known a heavy hour beguiled, and perhaps a reputation ſaved, by the introduction of a card-table," ſaid Mrs. Blandford.

"I imagine you chiefly aſſociate with women then," retorted Lady Urania, "but I ſeldom give myſelf the trouble to talk to them."

"But when men fail?" ſaid Mrs. Blandford.

"Then I wrap myſelf up in my own contemplation, and leave them to their nonſenſe."

"Perhaps," ſaid Lord Leſſingham, "as Socrates was a dancer, Lady Urania may condeſcend to beſtow five minutes of her precious time upon ſeeing a reel well danced. I am told Lady Anne and Lady Caroline, are inferiour only to Roſſi there. Charlotte, pray play one."

This propoſal was very readily complied with, and put an end to the converſation. My aſtoniſhment was extreme, to ſee beings,

who had appeared to me ſo perfectly immovable, aſſume in an inſtant a degree of activity, ſo much more appropriate to a bacchanal, than to the quiet elegance ſuited to young women of faſhion; that however light, their ſteps, and graceful, their movements, I felt inclined, for their ſakes, to reverſe Pygmalion's prayer, and wiſh to turn them back into ſtatues.

The extraordinary admiration and applauſe, that followed their performance, convinced me that my ideas are completely out of date.

LOUISA RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

The Château Boiſroſe,
Aug. 20.

Can it be, that I am tracing my brother's footſteps, with the proſpect of finding him at the end of my journey? I yet almoſt think myſelf in a dream; and were it not for the reality of the happineſs I enjoy, in the daily and hourly ſociety of Lady Belfont, I ſhould be in conſtant fear of awaking at length to a lamentable ſenſe of my delu-

ſion.

And it is at the *Château Boiſroſe*, that I reſume my pen, Henry! how will your heart vibrate to the name! ſtill I muſt lead you on regularly from the concluſion of my laſt—Hang method! do you exclaim?—bear with it for once, I will be conciſe.

The interval between the determination upon my departure, and the day fixed for it, was completely filled with preparations, which ſcarce left me time to dwell upon my firſt ſeparation with my mother. I felt it ſeverely, however, when the moment came. On her part, the idea of joining my grandmother and aunt, added to the purpoſe, which I am certain ſhe has in view, in my journey, ſeemed to fill her mind; and the predetermination ſhe forms upon all trying occaſions, to ſubdue the expreſſion of her feelings, always contributes to ſupport her. I could have wiſhed her, to ſet off at the ſame moment we did, but there was no accompliſhing it; ſhe had too much on her hands. To the good Dean, therefore, I left her; but the parting was very—very painful. He ſeemed almoſt an equal ſharer in it; no father could have teſtified more affection; he ſobbed—he

bleſſed me—in ſhort, he had far leſs command of himſelf than my mother had, and really added greatly to our diſtreſs.

Lady Belfont kindly left a ſervant to follow next day, and bring us an account of my mother, which proved very ſatisfactory.

Our journey has been favourable and expeditious thus far, and Madame de Sainval's reception delightful. Lady Belfont had given her notice of her own viſit, before ſhe knew that I ſhould be of the party; the ſight of *me* was, therefore, a ſurpriſe, which I was highly flattered to find ſo agreeable to her.

Monſieur de Sainval is with his regiment; but her mother, Madame la Comteſſe de Valence, is with her, and one of the beſt tempered, cheerful, kind hearted women in the world.

The ſociety in the Château is, beſides, compoſed of an elderly *Abbé*, who has all the good breeding, and ready ſenſible converſation, which peculiarly belong to the Frenchmen *d'un certain age**; a ſiſter of

* Rather advanced in life.

Monſieur de Sainval's, who appears a complete *petite maitreſſe* *; and a Chevalier de Bonnefeuille, a pretty, ſprightly, petulant young man, under twenty, who ſeems to be the *enfant gaté de la maiſon* †.

Madame de Sainval's pithy introduction of me to them all, was ſimply, *la voilà* ‡ *!* However trying to my modeſty, this was ſo very flattering, from one whoſe good opinion I rate ſo highly, that I do confeſs I felt more gratified than diſconcerted by it. Ah, woman! woman! I hear you exclaim: and do you mean to ſay, brother, that *men* are above this kind of vanity? Extend your exclamation to human nature, and I will candidly admit the preponderance of ſelf-love and vanity, to exceed what we have the honeſty to acknowledge, even to ourſelves, at all times.

However I muſt alſo tell you, that if I am not now completely ſpoiled between Lady Belfont and Madame de Sainval, you may give me ſome credit for it. As to the well

* A very affected coquette.

† The pet of the family.

‡ There ſhe is.

turned compliments of the Abbé Deſmaiſons, or the extravagant flattery of the Chevalier, I ſet them down at their accurate valuē, and am little tempted to think the better of myſelf for giving riſe to them; but when an extraordinary degree of eſteem and affection is expreſſed by two ſuch women, it does require to keep a ſtrict guard upon oneſelf, not to be a little elated by it.

I underſtand your quick interrogating glance to the bottom of the page, Henry, and will no longer delay ſatisfying your impatience. Madame de Sainval *did* inquire after you—ſpoke of you with much eſteem, and a full ſenſe of the propriety of your conduct, in regard to her: ſhe did not affect ignorance of the motive of your abrupt retreat, and conſidered it as a very flattering homage paid to her principles, by a man of honour and underſtanding, and you have ſecured to yourſelf a diſtinguiſhed place among her moſt eſteemed friends.

A few weeks ago I ſhould have been afraid of ſaying ſo much; but ſomething tells me, that *the elegant Miſs* —— has taken a deeper hold of your thoughts, than the tranſient

manner, in which you affect to mention her, quite leads one to conjecture. Am I miſtaken?

22*d*.—This Château is very magnificent with its terraces, *jets d'eau**, and *allées à perte de vue*†; and Madame de Sainval has made a pretty attempt at a *jardin à l'Anglaiſe* in one part of it, in which Lady Belfont has ſuggeſted ſome very material improvements, and Madame de Sainval is much pleaſed with the thought, that they will afford farther employment for her *payſans*‡, who, ſhe had been grieving to think, would ſoon have ended their work. It is quite intereſting, to ſee how much ſhe is beloved by them; they follow her with their eyes and their bleſſings wherever ſhe goes, for ſhe actually realiſes the fictions ſo agreeably ſet forth in the French *operas comiques*‖, of being a parent to her vaſſals; ſhe goes into the vil-

* Fountains.

† Straight walks of an immenſe length, between very high yew hedges.

‡ Vaſſals.

‖ Little ſentimental muſical dramas.

lage, inquires into their ſituation and wants, clothes and educates their children, and has taken ſeveral of them into her ſervice. All this would not ſurpriſe me ſo much in England, where education and country habits muſt naturally lead to it; but, in a French woman of high rank, young, handſome, and lively, it impreſſes me with an uncommon degree of admiration. She is, beſides, fond of her garden, a good botaniſt, and a great walker; all of which aſſimilate ſo much with Engliſh ideas, that Lady Belfont and I ſcarcely know how to conſider her as a foreigner.

Would it be agreeable to you, by way of contraſt, to be informed how her ſiſter-in-law, Madame de Balſins, who is *une élégante de Paris**, paſſes her time in the country? She takes her chocolate in bed, where ſhe habitually remains till between one and two o'clock; during which time the Abbé, whom ſhe has conſtituted her inſtructor in chemiſtry and politics, reads ſome tract relative to one or other of theſe ſciences, from which ſhe retains a ſet of words, out of which ſhe

* A Pariſian fine lady.

forms a ſcientific jargon, intended to dazzle and confound the *beaux-eſprits* of the firſt *petit-ſouper*, at which ſhe appears on her return to Paris; for, it ſeems, the ſciences now are abſolutely requiſite in the accompliſhments of *une élégante*. The little Chevalier is next ſent for, with whom ſhe ſtudies Engliſh. Having ſerved one campaign in America, he is conſidered by her and himſelf as perfectly competent to the taſk; this goes on *tant bien que mal**, with occaſional interruptions from the Chevalier's *poliſſonneries*†, which are (ſhe ſays) *à faire mourir de rire*‡, till there is juſt time for her to riſe and dreſs, before dinner; after which ſhe plays at *trictrac*‖ for a couple of hours; yawns over a chair bottom, which ſhe buys with all the flowers ready ſhaded to her hand, and filling in the ground with flaw ſilk, calls it her own work; and then inſiſts upon a *loto*§, to conclude the evening. Should any one be ſo

* As it may.

† Monkey tricks.

‡ Enough to make you die with laughing.

‖ A ſort of Backgammon.

§ A game at cards.

abſurd, as to ſuggeſt the fine weather as a temptation to a walk, ſhe exclaims, with great vehemence, againſt expoſing the complexion of *une femme comme il faut** to the depredations of the ſun and wind. She is convinced, that the ſun was only intended to carry on the grand chemical proceſs of nature; and aſſerts, that none but ruſtics, or people whoſe taſte is vitiated by intercourſe with them, (caſting a diſdainful glance upon Madame de Sainval,) would think of converting it into an object of enjoyment. For her part, it is all ſhe can do, to ſave herſelf from the miſchievous effects of external air, during her reſidence at Boiſroſe; and ſhe concludes with proteſting, that to a woman of any reflection, and energy of mind, the country is *d'un ennui à périr*†. I ſhould not omit to mention, that ſhe is very young, very pretty, very coquettiſh, and extremely *recherchée*‡, in the firſt circles of Paris.

---

* A woman of faſhion.

† Tireſome beyond endurance.

‡ *In requeſt.*

24*th*.—I am much diverted with a converſation Lady Belfont has juſt been repeating to me. It paſt at Madame de Valence's bed-ſide, upon her going with Madame de Sainval to pay her morning compliments to her.

"Where is your little friend, Madam?" the Counteſs ſaid; "I like her much, *Vous allez vraiſemblablement la marier en Angleterre?**"

Lady Belfont ſmiled, and ſaid that was not exactly the object in her thoughts at preſent.

"*Ah c'eſt dommage! car elle eſt vraiment gentille cette enfant*†," replied the Counteſs; I could find her *un excellent parti*‡, if you would lengthen your viſit here a little; I have a friend, whoſe ſon is juſt of age, or very near it, which puts him into poſſeſſion of a conſiderable maternal eſtate; *qui porte un beau nom*§, and has the Anglomania to ſuch a degree, that he proteſts againſt marrying

* You are probably going to find her a huſband in England.

† Ah what a pity! ſhe is really very agreeable.

‡ An excellent match.

§ *Of a noble family*.

any but an Engliſhwoman; would it not ſuit *Meeſs* exactly?" appealing to her daughter.

"*Il ne la vaut pas**," ſaid Madame de Sainval; "and beſides, ſhe would, perhaps, object to a catholic."

"Object to a catholic!" the Counteſs exclaimed; "Why, is ſhe a Huguenotte?"

"She is indeed," ſaid Lady Belfont.

"*Ah mon dieu! pauvre meeſs!* that's the conſequence of her being brought up at Geneva," the Counteſs obſerved.

"It is the conſequence of her being an Engliſhwoman," Lady Belfont replied.

"How! have you many Huguenots in England?"

"We are chiefly Huguenots there."

"Is it poſſible?—how I pity you!—Well, then, there's an end of that. But do not you apprehend ſome inconvenience from truſting a young unmarried woman ſo much in the world?"

Lady Belfont ſmiled, but Madame de Sainval interrupted her anſwer, by ſaying with ſome quickneſs, "*croyez, maman, qu'elles ne s'en marient que mieux pour avoir*

* He is not deſerving of her.

*la liberté du choix**." (And Lady Belfont thinks ſhe ſighed. We are a little afraid, from ſeveral trifling circumſtances, that ſhe is not happily married. Monſieur de Sainval is ſcarcely ever mentioned.)

Madame de Valence contended, that no young perſon could be ſo good a judge of the *convenances*†, as her parents; and ſhe ſhould think, that if a girl were ſuffered to interfere, there would be great riſk of her fixing upon ſome handſome, agreeable man, who would not be a *parti convenable*‡ at all.

"But, in ſhort, if they be happy without all that *convenance?*" ſaid Madame de Sainval.

"*Ah ma fille! c'eſt un enfantillage que cela*§*!*"

Lady Belfont, however, ſatisfied her, that there was a marriage in view for me, but not in England, nor yet, perhaps, very ſuitable.

"Of her own choice, then!—did not I

* Believe me, mother, their marriages are all the happier for having a freedom of choice.

† Suitableneſs of ſituation and circumſtances.

‡ A ſuitable match.

§ *That's all childiſh* nonſenſe.

ſay ſo?" exclaimed the Counteſs; "*Quelque beau Léandre apparemment qui n'aura pas le ſol**."

Lady Belfont informed them what the engagement was.

"As *Miſs* is very *ſage et poſée*†," Madame de Valence obſerved, "it might do very well, provided the ſalary was handſome. Madame de Sainval ſeemed hurt, that her *chère petite*‡ ſhould not have a better proſpect; and added, that ſhe ſhould have ſome ſerious talk with me upon the ſubject. So that I have now a new attack to expect, which can only diſtreſs me, where no liberty of choice remains.

At dinner Madame de Balſac appeared *en peignoir*§. She had been attending ſome chymical experiments of the Abbé's, which had not left her time to *paſſer ſa robe*||, but as Miladi was *une femme tres inſtruite*¶

* Some fair Philander, probably without a ſhilling.

† Prudent and ready.

‡ Dear little one; a term of friendly intimacy.

§ In her powdering-gown.

|| Put on her gown.

¶ A ſcientific woman.

ierſelf, ſhe hoped for her excuſe. As to me, he ſeems ſcarcely to perceive that ſuch a ›eing exiſts, not having vouchſafed me even look ſince the firſt moment I was preſented o her, when ſhe did, indeed, ſcan me from ıead to foot.

I obſerved to Madame de Sainval, upon ıer making uſe of ſome very affectionate ex›reſſions to me, that ſhe was letting herſelf lown ſtill more in her ſiſter-in-law's eyes than before, by her goodneſs to me.

" I muſt acknowledge," replied ſhe, laughing, " that I have not improved her reſpect for my taſte by it. She was extremely diſappointed in you, ſhe ſaid; your hair was a great deal more powdered on one ſide than on the other, and your *coiffure ne reſſembloit exactement à rien* *; beſides, your ſhoes were literally very ill made, and gave no grace to your foot; your petticoats too long, and you do not ſeem to have the ſmalleſt pretenſion to ſcience. I was at a loſs how to defend you from this ſevere attack," continued Madame de Sainval, ſmiling; " but little de Bonnefeuille took it up and ſaid,

* Was abſolutely like nothing in the world.

however deficient you might be in ſcience, you poſſeſſed an art, which, in his opinion, was of more conſequence—the art of pleaſing. Yes, ſuch children as him, perhaps, you might, ſhe replied; but ſee what effect you would have in the circles of Paris. I ventured to obſerve, that, *pour la rareté du fait**, they might, perhaps, admire natural beauty, and unaffected manners. She ſhrugged her ſhoulders, and replied with much diſdain, '*Oui, voilà de vos idées campagnardes, ma ſœur; quant à moi je vous avoue, que votre petite Anglaiſe me paroit infiniment mauſſade et toute propre à décorer votre jardin Anglais.*'—'*Ma foi!*' replied the Chevalier, '*en ce cas la je m'offrirois à en être le jardinier*†.' And all this has only made the matter worſe; ſo that I much fear, that *vis à vis d'elle*, your caſe is deſperate."

* For the novelty of the thing.

† "Yes, that's ſo like your ruſtic ideas, ſiſter: as to me, I confeſs, that I think your little Engliſh friend wonderfully inſipid, and only fit to ornament your Engliſh garden."—"Faith, in that caſe, I ſhould offer *my ſervices* as gardener."

You will recollect her quick perception of the ridiculous, and her *art de perſiffler**, which ſhe does with ſuch good-humoured drollery, it is impoſſible, even for the perſon to whom it is addreſſed, to be angry with her. In unſkilful hands this is a dangerous weapon however, Henry; and Lady Belfont ſays the French are much addicted to it. Have you found it ſo?

26th.—Lord Belfont writes word, that he cannot come hither as he propoſed, but deſires Lady Belfont to proceed immediately to Paris, where he will join her.

He had not yet, by this letter, received the news of Lady Barbara's elopement.

Madame de Sainval does not propoſe being in Paris till the end of October, and, therefore, inſiſts upon our occupying her *hôtel.* She has given directions for her *Suiſſe* to prepare it for us, and is ſure, that we ſhall be more *comfortable* (for ſhe knows that is *la marotte Anglaiſe*†, ſhe ſays) than in an *hôtel garni.*

* Turning people into ridicule to their faces.

† The *Engliſh hobby-horſe.*

Lady Belfont accepts the offer with pleaſure, ſo you may, upon receipt of this, my dear brother, direct for me *à l'hôtel Sainval, rue du Fauxbourg St. Honorè*, and we ſhall be there before your letters.

27th.—We leave this place to morrow with much regret indeed.

Our *courier* is taken ill, which would have proved a vexatious delay to Lady Belfont, who is impatient to meet her Lord, but Madame de Sainval obviates it, by giving us a ſervant of her own in his ſtead. Much as ſhe ſhould like to have our ſtay prolonged, ſhe ſays, ſhe could not purchaſe her own enjoyment at the price of Lady Belfont's uneaſineſs; and, therefore, facilitates her departure, with a zeal as friendly as ſhe prepared for her reception.

This is true kindneſs, Henry; how few people underſtand loving their friends, independently of themſelves! I ſhall favour you, one of theſe days, with a diſſertation upon that ſubject, ſuggeſted by the intolerable ſelfiſhneſs of friendly exaction, I have obſerved in people ſtyling themſelves friends, *and* who, perhaps, ſtrictly are ſo; but they

et their friendſhip at ſo high a price, that t can ſcarcely repay the purchaſe.

I have had a long and very ſerious lecture from Madame de Sainval, upon the ſubject of Colonel Malcolm, and have endeavoured to convince her, that it was not by any means *une affaire de calcul**, which is the only light in which ſhe inclines to ſee it, but of *feeling* and *principle* on my part, and, conſequently, that it could admit of no appeal. She was very ſtrenuous, and expreſſed herſelf deeply intereſted for me in it: her friendly warmth is flattering in the higheſt degree. She avows a ſtrong predilection for the Engliſh, without any affectation of the Anglomania, which is ſo prevalent in France; there is a rectitude and a ſolidity in them which ſhe admires, *je ne déſaime pas même le ſérieux de leur caractére*, ſhe ſays, *quand je le compare à la légèreté du notre* †.

I ſhall keep a journal upon the road, but it will be for my mother's uſe, as you, deareſt Henry, have nothing new to learn of the

* A matter of reaſoning.

† I do not even object to their ſerious diſpoſition, when I compare it with our levity.

route you have purſued ſo lately, and I do not expect, like a heroine of romance, to meet with adventures at every ſtage. Adieu, therefore, my beſt loved friend! until I addreſs you from Paris.

Could I impart to you what I feel, from the idea of tracing your ſteps as I proceed, you might conceive how much, and how truly,

I am yours,

LOUISA RIVERSDALE.

LOUISA RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY.

Paris, September 3d.

Paris! deareſt Henry, and perhaps three weeks more, and it will be London! Then —then, indeed, my happineſs will be extreme!—to claſp once more my beloved brother to my heart!—how many delightful hours, days, weeks, do I anticipate between this and February! how much have we to ſay, to hear, to diſcuſs; how poor a ſubſtitute is the moſt circumſtantial epiſtolary intercourſe, for the confidential effuſions of friendſhip ſuch as ours—fraternal friendſhip, *Henry*! what ſentiment can compare with

t ?—My heart bounds forward to the enjoy-nent awaiting me, in being once more re-tored to the advice and protection of my ›rother. Why we ſhould ſtay a fortnight ıere I cannot imagine; Lord Belfont is ex-›ected to morrow, and Lady Belfont is im-›atient to be at home; perhaps the delay ›riginates in a kind intention to gratify me ›ith the ſight of Paris. But Paris, at this nſtant, only ſtrikes me as being the road to London; and if there be no motive, inde-pendent of me, to detain us, you may ex-pect to ſee us very ſhortly after this letter. Perhaps, if I could aſcertain the day of our departure before I cloſe this letter, you could meet us at Dover. Lady Belfont is very im-patient to be acquainted with you.

4th.—I was interrupted yeſterday, and upon looking over what I have written, I find, that I have been indulging my own imagination with my arrival in London, in-ſtead of ſatisfying your curioſity in regard to our arrival at Paris. How can I help it, Henry, if you will ever be uppermoſt in my thoughts; and even at times, you ſee, drive all other things out of them?

I will now, however, proceed regularly to tell you, that we reached Paris—no—that we left the Château Boiſroſe as we propoſed; followed, we flatter ourſelves, by the regrets of all the valuable part of its inhabitants, "*le reſte ne vaut pas l'honneur d'être nommé* *."

We did not recover our ſpirits the firſt day; Madame de Sainval ſupplied the ſubject of converſation for the whole of it; and if you were now to call upon me for a deciſion, whether I love her, or Lady Belfont beſt, I ſhould be at a loſs; I love them differently; the one ſeems neceſſary to my *mind*, the other to my *heart*, and you unite both. I am not quite clear, that you will enter into theſe diſtinctions, but I will explain them when we meet—when we meet! what a delightful ſound has that! I read it over aloud to myſelf, that I may take in the happineſs both with ears and eyes; but you will think I am wild, and I really do feel in a ſort of delirium, which, if you do not a little ſhare in by this time, I ſhall think you do not

* The remainder are not worthy of the honour to be named.

love your ſiſter, ſo well as I do my brother. Another digreſſion!

I ſhall never get you to Paris at this rate, ſo I had better ſet you down at the Hôtel Sainval at once; and indeed, as I foretold, no adventures whatever occurred upon the road.

The Hôtel Sainval is ſpacious and magnificent, with a garden that opens into the *Champs Eliſées**, a gay animated ſcene of great reſort; it is a beautiful ſituation, which, I truſt, we ſhall not have much time to enjoy.

I did not find the letters awaiting my arrival, which I had expected; Lady Belfont ſays, a day or two more muſt elapſe, before an anſwer from Vienna could reach Paris; and my mother's removal to Lauſanne may have prevented her writing, and the letter that followed us to Lyons, ſatisfied me in regard to her health; ſo that the momentary anxiety of my diſappointment was but a paſſing cloud, which has made way for very bright ſunſhine.

* Something reſembling St. James's Park.

Were I ſuperſtitious, dear Henry, I ſhould think ſome unpleaſant occurrence were at hand, from the uncommon and almoſt unaccountable flow of ſpirits I am in.

A droll adventure befel me yeſterday. I rang, before I was up, for Flora; and, to my utter aſtoniſhment, my bell was anſwered by *l'Œuillet*, (the ſervant we brought from Boiſroſe.) He was at my bedſide in an inſtant; I was alarmed with the idea, that ſomething extraordinary muſt have happened, and exclaimed with quickneſs, "What's the matter?"

"*Mademoiſelle à ſonné**," ſaid he, with great compoſure.

"Not ſurely for you, before I am up, l'Œuillet."

He did not know—but, if I pleaſed, he would go and call Mademoiſelle Flora.

"Certainly," a little diſpleaſed, "my bedroom bell could not be meant for any one elſe."

He looked ſurpriſed, but retired without any farther reply; and when I made my com-

* You rang your bell, Madam.

plaint to Lady Belfont, of l'Œuillet's improper freedom, ſhe was much diverted; and aſſured me, it was by no means peculiar to him, and that I ſhould never keep a French ſervant out of my bedroom, at any time, but by bolting my door.

Upon returning to my room, I found the *frotteur** making my bed.

"Do not the houſemaids do this buſineſs in Paris?" I ſaid, aſtoniſhed; "or has the Marchioneſs taken them all into the country?"

The man was aſtoniſhed in his turn at my ignorance, and aſſured me, that *les femmes de Madame la Marquiſe*† had no ſkill in making beds.

"And are there no maid ſervants in the family but the Marchioneſs's women?"

"Maid ſervants are only *dans les maiſons bourgeoiſes*," he ſaid, "*jamais dans les hôtels de la nobleſſe*‡."

There was a woman, who appeared to me

* The man who dry rubs the rooms.

† The Marchioneſs's women.

‡ In citizen's houſes, never in noblemen's hotels.

to belong to the houſe, in the court yard at that moment, "Who was ſhe?"

That was *la femme du ſuiſſe* *, who had no concern with the family, but ſold very fine point-lace, if I wanted any; had I not taken notice of her little ſhop, juſt under the *porte cochere* †, as we entered?

My ſurpriſe at all theſe novelties is a conſtant ſource of amuſement to Lady Belfont, who has been ſo frequently in Paris, that it had not occurred to her how much they would ſtrike me.

5th.—Lord Belfont arrived yeſterday. He had miſſed all the letters upon the road, that would have informed him of Lady Barbara Brackley's elopement; ſo you may judge what was his ſurpriſe, when, inſtead of his niece, he ſaw me; but you will not eaſily form an idea of the violence of his diſpleaſure, and the very unreaſonable manner in which he teſtified it to Lady Belfont before me.

I ſaw her ſo much hurt at my being witneſs to it, that I left the room.

* The porter's wife.

† The gate way.

She ſent for me back in about an hour's time, and then he was quite reconciled to her, and almoſt as fooliſhly fond as he had before been unpardonably harſh.

This morning Lady Belfont came into my room, anxious to gloſs over his behaviour, and aſſured me, that when I was better acquainted with him I ſhould like him; for, excepting that unguarded warmth of temper, into which he ſometimes ſuffered himſelf to be betrayed, there did not exiſt a man of a kinder heart, or greater worth.

I own the firſt moments have not prejudiced me in his favour; but I will not yet allow myſelf to judge. I earneſtly hope, it may be as ſhe wiſhes me to think.

I cannot continue to day, my deareſt brother; I am not quite well. The *Seine water*, they ſay, affects all new comers; it occaſions a giddineſs in my head.

8th.—I have had a feveriſh head ach theſe three days; but it is a little eaſier now, and I wiſh to indulge in half an hour's converſation with my beſt friend.

Interrupted by a pacquet from Lauſanne!

LADY BELFONT TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, September 12.

Although I have not the honour of being perſonally known to you, Sir, I flatter myſelf I am not an entire ſtranger; and the motive of this abrupt addreſs has an excuſe but too valid in Miſs Riverſdale's indiſpoſition. She is confined to her bed with a fever, which the phyſicians flatter me has no dangerous ſymptoms, though attended with occaſional delirium.

She has requeſted me, to forward the pacquet which accompanies this, together with Lady Riverſdale's two letters, which, I believe, gave ſtrength to a diſorder that had been hanging about her for ſome days. Your ſiſter's extreme ſenſibility gives an exquiſite finiſh to her perfections; but, I fear, it will frequently impede her own happineſs, as well as injure her health. I muſt, however, congratulate both you and myſelf upon the ſtep Lady Riverſdale has taken, in the hope, that when this diſtreſſing effect of the firſt ſhock is paſt, my lovely friend will be reſtored to brighter proſpects, than thoſe ſhe had ſketched for herſelf.

Had I been ſure of my brother Charles's being in London at this moment, I ſhould have commiſſioned him to impart Miſs Riverſdale's ſituation, in preference to my intruding my correſpondence upon you; but in the uncertainty of his motions, and the perſuaſion of the anxiety you will experience on your ſiſter's account, I ſhall continue to inform you regularly how we go on, until Louiſa can again reſume her pen.

Allow me to aſſure you, Sir, of the eſteem with which ſhe has impreſſed me for her brother; and of the ſtrong diſpoſition I have to become your affectionate friend, as well as obedient ſervant,

H. BELFONT.

LADY RIVERSDALE TO LOUISA.

(Encloſed in the foregoing.)

Lauſanne, September 1.

I will not complain, my dear child, that you ſhould have placed more confidence in another perſon than in me, becauſe I have long made up my mind, to the impoſſibility of a mother's being the confidential friend of her daughter; I ſhould not, however,

quite have expected that choſen perſon to have been the young man, whom circumſtances ought peculiarly to have precluded from being admitted to a footing of intimacy with you; but my Louiſa's happineſs, ſo far outſtrips all other conſiderations with me, that I accept the means of promoting it, from whatever hand they may be furniſhed; and leaving reproaches aſide, I ſhall confine myſelf to a plain ſtatement of the manner, in which I have purſued the evident line of conduct, that was offered to me.

I imagine you are not aware of a viſit I received from Prince Polinſki, on the morning of his quitting Geneva. The purpoſe of it was, to impart an acknowledgement which you had made to him, in theſe ſtrong words: *although I am convinced I ſhall make myſelf wretched by fulfilling my engagement to Colonel Malcolm, I muſt abide by it; from the dictates of honour there is no appeal.* This he felt himſelf juſtified in betraying to me, for your own ſake, he ſaid, as he had reaſon to believe the avowal would never have been drawn from you, but in the unguarded manner it was; his motives could only be as *diſintereſted* as they were friendly, and he

left to my judgment, the uſe to be made of the information.

I did not aſk an explanation of the manner in which it had been drawn from you, diſdaining to owe to him what you had thought proper to withhold from me; and I conſidered this reſerve, on your part, as leaving me at full liberty to act as I ſhould ſee beſt, without imparting my intentions.

I have, therefore, written to Colonel Malcolm, and informed him of the motive and expectation, with which you were now fulfilling the engagement, you had originally conſidered in a light ſo different. I encloſe you the copy of my letter, and truſt to Lady Belfont's friendly offices, for reconciling you to the ſtep I have taken, and convincing you of its neceſſity; and may that ſhare of happineſs become your portion, which you had ſo wantonly thrown from you! and upon which, together with that of your brother, I wholly build mine. I expect Colonel Malcolm's anſwer by to morrow's poſt; I can have little doubt of what it will be, and ſhall inſtantly forward it; but wiſhed this ſhould prepare you for its contents.

I well know, my child, that your own-

ſtrained ideas of rectitude will make this intelligence painful to you; but I am not like an inexperienced practitioner, to deſiſt from the amputation of a gangrenous limb, becauſe it will increaſe the temporary ſuffering of my patient. I rely upon Lady Belfont's aſſiſtance in healing the wound, and ſhall in her ſucceſs find a ſufficient reward for all the anxious hours, this dreaded event has occaſioned to your (not *weakly* but) *truly* affectionate

Mother,

CAROLINE RIVERSDALE.

COPY OF LADY RIVERSDALE'S LETTER TO COLONEL MALCOLM.

(Encloſed in the preceding.)

The apprehenſion of the pain I ſhall inflict upon a heart, the friendly ſentiments of which have ſo long been the pride and gratification of every individual of my family, might have deterred me from the attempt I am called upon to make; could a parent have an option, where the happineſs or miſery of her child is at ſtake; but I am compelled to be the meſ*ſenger of* diſappointment to you, my re-

ſpected friend, and ſhall, without farther preface, unfold the purpoſe of this letter.

I believe I need not ſay, what an impartial review of my conduct muſt have convinced you of, that, whilſt I conſidered my daughter's happineſs as centred in the fulfilment of her engagement with you, I never ſuffered myſelf to interfere, whatever unfavourable proſpects my anxious eyes diſcovered in the union. But *now*, that I find ſhe is merely become the *ſlave of her word*, and determined to keep it from a point of honour only, it behoves me, for *her* ſake—for *yours* —and for my *own*, to interpoſe, and acquaint you with what ſhe would never have acknowledged, had it not been unguardedly drawn from her by a friend.

Her words were, *although I am convinced I ſhall make myſelf wretched by fulfilling my engagement to Colonel Malcolm, I muſt abide by it; from the dictates of honour there is no appeal.*

But ſure I am, that to your honourable nature, which would ſcorn to accept of her upon ſuch terms, I may appeal. Too well, and too long, have I been acquainted with you, to apprehend a moment's heſitation on

your part, to releaſe Louiſa from a promiſe ſo precipitately given. A man of your delicacy and high ſpirit could not purchaſe happineſs ſo much at the expenſe of a beloved object; her felicity is as neceſſary to the completion of it, as your own; and now that they are become diſtinct, I cannot doubt what your determination will be.

In the ſacrifice of your wiſhes, you open a proſpect of happineſs to Louiſa; and will very ſoon recover yours, in the conſciouſneſs of having acted nobly: in keeping her to her word, you may effectually deſtroy the peace of both: to ſee her wretched, and feel yourſelf the cauſe of it, could produce no other conſequence.

I have nothing to add, but that I believe myſelf to be equally fulfilling the duty of a friend, and of a parent, in the ſtep I am taking; and this gives me courage to run the hazard even of your being unjuſt to my motives, and doubting the aſſurance, which I never uttered with greater ſincerity than at this moment, of my being your moſt

Truly affectionate friend,

CAROLINE RIVERSDALE.

LADY BELFONT TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, September 20.

I am more grieved than I can expreſs, that I have yet no better accounts to give you, my dear Sir, of your beloved ſiſter. The fever is of a putrid nature, and the delirium has, for this week paſt, been extremely high, and almoſt inceſſant: ſtill the phyſicians flatter me, that her youth and natural good conſtitution may carry her through the danger.

I am ſeldom allowed to approach her, on account of the nature of her diſorder; but whenever I do, ſhe inſtantly recogniſes me, and falls into a ſtrain of ſelf-reproach, and appeals to my friendly interpoſition, to avert the evils ſhe has brought upon herſelf, by putting her into a nunnery the moment ſhe reaches England: ſhe knows there are proteſtant nunneries there, ſhe ſays, where ſhe may conceal her diſgrace, and make atonement for her wickedneſs. The tone of diſpleaſure, in which Lady Riverſdale's letter is written, has made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon her; ſhe had, more than once, ſtrongly accuſed herſelf to me of the impropriety of

which ſhe had been guilty, in forming an engagement ſo important, without her mother's knowledge or concurrence, and determined, for the future, to let no apprehenſions of cenſure or ſeverity deter her from inſtantaneous communication.

This foreneſs of mind, from which I could not wholly relieve her, has given double force to the ſenſe of her broken faith to Colonel Malcolm. This ſtigma, ſhe ſays, is affixed upon her in puniſhment of her diſobedience; at times, ſhe fancies him dead, for he had told her he ſhould not ſurvive the loſs of her—ſhe will erect a monument to his memory—ſhe will ſow flowers around it—and then ſhe breaks out,

"In yonder cowſlip lies my dear,"

with ſuch tones of plaintive ſweetneſs, as wholly overpower me.

I ought, perhaps, to ſpare you this painful recital, but the participation relieves my oppreſſed ſpirits; and, I think, that by being thus particular, you will rely with certainty upon knowing the worſt; ſparing the feelings of an abſent friend is a miſerable

temporary expedient, which muſt end in the deſtruction of future confidence.

I write daily to Lady Riverſdale, and am not without hopes of her coming hither; for, in addition to the ſevere diſtreſs of mind I am ſuffering, as well from the load of reſponſibility I have incurred, by ſeparating Louiſa from all her relations, as from my extreme affection for her; I have the mortification of ſeeing the time draw near, when Lord Belfont muſt neceſſarily be in London, and Louiſa's diſorder, however favourably it may turn out, affords no proſpect of her being in a ſtate to bear travelling. You may be very ſure it is my wiſh, to remain here until Lady Riverſdale's arrival, if I can perſuade my Lord to leave me. At all events, you ſhall hear again by next poſt from, dear Sir,

Your ſincere and obedient ſervant,

H. BELFONT.

LADY BELFONT TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE*.

Paris, October 20.

The ſhort reſpite my Lord had obtained is an end, and I have the unſpeakable morti-

Several letters of Lady Belfont are here ſuppreſſed, ey have only continued to convey the moſt doubtful *larming* accounts of Louiſa's diſorder.

fication of being under the neceſſity of leaving my lovely charge behind; although I have the comfort to think, and to aſſure you, that the criſis is paſt, and that ſhe is certainly recovering, but the progreſs muſt be very ſlow. She has been free from delirium for many hours theſe laſt three days; but, in thoſe intervals, is ſo extremely weak and low, as ſcarcely to bear being ſpoken to, and the moſt perfect quiet is enjoined; ſo that I alſo foreſee the heart-rending circumſtance of not being allowed to take leave, or appriſe her that I am going. I do not ſuffer myſelf to enlarge upon my own diſtreſs to you, who are undergoing ſo much, but I really feel it very deeply; and the unfortunate addition of Lady Riverſdale's gout, laying her under the impoſſibility of moving, when it was ſo very material that ſhe ſhould be here, ſums up the whole to a very overpowering amount. Madame de Sainval's haſtened arrival is, however, ſome conſolation; her affectionate intereſt in Louiſa almoſt equals my own, and her care will be unremitting. In her hands I leave Colonel Malcolm's anſwer, which did not arrive as *Lady* Riverſdale had expected, but, at any

rate, could not have been communicated to your ſiſter, as her ſeizure followed inſtantaneouſly upon the reading of your mother's letter; I do not know its contents, being encloſed in a ſealed cover, and Lady Riverſdale's own ſituation has only admitted of dictating her anſwers to my letters, which, of courſe, precludes all confidential ſubjects. I have earneſtly requeſted, that the inſtant her Ladyſhip is able to hold a pen, it may trace ſuch words of kindneſs as ſhall obliterate ſome of the painful ideas, that have taken ſuch ſtrong poſſeſſion of the dear ſufferer's mind.

If the winds prove favourable, we may reach London by Thurſday, and I ſhall hope to ſee you in Arlington-ſtreet immediately; where, I now flatter myſelf, I ſhall be able to confirm in perſon the reviving tidings of continued amendment.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard, your

Obedient ſervant,

H. BELFONT.

LOUISA RIVERSDALE TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, December 28.

I am once more able to hold my pen—and you will perceive by the writing, that it is as much as I can do—I muſt not yet attempt to let it trace my feelings—O, my beloved brother! my deareſt friend, much and variouſly have they been affected!—but I am ſcarcely yet allowed even to think.

I yeſterday ſcrawled a line of gratitude to my mother; ſuch a ſoothing kind letter as I have had from her—I thought the ſight of my hand-writing would pleaſe her—but I was ill able; I am better to day, I am evidently recovering ſtrength, but it is ſlowly.

Madame de Sainval inſiſts upon my laying down my pen; I have written twice as much as ſhe had allowed of—it flows ſo readily to you, that it ſeems no exertion—ſitting up ſo long is the greateſt difficulty——Adieu, deareſt Henry.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

January 6.

Lady Belfont will have imparted my daily amendment to you, my dear brother; and the

change in my hand-writing ſince that firſt trembling ſpecimen, will evince my improving ſtrength. I now ſit up two or three hours in a day, and get a good deal of ſound ſleep at night; and I am promiſed, if I go on progreſſively for another week, that I ſhall ſee *ſome letters* addreſſed to me, which Madame de Sainval has in her poſſeſſion, but, in regard to which, I am not yet even to aſk a queſtion. Well do I know they will be very trying—but am I not at this moment bearing up under a trial ſufficiently ſevere, to prove I have fortitude? Is not the period for the ſailing of the India ſhips faſt approaching, without my having a chance——

Madame de Sainval is really quite deſpotic; raiſing her eyes from her work, ſhe perceived ſome indications of emotion in my countenance, and will not ſuffer me to proceed; ſhe had only agreed to let me write his letter, upon condition of its being a mere *bulletin**.

There then, my ſweet tyrant! I have done.

* The written ſtate of the patient's health, which is daily left with the porter at the hotels of the nobility, for the information of inquiring friends.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

January 18.

I am now gaining ſtrength faſt, deareſt Henry, and ſhall ſoon be pronounced "*en pleine convaleſcence**"

I have not yet attempted to walk acroſs the room; the inſtant I am ſtout enough for that, I am to be entruſted with my letters. I only requeſted to know, whether there be any among them with the Vienna poſt mark; and the anſwer I get to this is, that my mother has repeatedly told Madame de Sainval in her letters, that Colonel Malcolm is well, and ſatisfied.

If, indeed, he be well, and ſatisfied—but how does this acquit me? Satisfied perhaps, becauſe he deſpiſes the girl, who, in the firſt inſtance, infringed her filial obedience; and, in the next, may to him appear the underhand inſtigator of the ſtep that has been taken. I cannot ſupport the humiliation I have brought upon myſelf—could I have had the indulgence of paſſing a few weeks, or even days, with my deareſt brother before

* In an undoubted ſtate of recovery.

his departure, I might again have been reſtored to ſome little degree of ſelf-eſteem, by being taught in what manner to atone for the errours my preſumption and levity have led me into: a few hours of converſation would have done more for me than volumes of writing can. Every way the diſappointment of not ſeeing you oppreſſes me; before I had looked forward to it, I was reconciled to my fate; but the delightful viſions my journey had called up, now ſerve only to renew and increaſe my former feelings—in this ſtrain, however, I am prohibited from proceeding—O, that it were poſſible, to check my thoughts as well as my pen!—Adieu, dear Henry. I will write to Lady Belfont next poſt.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, January 23.

I encloſe the letters. Read them before you proceed with mine; Madame de Sainval has taken the trouble to tranſcribe them; I number them, that you may take them in their regular order.

No. 1.

COLONEL MALCOLM TO LOUISA*.

Vienna, Auguſt 27.

"I know not how to credit my ſenſes. Can theſe words have been uttered by Louiſa? '*Although I am convinced I ſhall make myſelf wretched by fulfilling my engagement with Colonel Malcolm, I muſt abide by it; from the dictates of honour there is no appeal.*"

"No pen but your own ſhall make me believe it. I await my fate at your hands.

"MALCOLM."

No. 2.

LADY RIVERSDALE TO LOUISA†.

"I encloſe to you Colonel Malcolm's long expected anſwer, my deareſt child. The

* It does not appear how this letter was forwarded to Louiſa, independently of Lady Riverſdale, but it evidently only reached her together with the following.

† This and the following letter were encloſed under cover to Lady Belfont, with a requeſt, that they might not be imparted to Louiſa till her ſtrength ſhould be ſufficiently reſtored, to bear with the agitation they would occaſion; and by Lady Belfont left with Madame de Sainval.

time that has elapſed, before he vouchſafed it, led me to ſuppoſe, that he did not intend to give any. I am precluded from making any comments upon it, by the ſtill remaining weakneſs of my hands. The ſufferings of my feet and knees diſable me from going to you, and thoſe of my heart, at your preſent ſituation, are more than I can allow myſelf to expreſs; but I put my truſt in Heaven, and ſubmit.

" May the Almighty Diſpenſer of all good ſoon reſtore my beloved Louiſa's health, is the fervent prayer of her moſt anxious mother,

" C. R."

No. 3.

COLONEL MALCOLM TO LADY RIVERSDALE.

(Encloſed in the preceding.)

" Madam, *Vienna, September* 30.

" You cannot wonder, that where a man's exiſtence is at ſtake, he ſhould chooſe to proceed upon ſure ground; I muſt acknowledge, therefore, that I appealed to Miſs Riverſdale, for the confirmation of the extraordinary contents of your letter; I have now ſaid

much beyond the time requiſite, to bring me her anſwer. Her ſilence can admit of but one conſtruction—I diſdain to comment upon it, or the tortures I have endured. There are few women in the world who could have ſurpriſed me; I own, Miſs Riverſdale has. I hereby releaſe her from all engagement to me, and leave you and her to every ſatisfaction, that may ariſe from inconſtancy and the ill treatment of a man, who only wiſhed to devote his life to her happineſs.

" F. MALCOLM."

No. 4.

LADY MARY MELVILE TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

Plombières, October 16.

" I hardly know how to expreſs my aſtoniſhment, my dear young friend, at the contents of a letter juſt received from Colonel Malcolm; and were I not as incredulous as I am aſtoniſhed, I ſhould feel myſelf perplexed beyond any thing I have yet experienced; but ſome unexplained miſunderſtanding ſo evidently gives riſe to the Colonel's diſpleaſure, that I have but one line of conduct to

urſue, which is, to endeavour immediately
) clear it up.

" Tell me, then, my love, what has hap-
ened, and let me be the mediator between
ou. Well do I know, happineſs can never
e his portion but through you; and with
ertainty did I judge, before I left Geneva,
hat the ſteadineſs of your attachment, the
elicacy of your mind, and the propriety of
your way of thinking, would make you find
your ſatisfaction in his, whenever fate per-
mitted your union. You were aware of the
jealouſy of his temper, and ſaw no difficulty
in conforming to it—this you have ſince con-
firmed by your letters—What then, in the
ame of Heaven, can have happened, to
uſtify my ſenſible, judicious Miſs Riverſdale,
n perſiſting in an obſtinate hard-hearted
ilence, which not only denies, but precludes
ll poſſibility of explanation?

" You muſt ſolve this myſtery to me; for,
rom the Colonel's letter, I only diſcover,
hat *you* are ſilent, and leave *him* to diſtrac-
ion and deſpair; the reſt is all wild, inco-
ierent complaint, and I can make nothing
)f it.

"If he have in any ſhape offended the dignity or delicacy of your mind, (which, however, I can hardly ſuppoſe, knowing Malcolm as I do,) deign to give *me* the explanation, you refuſe to *him*, and let me ſtill be the fortunate inſtrument of reſtoring you to each other. Where, Miſs Riverſdale, will you meet with ſuch another man? Where, with one in whom there is ſo little to be forgiven? Happy! happy girl, to have the power of conferring felicity, where it is ſo well merited! Do not let a trifle overſet the good fortune you had in proſpect!

"Write to me without delay, my dear, and be explicit; more hangs upon your anſwer, than I can explain, or wiſh you to know.

"I think I gather from his letter, that you are gone to Paris; but not knowing how to direct to you there, this muſt go by Geneva. My health continues reſtored as if by miracle, and prudence only detains me this winter out of my own country.

"In moſt impatient expectation of your anſwer, ever truly and faithfully yours,

"MARY MELVILE."

No. 5.

LADY MARY MELVILE TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

December 6.

" I have now allowed much more than the time requiſite, to bring an anſwer even from England, whither, I underſtand, my dear Miſs Riverſdale has accompanied Lady Belfont, and where my letter would undoubtedly follow her; and am ſo confounded by a ſilence, which would have ſurpriſed me, even independently of the claims put in by my laſt letter, that I no longer know how to withhold a degree of concurrence in Colonel Malcolm's opinion; ſo far, at leaſt, as to conclude every thing irretrievably ended between you and him.

" However incomprehenſible this buſineſs appears to me, I cannot ſo entirely relinquiſh the opinion I have formed of your heart and underſtanding, my dear, as to ſuſpect you either of unkindneſs, or neglect: you are aſſuredly acting upon ſome plan of conduct, which you have laid down for yourſelf, and which will one day, probably, explain the meaning of the diſappointment I at this moment ſeverely feel. Meanwhile, I muſt now

candidly lay open, what I withheld in my laſt only from an apprehenſion, that the ſlighteſt hint relative to myſelf might have worked upon your delicacy, to the total preclusion of the explanation and reconciliation I ſo earneſtly wiſhed to effect.

" In the incoherent letter I mentioned having received from Colonel Malcolm, his complaints of you are mixed with regrets, that he had not been more ſenſible of the honour done him (he is pleaſed to ſay) by *my* partiality, at a time when it offered ſo fair a proſpect of the ſteady and unalloyed ſatisfaction, for which a rational man ought alone to look in a matrimonial connexion; that rejected, caſt off, as he now was, it would be an inſult to me, to court my acceptance of his hand. In ſhort, he expreſſes himſelf in every term of affectionate reſpect, accompanied with the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of having forfeited all claim to urge it; but informs me, at the ſame time, that his affairs were coming to a favourable iſſue, and that the ſlighteſt encouragement from me would bring him to my feet.

" I do not wiſh to arrogate merit to myſelf, by ſtating this as any great trial of my

diſintereſtedneſs, becauſe the happineſs of a truly beloved object is by ſo much the firſt conſideration in a generous mind, that what may appear *an effort* to low and narrow perceptions, is only following the *natural bent* of more refined ideas. You are formed to underſtand this doctrine, Miſs Riverſdale, and, therefore, will not be ſurpriſed, that, in the idea, there might be more of pique and reſentment againſt you, than of affection to me, in the Colonel's propoſal, my firſt attempt ſhould be, to bring about the explanation I requeſted of you in my laſt; perſuaded, that if I ſucceeded in reconciling you, I ſhould ſecure greater felicity to him than I had to beſtow; and if not, I ſhould, in having made the attempt, ſecure to myſelf an unalloyed ſatisfaction, in being at length united to the only perſon for whom I had ever wiſhed to live.

" Your unrelenting ſilence, even to me, ſeems, however, at length, to put a decided end to Colonel Malcolm's hopes. I therefore mean to write, this very day, to tell him, that if his propoſal to me is not ſolely dictated by anger againſt Miſs Riverſdale, but really ariſes from a wiſh of paſſing his life with a woman

whoſe every thought will be ſubſervient to his pleaſure, that my health is now ſo far reſtored, as to relieve me from the fear of being a conſtant ſource of diſquietude to him; and that I am ready, with the ſame frankneſs I have ever profeſſed, to convince him that my affection is of that generous ſort, which only ſeeks the happineſs of its object, and he may command my hand whenever he pleaſes to call for it.

"At the ſame time, I now tell *you*, my ſweet girl, that I may receive your anſwer to this, long before he can come to claim my offer; and ſhould it appear, that any unforeſeen accident, or miſcarriage of letters, has occaſioned the delay, and ſhould I perceive the ſlighteſt tendency towards explanation or conceſſion on your part ſtill to hold out a chance of reconciliation to him, you ſhall find I am capable of acting conſiſtently throughout; though I will, at the ſame time, honeſtly confeſs, it would, perhaps, *now* be a ſeverer trial than ever it has proved yet.

"Colonel Malcolm may probably be here by the new year. I will delay the concluſion till the latter end of January, which is giving all poſſible latitude for the reception of your

anſwer; let me, therefore, for pity's ſake, hear from you in one ſhape or other, and believe me, invariably,

" Your affectionate friend,

" MARY MELVILE."

And now, my deareſt brother, what am I to do between my impeached honour, and my ſtill increaſed admiration and affection for Lady Mary? O, that you were here, to counſel and direct me!

I need not expatiate upon the various emotions theſe letters have excited; you will underſtand them all—the difficulty, at this moment, is to know how to act.

Are you fully aware of the deſpicable light in which I muſt appear to Colonel Malcolm and Lady Mary Melvile? It is almoſt more than I can bear; but is it more than I have deſerved? How does the petulant preſumption, with which I ventured to judge and act for myſelf, in defiance of my mother's opinion, now ſink me in my own eyes, as it muſt before have done in hers—in yours—in theirs!—Raſh! humbled Louiſa!—ſtill, you know, I did not mean to break my faith,

Henry!—*that* is the ſevereſt imputation of all. Might I not attempt to clear myſelf, then?—What, at Lady Mary Melvile's expenſe?—at the hazard of cauſing thoſe affections again to waver, which now may reward all her ſufferings?

Madame de Sainval is decidedly of opinion, that I ought not to write, till I am certain the union has taken place; but Madame de Sainval is too warm a friend to be quite an impartial judge.

I think, Henry, however ſome parts of my conduct may have leſſened me in your eyes, you will ſtill give credit to the rectitude of my heart, when I declare, that I had rather have encountered the wretched lot I foreſaw in the acquittal of my duty, ſupported, as I ſhould have been, by an approving conſcience, than to have better proſpects opened to me in this diſgraceful manner.

Might I but vindicate myſelf to Colonel Malcolm from the intention, or even wiſh, of receding from my word—ſurely, my dear brother, it would be great vanity in me to apprehend, that there could now be any danger of interfering with the juſtice he at

length does to Lady Mary Melvile's unrivalled merit. This, however, is what Madame de Sainval ſtrenuouſly urges.

Upon looking back, I ſeem to contradict myſelf: my head is not quite equal yet to the trying diſcuſſion; but I ſtrongly feel that I deſerve the humiliation I have incurred; and the only ſacrifice in my power to make to Lady Mary, is voluntarily to prolong it, until her happineſs ſhall be out of the reach of fate; and then it ſhall only be through *her*, that I will clear my honour to Colonel Malcolm, and it ſhall reſt with herſelf to impart or withhold it, as prudence ſhall dictate.

P. S. — Dictated by Louiſa—written by Madame de Sainval.

January 26.

A ſlight return of fever enſued upon the agitation occaſioned by the letters; but it has quite ſubſided again this morning, my dear brother; however Madame de Sainval, who writes this under my inditing, vows I ſhall be deprived of pen and ink for a week to come. She will ſign her name to the truth of my

being quite as well as I was on Monday, before I ſaw the letters.

Addition, by Madame de Sainval.

Yes, indeed, I will ſign, that ſhe is in very good train of recovery, if ſhe will let herſelf be directed, and be kept quiet; but when there is queſtion of her brother, ſhe will follow her head—her *heart*, I ſhould better ſay, for I am jealous how much it is yours. I ſooner write bad Engliſh as good French, to make proof how much I prepare me to acquit me of the duties of friendſhip, and am decided to conduct your charming ſiſter myſelf to Lady Belfont in the fine ſeaſon.

I regret you will be departed before that, as I ſhould have great pleaſure to ſhow you my ſincere eſteem.

VALENCE, MARQUISE DE SAINVAL.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

Paris, February 5.

I am now really recovering very faſt, my deareſt brother, and am fully reſtored to the liberty of my pen, though not to the choice

of my ſubject: the only difficulty is to find a moment in which to uſe it; for the French have ſuch a notion *de ſoigner les malades* *, that they do not leave one an inſtant. I do not ſay this in the way of complaint of Madame de Sainval; for by her I would not wiſh to be left; we can never be the leaſt reſtraint upon each other; we read, or write, or work, or converſe, or do nothing, as it happens, and enjoy them all the more for the participation. Do you recollect that beautiful paſſage you had tranſcribed from Rouſſeau? "*Les amis ont quelquefois beſoin d'être ſeuls, pour le plaiſir de ne ſe* RIEN DIRE, *à leur aiſe* †." She mentioned it, as one ſhe had alſo been ſtruck with, and we frequently feel and illuſtrate its truth; but ſhe ſays, none but a Swiſs or an Engliſhman could have thought of ſuch a thing as enjoying *ſilence*, and prides herſelf much upon being ſo *un*french as to admit it.

It is the friendly interruptions of *indifferent* people that I diſlike, who think it in-

* Of attending upon the ſick.

† Friends may even wiſh to be alone, for the ſake of enjoying each other's *ſilence* without interruption.

cumbent upon them to come once a day, and wear my ſpirits with making me talk about nothing—*ſimplement pour me diſſiper**, they ſay.

One or two of them are particular friends of Madame de Sainval, whom ſhe wiſhed me to ſee, and whoſe company I ſhould like very well, if I were perfectly ſtout. One or two more are friends of Madame de Valence, whom ſhe inſiſted upon introducing, as ſoon as I was able to ſee any body—" *Parcequ'il ne faut pas permettre qu'elle s'ennuye; cette pauvre petite!*" ſhe ſaid; " *cela ne vaut rien pour une convaleſcente; et tu as beau dire que tu ne la quittes pas ma fille, deux femmes en tête à tête, depuis le matin juſqu'au ſoir, cela doit être d'un mauſſade inſupportable. Ah j'y mettrai ordre!*†" And ſure enough ſhe keeps her word, for ſhe puts us out of

* Merely to drive away thought.

† " This poor little thing muſt not be left to tire! that would be quite againſt her recovering; and my daughter may ſay what ſhe pleaſes about her keeping her company, but two women alone together, from morning till night, muſt be inſufferably ſtupid. I will *take care to manage* that better for them."

patience ten times a day, with her kind contrivances to amuſe me.

Then, there are two or three people, who are civilly attentive to me on Lady Belfont's account; one of whom is our Ambaſſador: all theſe, together with the good Abbé, and the briſk Chevalier, really do furniſh ſuch a ſucceſſion of daily viſitors, as leave me very completely exhauſted by the time evening comes.

I take the privilege of an invalide, however, in diſmiſſing my company at eight o'clock; and that of an Engliſhwoman, in reſolutely refuſing admittance, after I am in bed, to all, but Madame de Sainval and her mother; which piece of *prudery*, as they term it, is not treated with more indulgence here, than it was by Lady Barbara Brackley; but, as for any attempt to reſiſt ſeeing company in my bed-chamber, *after* I *am up*, it was a thing ſo *outrè*, as not to be liſtened to at all; they were brought in *bon gré mal gré**, and I am now ſo accuſtomed to it, that I do not much mind it; and, indeed, until I am well enough to go down into the *ſallon de*

* Whether I will or no.

compagnie, I have no reſource but that of a little writing cloſet, adjoining to my room, which, from having a ſtone floor, would not yet be ſafe for me to ſit in.

Monſieur de Sainval's expected arrival cramps my apartment; I might rather ſay, that I rob him of a great part of his. You are aware, how many families uſually inhabit the ſame hôtel here. Madame de Sainval, and Madame de Valence, divide the *rez de chauſſee** between them; Monſieur de Sainval and the *Commandeur*, (Madame de Valence's brother, whom I believe I have forgotten to name before) *au premier*† ; *le ſecond*‡ is not yet furniſhed; ſo there is a bed put up for the Marquis in his own antichamber, which adjoins to the writing cloſet, and communicates with a ſort of paſſage room, that we both have in common. My interfering in this manner with his convenience, added to the conſciouſneſs of my being juſt now a very troubleſome inmate, gives me a dread of his arrival; and nothing is ſaid,

* Ground floor.

† On the firſt floor.

‡ Up two pair of ſtairs.

that leads me to believe him very indulgent to his wife's friends in general: on the contrary, I fear her preference may rather tend to preclude me from his; not that ſhe has ever told me ſo, but ſilence often betrays as much as complaint.

February 7th.—Madame de Valence, and Madame de Sainval, are gone to maſs: I feel quite well, and I am determined I will write upon whatever ſubject I pleaſe to day; and what, my beloved brother, can be ſo near my heart as your ſituation, and your departure? Little did I know what I was wiſhing, when I ſo ardently prayed, that ſome Engliſhwoman might become the miſtreſs of your affections—But ſurely, Henry, there is great want of feeling, in making ſo futile an objection, after giving ſuch obvious encouragement!—You will not ſuffer me to blame her, you ſay; ſhe cannot err—I do not ſee her conduct with your eyes, Henry; but at this diſtance I know my judgment can have no weight; I can, therefore, only partake in your ſufferings, and now, from the bottom

of my ſoul, wiſh you were gone*.—Yet, how does my heart ſink at the dreadful thought! —The miſery of abſence ſurely increaſes with the diſtance!—I cannot purſue this painful ſubject, now I have begun upon it—I ſeem to be parting with you anew; and the idea, that you may have ſailed before even this letter can reach you, benumbs my faculties——

* * * *

I was obliged to lay down my pen—I will now endeavour to confine my thoughts to what (next to you) is entitled to fill them, the Colonel, and Lady Mary . . . (I hope by this time) *Malcolm*.

I have now allowed more than the time ſhe mentioned, for bringing her fate to a criſis: your concurrence in the propriety of my delay has very much ſoothed the irritation of my mind, under the ſenſe of the obloquy I had condemned myſelf to prolong. But how, indeed, even when it comes to the point, can I wholly acquit myſelf? The perjury was not in my choice, but the inconſtancy too ſurely was mine. In vain do you,

* This remains unexplained; the Editor finds no farther alluſion to it in any of the papers.

and my reſpected mother, both aſſert, that my preference for Colonel Malcolm never amounted to love: however that may be, I certainly, at firſt, felt an affection for him, which his ſubſequent conduct deſtroyed. Does that admit of any palliation? or if it does, can I palliate the impropriety of my avowal to Prince Polinſki? Ungenerous Prince Polinſki, to betray me to ſuch unremitting diſquietude!—never ſhall I forgive myſelf for putting it into his power.

My red eyes and bliſtered paper inform Madame de Sainval, who is juſt come in, that my ſubject is too intereſting; and ſhe prohibits me from proceeding. O, that ſhe could baniſh the conſciouſneſs from my breaſt!—it ſignifies little whether or not I expreſs it, whilſt it rankles ſo painfully there.

February 10*th*.—I encloſe the copy of my letter to Lady Mary. It cannot half convey my ſenſe of her exalted diſintereſtedneſs. Generous! amiable woman!—may ſhe at length be repaid by his utmoſt tenderneſs for all her ſufferings! Her happineſs only can compenſate for my humiliation.

TO LADY MARY MELVILE.

" The long and ſevere illneſs, from which I am juſt recovering, will, I truſt, my dear Madam, acquit my ſilence of every other conſtruction, but that of my inability to break it. Ill ſhould I have deſerved your extraordinary kindneſs, and highly valued friendſhip, could I have heſitated, for an inſtant, when called upon by you for an explanation, let my motives for withholding it from others have been what they might. That I cannot now enter fully into a ſubject of ſuch heavy accuſation againſt me, will be more readily aſcribed, by your Ladyſhip's candid mind, to the change of circumſtances which has taken place during my long diſorder, than to the want of exculpating reaſons to be offered for my conduct: if the reſult of it, however, has inſured your happineſs, I can ſay, from my heart, that to attain ſuch an end, I would pay any price; it is no ſmall one, to ſubmit to a humiliating appearance of culpability, without attempting a juſtification.

" Thus much can I only allow myſelf to *ſay,* that had I been in a ſtate to write, or

even to receive letters, at the time Colonel Malcolm, and your Ladyſhip, firſt reached Paris, I ſhould have felt it incumbent upon me, to clear myſelf from the imputed *intention* of receding from an engagement, which I had, on the contrary, devoted my life to fulfil; but Colonel Malcolm muſt, long ere this, have become ſo truly ſenſible, how much more rationally and permanently his happineſs is now ſecured, than it ever could have been by me, that he will readily forgive me for rejoicing in my own inability to thwart an event, which turns out ſo greatly to his advantage.

" I was ſeized with a putrid fever, in a very few days after my arrival at Paris. Lady Belfont being obliged to proceed to England with her Lord, left me under the care of the Marchioneſs de Sainval; to whoſe kindneſs and friendſhip I cannot do juſtice. I am not yet able to leave my room, and it is only within this laſt fortnight, that I have been allowed to ſee the letters, that have been lying here for me theſe many months.

" The contents of your Ladyſhip's laſt precluded an anſwer to Colonel Malcolm's; not from the vanity of ſuppoſing myſelf

likely to come again into competition with merit ſo tranſcendent, but fearing, that a too delicate ſenſe of honour might induce him to conſider his engagement in preference to his inclination.

" From the bottom of a heart bound to you by every tie of gratitude and affection, do I declare my ardent hope, that your union with Colonel Malcolm has, ere this, placed your happineſs out of the reach of all human interference. My next wiſh is, to ſtand juſtified in your ſight; and, through your Ladyſhip's means, in the Colonel's, whoſe eſteem becomes ſtill more valuable to me, when I conſider him as the huſband of the firſt of women.

" Do not, deareſt Madam, let me loſe any part of your friendſhip, which I conſider it as the greateſt pride of my life to have obtained, at a moment that my admiration is ſtill increaſed, as much by the noble frankneſs with which you have at length accepted of Colonel Malcolm's hand, as by the conſiſtent diſintereſtedneſs, that induced you for a time to hang back from the proffered felicity. I can but uſe the common language of gratitude and eſteem, to expreſs feelings the

moſt uncommon: my life muſt evince their ſtrength and their ſincerity.

" Ever, deareſt Madam, your moſt gratefully affectionate, and devoted,

" L. R."

I am a little fatigued with tranſcribing—ſhall be happy if you approve—and muſt diſpatch this packet without any addition, but the name of

Your

LOUISA RIVERSDALE.

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.

February 12th.

I have long feared that Madame de Sainval was unhappy, and ſhe has juſt made the diſtreſſing acknowledgment. In conſequence of my teſtifying ſurpriſe at the coolneſs with which ſhe informed me, that ſhe had received intelligence of Monſieur de Sainval's intended arrival to morrow, ſhe replied—

" What would you have me do? You will ſoon perceive, that he does not awaken one's inclination to ſing and dance."

" Happineſs need not always manifeſt itſelf in feats of activity; but you have ever evaded

my inquiries upon this head, my dear friend; do you fear to truſt me?"

"No, my Louiſa—I fear to diſtreſs you, and I hate the humiliating topic."

"Why humiliating? I have always underſtood, that domeſtic happineſs was but little conſidered in French marriages."

"True! not in general—but I will ſhow you many inſtances to the contrary, among ſome of my moſt intimate acquaintances; and I am unfortunately born with a diſpoſition for it, which makes me deeply ſenſible of the void."

"Is the Marquis ſo diſſipated then, that all your agreeableneſs cannot inſpire him with a taſte for home?"

"Whatever agreeableneſs you may think me poſſeſſed of is wholly thrown away upon him, I aſſure you. He hated me before ever he ſaw me; and that is a ſentiment quite as likely to become reciprocal as love, and which matrimony is admirably calculated to improve," ſaid ſhe, affecting to laugh.

"Deareſt Adine, you treat this with a levity which is not in your heart—do be ſerious, and tell me in what this mutual diſlike *originated*?"

" It is a ſubject upon which I muſt either
ıgh, or cry: you will not admit of the one,
d have not yet nerves for the other; ſo, then,
: will leave it for the preſent. Had he not
:en coming, I ſhould have ſaid nothing of
; but you muſt now ſoon ſee, what I ſhould
vain attempt to conceal: at ſome future
:riod, you ſhall know more;" and ſhe left
e, with tears in her eyes.

You may be very ſure I ſhall not let this
main long uninveſtigated: ſhe appears too
nſible of her unhappineſs for actual hatred;
ıtred, I ſhould think, would cloſe the heart
› all ſenſe of unkindneſs from its object. I
ıall probably know better what to think,
hen I have ſeen him, and heard the parti-
ılars from herſelf, but you will not wonder,
ıat I look for his arrival with a happy mix-
ıre of dread and diſlike.

13*th*.—Deareſt Henry, whom do you think
have ſeen? Your friend, Mr. Stanville!—
ut you will not be ſurpriſed, becauſe you
robably knew of his ſudden expedition to
aris—I did not.

He ſent up a letter from Lady Belfont,
egging at the ſame time to know when he

might ſee me, to deliver a meſſage from my brother. The idea of meeting a perſon ſo immediately connected with, and come from, thoſe ſo very dear to me, agitated me to a degree, that I had ſcarcely breath to ſay, I would go down to him inſtantly; (for I now go down ſtairs for an hour or two every day;) I was obliged to take ſome minutes to compoſe myſelf, and then, with the aſſiſtance of Flora's arm, went trembling down.

I was very much ſtruck with his appearance; and, "O," as Madame de Sevigné ſays, "how I looked at thoſe eyes which had ſo lately ſeen yours!" I was almoſt afraid he would think me bold, but I believe he would read my meaning; there is ſuch a benevolent expreſſion in his animated countenance—a kind heartedneſs in all he utters, ſo like his lovely ſiſter's—a reſemblance to *her* in his features likewiſe—but, certainly, his fine perſon ſeems to be his leaſt perfection. He is rather ſhy, and his manner a little bordering upon what the French call *mauvaiſe honte**; but then, it evidently proceeds from diffidence of himſelf, which, when joined

* Awkward baſhfulneſs.

talents ſo very brilliant, as you deſcribe is to be, makes one like him ſtill the better. He has a kind of Engliſh lounge in his r; which forms ſuch a happy contraſt all the upright Frenchmen I ſee, that am inclined to think it agreeable. Madame e Sainval found great fault with it, how-ver, for being ſo like the *mauvaiſe grace** f her huſband.

Mr. Stanville told me, that this letter may ill reach you. It ſounded like a reprieve, ıy beſt friend, to find that you were not one—yet, what can it now ſignify?—Go ou muſt—and all my hopes of ſeeing you e at an end.

14*th*.—The only attention to myſelf, that now ſtrongly enjoined, is to avoid all agi-ating ſubjects, as my nerves are my weak art; ſo I laid down my pen yeſterday, and vill not again recur to the ſubject.

Mr. Stanville ſpoke of you with a warmth, nd an admiration, that quite opened my eart to him; he, however, only anſwered ny queſtions, and I could not, at a firſt in-

* Ungraceful manner.

terview, touch upon delicate ſtrings. H mentioned his ſiſter in terms congenial my feelings; and is quite free from the a fectation of diſclaiming her perfections, b cauſe ſo nearly connected with her; he con ſiders her as a ſuperiour being, and perfectl adores her.

I am happy to find, that Lady Belfont has at length, brought the negotiation, ſhe ha ſo much at heart, to a favourable iſſue; ſ far, at leaſt, as that both Lord Egmore an Lord Belfont agree to ſee Lady Grantin though they will not ſee each other. It ap pears to me ſingular, that public and politi cal differences ſhould ſo much affect privat intercourſe, where one would imagine the might ſo eaſily, and with ſo much advantag to all parties, be kept diſtinct; but, I ſup poſe, I ſhall underſtand that better when get to England.

Monſieur de Sainval is arrived, Henr and I am rather agreeably ſurpriſed with h appearance; a tall, genteel looking ma about thirty, with a reſerved dignity in h manner, which I ſhould not have conſtru into *morgue & dédain**, if Madame

* Superciliouſneſs and contempt.

Sainval had not dwelt upon thoſe features n his character, when ſhe came to inquire what impreſſion his *premier abord** had nade upon me.

His addreſs to me was certainly not *prévenant*†, but it was polite and quiet. I regretted to him the inconvenience to which he was put, by my occupying a part of his apartment. He ſaid, he hoped I had not *been led* to think ſo ill of him, as that he could deem any thing an inconvenience, that was done to accommodate *une dame ſouffrante*‡. Our interview was ſhort, but it has made me doubly impatient for the promiſed narrative. I thought that his eye glanced at his wife, as he ſaid *been led*; ſhe took no notice of it, however, either then, or afterward.

Madame de Sainval is much diſturbed at Mr. Stanville's ſhyneſs. It had, indeed, manifeſted itſelf more to her, than to me; he had objected to my ſending for her, excuſing himſelf upon his want of fluency in

* Firſt introduction.

† Courteous.

‡ A ſick lady.

French. I told him, that ſhe ſought opportunities of improving herſelf in Engliſh; ſtill when ſhe unexpectedly entered the room, and that I named him to her, he rather hung back, and it was with difficulty ſhe could get him to ſpeak at all. She expatiated at large upon it in the evening. The Vicomte d'Urſain, one of Madame de Valence's friends, obſerved, that it required "*un fonds de taciturnité bien inébranlable, pour pouvoir la conſerver en vous voyant, meſdames**", bowing ſlightly to Madame de Sainval and me, in conſcious triumph at the advantage his volubility gave him over Mr. Stanville.

"*Mais tous les Anglais ſont comme cela!*" the Counteſs ſaid, "*rappelles toi donc my Lord Belfont, ma fille!—il ſe ſeroit tenu la une heure à côté de la fenêtre, ſans s'appercevoir qu'il y eut ame qui vive dans le ſalon: vous croyez peutêtre qu'il regardoit les paſſans dans les Champs Eliſées; point du tout, il ne voyoit que ſon ſpline;—Miſs nous donnera des nouvelles de tout cela,*

* An immovable fund of taciturnity, to preſerve it in your company, ladies.

*quand elle ſera à Londres; j'imagine que cela doit faire une ſociété fort gaie**."

" *Mais encore, maman, s'ils ne parlent que lorſqu'ils ont quelque choſe à dire, cela ne laiſſe pas que d'avoir ſon merite†,*" replied the Marchioneſs.

" *Ah ma fille! tu prends auſſi toujours le parti des Anglais‡!*" exclaimed the Counteſs.

Madame de Sainval coloured deeply, and the Marquis caſt a piercing look, firſt at her, then at her mother; ſhe replied, however, without embarraſſment, " *Non, mais je cherche à être juſte, et je ſens que ce que nous appellons converſation, n'eſt ſouvent que du babil, dont je me paſſerois fort bien,—*

* " But all the Engliſh are ſo: only recollect Lord Belfont, who would ſtand by the hour ſtaring through the window, without attending to a ſoul in the room: you may fancy he was looking at the company in the walks; not at all, he only ſaw his own ſpleen. Miſs will give us an account of theſe things when ſhe gets to London: I imagine the ſociety there muſt be very lively."

† " But if they only ſpeak when they have ſomething to ſay, I ſhould not much object to it."

‡ " Ah, you always defend the Engliſh."

*et le frère de Louiſe par exemple, direz vous qu'il étoit taciturne *?*"

"*Oh non pour celui-là, il a la tournure Francaiſe j'en conviens†*"

Adine ſmiled at her mother's compliment to you, and I bowed my head in acknowledgment of her civil intention.

Madame de Sainval inſiſts upon my calling her Adine, becauſe it is an Engliſh mark of intimacy, ſhe ſays, to call each other by their chriſtian names. In French, you know, it is either *mon cœur* ‡, or *ma petite* §, between *very* intimate friends, for I am diverted at the gradations of intimacy that are attended to, here: relations, and thoſe who have been brought up together, *tutoyer* ‖ each other; then comes the claſs of *mon cœur* and *ma petite*; then the friends who meet daily, but not ſo confidentially, theſe ſay *ma chere*

* "No, but I wiſh to be unprejudiced, and what we call converſation is frequently mere babble, that I would readily be without. Now, there's Louiſa's brother, do you reckon him too ſilent?"

† "No, his manners are more French, I allow."

‡ My heart.

§ My little one.

‖ Thee and thou.

amie! or *Vicomteſse!* or *Marquiſe!* to each other, without the addition of *Madame*; and in ſpeaking of each other, *la petite Marquiſe, la petite Vicomteſſe*: then to your *coterie** in general, you ſay *Madame de* Sainval, *Madame de* Valence; and perfect ſtrangers are addreſſed as *Madame la Comteſſe*, *Madame la Ducheſſe*. All theſe etiquettes are perfectly underſtood, and indiſpenſable among their own nation; but to the ignorance of foreigners they are extremely indulgent. Madame de Valence often mentions Lord Belfont, whoſe language, as well as manners, was a great fund of amuſement to her. He never inquired after her daughter in any other way than "*comment eſt ce qu'il ſe porte, votre fille*†?" ſhe ſays, "*qu'il péchoit également*‡ againſt the rules of the language and of politeneſs; but that ſhe never took notice of it to him, becauſe ſhe is aware, that the Engliſh *ne ſe piquent pas de ſavoir vivre*§.

* The circle of your intimates.

† How does he do, your daughter?

‡ Sinned equally.

§ Do not value themſelves upon their politeneſs.

16*th*.—I meant to have given you ſome account of the Vicomte d'Urſain to day, whom I perceive I have ſlightly mentioned; but a more intereſting ſubject has occurred. Madame de Sainval has related to me, a part at leaſt of her ſad tale, which I am impatient to communicate, dear Henry.

Monſieur de Sainval was forced into matrimony by his father, at a time that his heart was devoted to another woman; and Mademoiſelle de Valence was led from her convent to the altar, to meet a man who had for years been known to be her deſtined huſband, and whom the nuns had exerted all their eloquence to paint in the moſt odious colours, with a view, probably, to terrify her into the reſolution of remaining among them: judge of the feelings with which they exchanged their mutual vows. As they left the church, he parted from her, ſaying, "I have now ſacrificed myſelf to my father's convenience, but no power can oblige me to live with a wife ſo forced upon me!" and ſhe fervently prayed he might abide by his determination.

Thus paſſed two years, not much to the *ſatisfaction* of the parents, who had literally

made the union between their eſtates; but with very little doubt of their children ſubmitting peaceably to a ſituation ſo common in France. Truſting, however, to time, for bringing them to reaſon, no farther ſteps were taken.

Madame de Valence introduced her daughter into the world, where her beauty, and the avowed neglect of her huſband, ſoon rendered her very conſpicuous, and brought all the faſhionable men to her feet; who, of courſe, made it their buſineſs, to heighten her contempt for a huſband ſo inſenſible to her charms. What dangers her own giddineſs, and extreme ſenſibility to admiration, might have expoſed her to, ſhe candidly confeſſed ſhe could not ſay; but her mother's vigilance and experience guarded her againſt impropriety, and ſaved her from cenſure.

In the mean time, the Marquis's paſſion for Madame Dumans had ſubſided; and he was at leiſure to reflect, that however little value he might ſet upon his wife's affection, her conduct was of conſequence to his credit in the world: conſcious how little he was entitled to her fidelity, he made no dependance

upon it, but conceived, that his only ſecurity muſt ariſe from the moſt unremitting watchfulneſs, and without a ſhadow of affection to prompt him, he took every ſtep that the moſt unreaſonable jealouſly could have ſuggeſted. He tampered with her ſervants—placed ſpies upon her motions—and having, at length, convinced himſelf, that the moſt elegant and dangerous men in Paris were contending for her ſmiles, he took the alarm, and inſiſted upon Madame de Valence taking her daughter down to his eſtate in Languedoc; aſſuring her, as an inducement, that he meant to paſs ſix months there himſelf, and would endeavour to conſider Madame de Sainval as his wife.

Of courſe the Counteſs acquieſced; and, with infinite reluctance, Madame de Sainval accompanied her. The Marquis did not fail to join them; but it was only to watch over her—cavil at each word and action—and quarrel with her every hour of the day. Such conduct was little calculated to conciliate affection, and it increaſed a diſlike, which his wife took no trouble to conceal.

The arrival of a young Engliſhman at Montpellier, brought matters to a criſis.

Lord Wilton, who was attending upon his mother, and a conſumptive ſiſter, brought letters to Monſieur de Sainval from our ambaſſador at Paris. A prepoſſeſſion in favour of the Engliſh, which ſeems to be the only ſentiment the huſband and wife have in common, induced him to give Lord Wilton a friendly reception, and an invitation to become an occaſional viſitor at the caſtle.

Lord Wilton did not remain long inattentive to Madame de Sainval's attractions; and to him it was, alas! reſerved, to make her ſenſible ſhe had a heart. The admiration ſhe had excited at Paris, had merely awakened and gratified her vanity; but Lord Wilton—handſome—amiable—inſinuating—adding a refined mind, and a highly cultivated underſtanding, to ſolid worth—was an object far too dangerous to ſee with impunity, conſtantly oppoſed to a perſecuting and unfeeling huſband: inexperienced, and ſtrongly ſuſceptible, her principles ſecured only by the ſlight barrier of a *convent* education, ſo little qualified to guard innocence from the dangerous ſeductions to which it muſt be expoſed in the world, what might have been the Marchioneſs's fate at this mo-

ment! had ſhe not found her ſafety in the honourable purity of Lord Wilton's ſentiments.

How would you have admired her, Henry! had you heard the candid ſimplicity with which ſhe diſclaimed taking that merit to herſelf for her unſullied virtue, upon which ſo few women could have reſiſted to build their reputation. Cruel fate, indeed! to have ſuch a mind as hers thrown away upon a man ſo callous. I feel, at this moment, to hate him very thoroughly; but you ſhall hear ſtronger reaſons for it, than I have yet given you.

Lord Wilton's paſſion, too ſincere to be ſelfiſh, never ſought a gratification that could alarm her delicacy, or taint her future peace of mind: to ſee her—to hear her—to paſs his life in her preſence—ſeemed to be the extent of his wiſhes: he took pains to form her mind; to inſpire her with a taſte for literature.

Theſe are her own words; but I do not know what to ſay to Lord Wilton's diſintereſtedneſs, my dear brother. I think ſhe gives him more credit, than I am inclined to do: true generoſity ſhould have debarred him

from her ſociety at once, when he perceived its dangerous tendency—but it is not given to every one to be a *Henry Riverſdale.*

Weeks flew after weeks, unperceived, in this dangerous and faſcinating intercourſe; and Monſieur de Sainval's eyes, ſo open to every one elſe, ſeemed cloſed to Lord Wilton—whether from a perſuaſion, that gallantry is wholly foreign to the Engliſh character, or what other cauſe, it is difficult to ſay. Returning from ſhooting earlier one day than uſual, and being told that Lord Wilton was with the Marchioneſs in the garden, he went to look for him; but going up the other ſide of the *charmille** from that in which they were walking, he overheard ſome very paſſionate proteſtations of conſtancy uttered by Lord Wilton, and inſtantly diſcovered himſelf; uſing very opprobrious language, which was reſented with a warmth, that muſt inevitably have drawn on immediate fatal conſequences, but for the accidental interruption of ſome neighbouring viſitors, with whom Madame de Valence had followed into the

* The thick yew hedge that borders their ſtraight walks.

garden. This gave Lord Wilton a moment's time for reflection, and he withdrew. The Marquis was ſtopped from preventing him, by the interpoſition of the other men.

The extreme agitation of Madame de Sainval diſabled her from inſtantly communicating to her mother what had paſſed; and before ſhe was ſufficiently recovered to ſpeak with any kind of coherence, Monſieur de Sainval had mounted his horſe, and was gone.

She related, with the utmoſt ſincerity, to the Counteſs, every thing that had paſſed between Lord Wilton and herſelf; entreating her to impart it to the Marquis, the firſt moment ſhe ſaw him, and to prevent the horrid conſequences, if it were not already too late.

At his return, Madame de Valence undertook to plead her daughter's cauſe; he liſtened in ſilence, but all the anſwer ſhe obtained was, that he thought it very expedient to keep his wife under lock and key for a time, in the hope this ſalutary rigour would bring her to a more proper ſenſe of what ſhe owed both to herſelf and him; but with regard to Lord Wilton, ſhe could not obtain a word.

Madame de Valence, and the elder of the Marchioneſs's women, were the only two people he would ſuffer to approach her. The anxiety of being kept ignorant of every circumſtance relative to Lord Wilton brought on an indiſpoſition, that confined her to her bed; and her miſery was intenſe, during four days that the Marquis continued abſent from the caſtle.

On the fifth, the Counteſs received a note from him, directing her to prepare her daughter for the reception of viſitors on the next day, among whom would be Lord Wilton; and he ſhould judge, from the manner of his reception, and the emotions he ſhould perceive his preſence to occaſion, how far her mind was guilty, or innocent, in regard to him.

Could there be a trial more wantonly cruel, Henry? She went through it, however, with a ſteadineſs which probably diſappointed his malice. The relief ſhe experienced, from the certainty that nothing fatal had taken place, nor, to all appearance, was now likely to take place between them, gave her courage. Her indiſpoſition afforded a pretence for receiving her company in bed,

where any change of countenance would be leſs diſcernable; and ſhe acquitted herſelf of the arduous taſk to her own and her mother's ſatisfaction. Lord Wilton looked ill, but ſhowed no peculiarity of manner whatever; the other viſitors did not appear conſcious there was any thing particular to obſerve. Monſieur de Sainval behaved to Lord Wilton as formerly; and in the courſe of converſation obſerved, that Madame de Sainval was probably too ill to attend to what civility required, or he was ſure ſhe would have told his Lordſhip, when he mentioned leaving Montpellier, how glad ſhe ſhould be to ſee him upon her arrival at Paris: ſhe could only bow aſſent to this unaccountable ſpeech, and they left her in aſtoniſhment and doubt at what it might mean.

Kindneſs to her, had however, no ſhare in it; for the Marquis wrote to Madame de Valence that evening, to inform her he was ſetting out for Paris, and left her daughter in charge with her; for although ſhe might be free from actual guilt in the preſent affair, ſhe had ſo clearly evinced the bent of her inclinations, that he thought a few years of ſecluſion and reflection extremely neceſſary,

o fortify her mind againſt the dangers, to 'hich her beauty might again lay her open 1 the world. He concluded Madame de 'alence was too good a mother, to recede rom the charge ſhe undertook, where her laughter's ultimate benefit was in view; that f, however, ſolitude became irkſome to her, ır that he found ſhe ſuffered any one to ap-)roach the Marchioneſs, beſide herſelf and Mademoiſelle Hortenſe, he ſhould have no lifficulty in obtaining *royal* concurrence *, to elieve her from the trouble of being gaoler.

This unfeeling, taunting letter, irritated oth mother and daughter; and Madame de ainval entreated that ſhe might be before- hand with the threat it contained, and retire voluntarily into the convent; but Madame de Valence prudently diſſuaded her from a ſtep of ſuch *éclat*, obſerving, that the pains he ſeemed to have taken, to counteract the ſpreading reports, gave room for the hope, that he might one day be brought to reaſon.

This is all I yet know of the ſtory; for the intereſt and agitation it had created in me

* Meaning, that he would get a *letter de cachet* to ſhut her up in a convent.

had by this time ſo much diſordered me, that ſhe reproached herſelf for having gone ſo far, and would not be perſuaded to ſay another word; only thus much, to comfort me, ſhe added, that ſhe wiſhed to impreſs one idea as ſtrongly upon my mind as it was upon her own; and that was, that whatever good I may now find to love in her, originates from the very misfortunes which at the time were ſo ſevere to bear: and then ſhe embraced me, and ſaid ſhe was going to write letters, which would employ her till dinner time.

But I believe her time was differently filled up; for when ſhe came to eat her chicken, which ſhe regularly does with me every day, her eyes were extremely red, and ſpirits more ſunk than I have yet ſeen them.

We both avoided a renewal of the diſtreſſing topic. A ſucceſſion of viſitors dropped in, both before and after the *ſpectacles**. It was her night at the *Italiens*†, and I remained in my own apartment, during her abſence, as well from unwillingneſs to meet

* The play.

† One of the theatres.

the Marquis in the ſaloon, (to whom I ſhould now ſcarcely know how to be civil,) as from the wiſh to ſecure time to myſelf, for imparting what I am ſure will intereſt you, deareſt brother, as much as it does me.

17*th*.—Mr. Stanville has not called again, which rather ſurpriſes me, as Madame de Sainval gave him an obliging invitation to come, whenever he was not better engaged; perhaps he does not know, that the Pariſian faſhion admits of daily viſits, and his diffidence leads him to fear being troubleſome. I told her, he probably expected her to name a day in particular. She ſaid his *fauvagine** might, indeed, make it neceſſary, and ſhe would take the firſt opportunity he gave her, of making the acceſs of her houſe quite eaſy to him.

I have not yet aſked him half my queſtions, relative either to yourſelf, or to Lady Belfont; he knows little of friendſhip, if he thinks it ſo eaſily ſatisfied.

I have taken an airing to day for the firſt time, and cannot expreſs to you how my

* Shyneſs.

long confinement beautifies the face of nature; and yet the ſeaſon is not ſufficiently advanced, to have many beauties to offer; but the mere ſmell of approaching ſpring, of which I was ſenſible in the *Bois de Boulogne*, gave me a ſenſation, that can only be underſtood by thoſe who have been ſo near as myſelf to ſeeing it return no more.

The day is remarkably mild and bright—the birds chirping—the buds beginning to ſwell—the people all alive, and cheered by the exhilerating influence of the returning ſeaſon—what a value does a fit of illneſs give to the ſenſe of exiſtence! I never before felt *mere* exiſtence to be a poſitive bleſſing. To day, the very ſight of life and action ſtruck forcibly upon my heart, and raiſed it in grateful devotion to the Merciful Prolonger of my days—may they henceforth be marked by a more dependent ſenſe of my duties, than I have hitherto acted upon! Deareſt Henry! why did you not blame me more ſtrongly, when I preſumed to think and act in defiance of my mother's opinion and experience?

I was interrupted by Madame de Sainval, who brought me a letter from Lady Grantin,

ıcloſing one from Prince Polinſki. It was ſt by Lady Belfont, together with thoſe of hich you have had copies; but had ſlipped ı among other papers, and remained undiſ- overed till this morning. Pray, read them ere.

LADY GRANTIN TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

Turin, October 1.

" Do as you would be done by, has ever een my maxim, my dear Riverſdale; and) I am ready to

' Speed the ſoft intercourſe, from ſoul to ſoul,
' And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.'

And here you have the faithful tranſcript your deſponding lover's thoughts; not (to ll you the truth) that I think him half ſo ſponding as, in common decency, he ıght to be, conſidering the hopeleſsneſs of s caſe: but then again, you know

' *Love* will hope where *Reaſon* would deſpair;'

d he probably flatters himſelf, that the llant Colonel may one day choak in a roxyſm of jealouſy, properly worked up, d leave you to reward the perſevering con- ıncy of your *innamorato*.

"Do not you think, my dear, that I handle this ſubject like an adept in the ſcience? It is not the fault of half a dozen *ciciſbeos*, if I am not initiated in every branch of it; but I tell them I am ſatisfied to ſtudy it theoretically—I leave the practical part to the ſentimental dames.

"The credit of a ſcore of lovers, and the comfort of a ſound heart, are the heighth of my ambition; but the misfortune is, that Lord Grantin does not enter into the ſpirit of my innocent amuſements at all, and takes it into his fooliſh head to be jealous. Thus far, however, it only ſerves to heighten the ſport; becauſe, when I have let him rave and ſtorm his fill, (for you have no notion what a violent creature this *good humoured* man can be,) then I adminiſter a ſugarplumb to quiet him again; and I take him to the looking glaſs, and aſk him how he can be ſo abſurd as to imagine, that whilſt I have ſuch a handſome young huſband as he, I ſhall be ſo much my own enemy, as to take up with any monkey-faced battered rake of them all? This is ſound argument, you know, which he has juſt ſenſe enough to comprehend; I could reduce it to mathematical demonſtra-

ion, but that would be beyond his capacity; ſo then, we go on very well again, till ſome new freak ſeizes him.

" Now I ſee you look quite demure, and if I were at hand, you would read me a lecture upon all this; and that would make it ſo much the better again. I conclude *you* intend to conform to all your old Colonel's whims, and caprices, and jealouſies; Lord have mercy upon you! What an undertaking it is to be *good!* I wiſh, out of pure friendſhip to you, that I could juſt have had the breaking him in for you; but you are ſuch an ungrateful, reſerved little gipſey, you never would enter upon this ſubject with me at all. My very beſt advice is at your ſervice notwithſtanding; and whenever you chooſe to have recourſe to it, you ſhall find what a generous true friend you have in

" BARBARA GRANTIN."

PRINCE POLINSKI TO MISS RIVERSDALE.

(Encloſed in the preceding.)

Turin, September 28.

* " Il n'a pas fallu moins, que tout le tems qui s'eſt paſsé depuis mon départ de Genève, pour me mettre en état de vous écrire, Mademoiſelle, ſans vous offenſer de nouveau: mais j'oſe maintenant me laiſſer aller à tout ce qui me dicte un attachement épuré par votre vertu; j'oſe réclamer le titre de *votre ami*, parcequ'en rendant un *hommage pur* à ce que le ciel a jamais formé de plus aimable, je m'en ſens digne; & je ne prends pas le change ſur le ſentiment que j'éprouve aujourd'hui, parceque je le compare à celui dont je viens de triompher; dont tout le délire

* " It has required all the time, that has elapſed ſince my departure from Geneva, to enable me to addreſs Miſs Riverſdale, without the riſk of again offending her. I now venture to give way to the dictates of feelings, refined by your virtue; I venture to lay claim to the title of *your friend*, becauſe I am become worthy of it, by the purity of the homage I now pay to the moſt amiable object under Heaven, and I am ſecured againſt ſelf-deception, by comparing my preſent ſenſations with thoſe I have ſubdued, and of which the madneſs you were witneſs to was but a ſlight ſpecimen;

ıe vous avez vue, n'étoit qu'une foible rtie; et je ne crains pas d'y retomber, parque la diſtance me rend fort. Agréez donc ınique témoignage que je me permettrai l'exiſtence d'un ſentiment, que me ſemble :xcluſivement fait pour vous, que nul autre :n approchera jamais; et pardonnez moi s'il e fait enfreindre la loi de ſilence que vous 'aviez impoſée, en faveur de la ſatisfaction ıe vous devez trouver à pouvoir vous dire ec certitude, dans un age ou l'on n'inſpire dinairement que des deſirs violens et des ûts paſſagers, j'ai ſu m'attacher un ami lide, vrai, et tendre, qui pourra dans ſa e avoir plus d'une paſſion, mais dont aucune : reſſemblera à l'impreſſion que je lui ai ite, ni n'en ebranlera les principes dans

r ſecurity againſt a relapſe is the diſtance that ſepaes us. Accept, then, this only teſtimony of an atchment, ſo excluſively adapted to yourſelf, that no ıer will ever vie with it; and forgive the infringeıt of the ſilence you had commanded, in favour of e gratification you will find in the conviction, that an age which uſually inſpires only impetuous paſſion, d tranſitory preference, you have found means to a *friend*, true, ſolid, and affectionate, who may, in e courſe of his life, love again, but never with elings that can injure, or be compared to thoſe you

ſon cœur. Dites vous enſuite, que vous n'aurez point à rougir de cet ami, puiſque ſi jamais action ou même penſée malhonnête ſe préſentoit à lui, il y oppoſeroit l'image de Louiſe, comme un taliſman doué du pouvoir d'anéantir tout ce qui à des propriétés contraires à ſa nature.

" Votre éloignement de Genève, et par conſequent de Monſieur Malcolm, a concouru à m'enhardir à profiter de l'offre de Miladi Grantin, de vous faire parvenir une lettre; puiſſe t'elle m'obtenir la certitude que votre voyage indique la rupture de liens ſi peu faits pour vous.

" Je pars ſous peu de jours pour revoir des

have implanted in his breaſt. Aſſure yourſelf, alſo, that you ſhall never have cauſe to bluſh for this friend, becauſe if ever an unworthy action, or even thought, could occur to him, he would oppoſe to it, the image of Louiſa Riverſdale, as a taliſman endowed with the property of annihilating all that is foreign to its nature.

" Your diſtance from Geneva, and conſequently from Colonel Malcolm, is an additional encouragement to my preſumption, in availing myſelf of Lady Grantin's offered conveyance of my letter; may it obtain, in return, the certainty that you are releaſed from an engagement ſo unworthy your deſerts. I ſhall leave this

lieux qui m'ont interreſsés, avant que de retournir me fixer dans ma patrie; mais j'attendrai le tems néceſſaire pour recevoir votre réponſe, ſi vous daignez m'en accorder une; et ſi j'emporte l'eſpoir que votre étoile a enfin diſſipé les ſombres nuages, dont ce triſte Colonel l'avoit envelopée, tous mes vœux ſeront comblés.

" Adieu, la plus charmante! la plus eſtimable! la plus révérée des amies!—puiſſiez vous être heureuſe, et daigner exercer ſur quelque mortel plus digne de vous

" Ces graces, ces talens, ces appas,
" Cet art de plaire et de n'y penſer pas;"

place ſhortly to return home, taking in my way ſome objects of curioſity that I have before viſited; but I ſhall await the time requiſite to bring an anſwer to this, in caſe you ſhould vouchſafe me one, and deem myſelf happy if I be confirmed in the hope, that your proſpect will emerge from the cloud this gloomy Colonel had diffuſed over it.

"Adieu, moſt charming, moſt worthy, moſt revered of friends! may you be happy, and exert your captivating influence upon ſome object more likely to do juſtice to

" That beauty, thoſe talents, and graces divine,
" Which charm us the more, by not aiming to ſhine;"

qui juſqu'ici n'ont fait que des malheureux, en menacant même d'y comprendre votre propre malheur.

" Quant à moi, dont
" Le maître étoit *l'amour*, j'en vais ſervir un autre,
" Et porter par tout l'univers
" Sa gloire et la votre."

" Voilà bien du la Fontaine! ah croyez cependant que mon cœur n'a beſoin d'emprunter le ſecours de perſonne, pour exprimer des ſentimens qui ne ſont qu'à lui; mais ce n'eſt pas ma plume, c'eſt tout le cours de ma vie qui en fera preuve."

" LE PRINCE POLINSKI,"

This letter gives me great ſatisfaction: it is highly flattering, to improve a lover into a friend. Lady Grantin's requires no

which have hitherto cauſed only unhappineſs to their admirers, and threaten to render you unhappy likewiſe. As for me,

" Love once was my maſter—another bears ſway.
" My allegiance to him I engage,
" And your glory and his with pride I'll convey
" To each diſtant region and age."

" Though I borrow the words of La Fontaine, I beg you to believe, that my heart requires no adventitious aid to expreſs ſentiments which are peculiarly its own; but it is not to my pen, it is to the whole courſe *of my life*, that I refer to do them juſtice."

comment; her deſtiny, I think, beſpeaks itſelf, without calling in the aſſiſtance of the ſtars to foretel it.

A civil inquiry from Mr. Stanville after my health accompanies a large packet from my beloved brother, which I have expected with great anxiety. In ſome reſpects it relieves, in others again awakens, ſympathetic feelings; but I muſt not now enter upon the contents, as Mr. Stanville alſo obligingly informs me, that a courier will be diſpatched to night, by which he can forward any thing I wiſh to ſend to you.

I therefore conclude abruptly, in the hope it may ſtill reach you.

Adieu! a *long* adieu, my deareſt brother!

LOUISA TO SIR HENRY RIVERSDALE.*

February 21.

Where this may reach my beloved brother, my beſt of friends, I cannot conjecture;

* As Louiſa makes no farther mention of the packet alluded to in the concluſion of her laſt, ſhe probably anſwered it in the interval between theſe two letters; but the anſwer is miſſing.

and the doubt is too diſtreſſing to dwell upon. Yet I am not ſure it is well judged, however kindly meant, to concentrate anxiety, by denying it expreſſion. I am convinced, it oppreſſes doubly by rankling in concealment, and that what they call my nervous lowneſs ariſes more from the cares lurking in my heart, than from any remains of diſorder.

However, my mother in every letter repeats the prohibition of diſtreſſing topics; and, I think, I ſhall not readily again follow my own opinion in oppoſition to hers. So I ſubmit to the *régime* of diſſipation preſcribed by my phyſician, who aſſures Madame de Sainval, "*qu'il n'y a que cela, pour remettre une Anglaiſe; elles ſeroient toujours noires, ſi on les laiſſoit faire**." And I really believe, they think the blue devils pervade the whole Engliſh nation.

An invitation to dinner was ſent this morning to Mr. Stanville, accompanied with

* There is no other recipe for an Engliſhwoman; they would always be in the vapours, if they were left to themſelves.

a requeſt, to name any other day that might ſuit him better, if he happened to be engaged.

The anſwer juſt received is, that his daily attendance between Verſailles and Paris muſt preclude him from the honour of accepting Madame de Sainval's invitation, or ſaying, when he may hope to make himſelf amends.

Is there not a deficiency of proper attention to Lady Belfont, and to you, Henry, in his never having called a ſecond time? In my own right, I can certainly form no claim; but ſo affectionately intereſted, as his ſiſter has no doubt expreſſed herſelf to be in my recovery, I think it is not quite conſiſtent with his tenderneſs for her, to keep thus aloof from the means of confirming the accounts of my improving health: for as to the plea of want of time, I have often thought, and always found, that I could *make leiſure* for the things that I was really deſirous to do. Only conſider, how I contrive to cut mine into eighths and ſixteenths, to ſupply the correſpondence I carry on with you—with my mother—and with Lady Belfont; to ſay nothing of occaſional epiſtolary interlopers beſides. I have, however, reſerved

Madame de Sainval and me a comfo
tête à tête; for as the whole faſhi
world invariably attend one or other of
every evening, no viſits are ever made d
that time.

I requeſted her, laſt night, to indul
with the remainder of her ſtory; whi
did with the leſs ſcruple, ſhe ſaid, bec
already knew the worſt; for, as ſhe had
me before, all her remaining trials had t
to the advantage of her mind.

You ſhall have it in her own words.

" Overawed, though not convince
my mother's objections to my return
the convent, and deſpairing of the i
ence of reaſon over Monſieur de Sai

for ſome time to the moſt unqualified miſery. Wholly ſecluded from ſociety, and expecting in vain to hear from Lord Wilton, I at length became ſo *devorée d'ennui**, that, in a fit of deſpair, I betook myſelf to an immenſe library, into which I had never before ſet my foot, having been told it contained no novels. The very firſt book, however, which fell into my hand, was Eloiſe. I was much pleaſed with the diſcovery, having frequently wiſhed to read it, but my mother had objected; and, in Paris, my time had been too much devoted to amuſement, to think of any means of getting it unknown to her. Now that chance threw it in my way, I ſeized upon it with an avidity, heightened by the oppoſition that had been made. The firſt volume entirely anſwered to the idea generally held out of its dangers; in every line of St. Preux's, I traced Lord Wilton's ſentiments—his delicacy—his paſſion: in myſelf, I recogniſed all the tender feelings, that actuated Julie; and ſhall I confeſs to you, at the riſk of ſinking myſelf in your eſteem, that I, for a moment, even regretted Lord

* Worn down with liſtleſs deſpondency.

Wilton's having been more diſintereſted than St. Preux, and that I had not, like Julie, ſacrificed every conſideration to love? As I went on, however, I ſoon found my breaſt glow with nobler ſentiments; I found that the ſtrength and brilliancy of colouring, which Rouſſeau had given to paſſion, faded before the energetic touches that irradiate virtue. Of love I had learnt nothing but what my own heart had frequently before ſuggeſted; but in his maſterly repreſentation of the enjoyments ariſing from the practice of virtue, I found I had indeed new leſſons to learn; and ſo forcibly did his impreſſive ſtyle fix them on my heart, that every hour, as I read, I found myſelf becoming a better creature: the inſtantaneous revulſion produced in the mind of Julie, by the ſanctimonious vows pronounced at the altar, darted a new light into my ſoul; I ſhrunk from my own inconſiderate levity, in having contracted a ſimilar engagement, without ever beſtowing a ſerious thought upon it till that moment; and when with the ſimple eloquence of truth he ſets forth the domeſtic happineſs of Madame de Wolmar, obtained by the ſacrifice of her inclination to her duty—the ſcenes of tranquil

felicity, that innocence can ſecure—then did I firſt experience a ſenſation of regret, at the total abſence of ſuch a proſpect from my hopes; and then it was that I firſt felt the total alienation of my huſband's heart to be a misfortune."

"My deareſt friend," I exclaimed, "you do not hate your huſband, ſince you feel a regret at his alienation?"

"But he hates me," interrupted ſhe, "and that comes to the ſame thing, in regard to my future proſpect——"

I feared ſhe ſaid too true, and repreſſed the expreſſion of the eager hope, to which her acknowledgement had given riſe, that there might exiſt a poſſibility of reconciliation between them. She continued——

"I was alſo led to caſt my eyes upon the beauties, which Nature had poured in profuſion around me, and of which I had occaſionally ſpoken with admiration, in compliance with Lord Wilton's taſte but, in fact, I had only conſidered them as connected with his idea. I had now acquired a new perception of their charms, which raiſed my thoughts to a higher and a purer ſource of happineſs; my mind expanded to nobler

aims, and I became ambitious of emulating the virtue, which communicated its enthuſiaſm to my ſoul: I felt my advantage, in one reſpect, over Julie; which, however I might in the firſt inſtance owe to Lord Wilton's generoſity, I now determined to take to myſelf the merit of improving upon it, by liberating my mind from the guilt of harbouring a thought contrary to the duty of a married woman. I perceived, that, whether at the time Julie gave way to her paſſion, or when ſhe afterward triumphed over it, ſhe is never wholly free from the ſtings of remorſe; and from theſe, I thanked Heaven, I was exempt: this conſciouſneſs gave me energy, to accompliſh the difficult taſk, and ſecure to myſelf the dignified feelings, that ariſe from the ſenſe of deſerving a better fate, than it had pleaſed Providence to allot me. In the fulneſs of theſe ſentiments, I revolved the moſt efficacious mode of giving them permanence, and found it in the purſuit of uſeful employment. I ſolicited my mother, to direct our walks to the habitations of our peaſants, and ſought for objects to relieve; took their moſt promiſing children into the family, to train up as ſer-

vants, and devoted ſome part of each day to their education. I engaged in the ſtudy of botany, which Rouſſeau alſo facilitated to me; and the hours I ſpent within doors were divided between uſeful reading, drawing, and muſic. The library afforded ample food to my newly awakened wiſh for inſtruction, to the delights of which I had only been inſenſible, for never before having had them thrown in my way. I can ſcarcely give you an adequate idea of the change that took place in me; I became ſerene, reſigned to my fate, and can with truth declare, that I paſſed many really happy hours."

I could not help expreſſing my ſurpriſe at an effect ſo extraordinary, from a work I have ever heard ſo ſeverely reprobated.

Madame de Sainval anſwered, that ſhe did not pretend to determine what its general uſe or miſchief might be; ſhe only ſpoke from her own experience *. "My mother," ſhe continued, "was aſtoniſhed at a change to which ſhe could find no clew. Averſe to books in general, ſhe had confined her own

* See this diſcuſſion reſumed in the laſt volume, by Lady Belfont and Louiſa.

reading entirely to ſuch memoirs of the two laſt reigns, as made her acquainted with the various connexions and intrigues of thoſe families about the court, whom ſhe might occaſionally have to ſolicit in favour of friends or relations. Theſe, her *heures**, and two or three other books of piety, made up her library. I do not mention this to depreciate her underſtanding, which is indeed admirably good upon all points to which ſhe has ever turned it; but early prejudices can only be counteracted by ſtrong efforts of the mind, and the education of the laſt generation, in France, left *mind* very much out of the queſtion. My mother had forbidden me Eloiſe, becauſe ſhe had heard it reckoned a dangerous book; and as to any others, ſhe conſidered it as matter of perfect indifference, whether I looked into them or no; if they ſerved to kill an hour, it was very well, but any farther advantage, that might accrue from reading, had never occurred to her at all. Satisfied however now, from my reſtored cheerfulneſs, that all recollection of Lord Wilton was obliterated from my thoughts,

* Prayer book.

nd extremely tired of our ſolitude, ſhe wrote ſtrongly to the Marquis upon the ſubject; but he was inexorable, and ſhe at length ell into a *maladie de langueur**, which gave ne very ſerious alarms. Our prolonged abence, however, became finally a ſubject of liſcuſſion at Verſailles, and at Paris; and the Queen, who had always treated me with very marked diſtinction, and of whom Monſieur de Sainval was ſoliciting a government, ſpoke to him upon the ſubject; and hinted, that ſhe did not underſtand how Madame de Valence, who had always appeared ſo averſe to retirement, ſhould on a ſudden take a fancy to *claquemurer*† herſelf and her daughter in that *triſte château*‡! Were ſhe even turned *dévote*§, which ſeemed the only way of accounting for it, how came he to ſuffer his wife to be the victim of it? This, ſaid in a way that imported more than it expreſſed, induced him to reflect upon the conſequences

* A fever upon the ſpirits.

† The literal ſenſe of the expreſſion is, to be ſhut up between walls.

‡ Melancholy caſtle.

§ A methodiſt.

of perſiſting in what might at length expoſe him to ridicule, as well as diſpleaſure; for of all the *travers* a man can run into, that of jealouſy meets with the leaſt indulgence in this country. Changing, therefore, the ſtyle of his letters to my mother, they became full of anxiety for her health: he requeſted ſhe would make an excurſion into Switzerland, to conſult the mountain doctor*; whence ſhe might take me to Boiſroſe, where he might poſſibly join us, and be enabled to form a judgment, whether the time given me for reflection had ſubdued my intolerable ſpirit of coquetry, ſo far as to afford a chance of my appearing in the world with more credit to him and myſelf; in which caſe, he ſhould not object to my return to Paris before winter. My mother was infinitely more elated than I was with this letter. The habits I had now contracted ſet my former amuſements in a very different light. I muſt ſeparate myſelf from the books, in which I had taken ſo much pleaſure, and from which I was conſtantly reaping new benefit; and, above all, I dreaded the firſt meeting with

* Michel Shouppach.

Monſieur de Sainval, from whom I had every mortification, and no one ſatisfaction, to expect. Of courſe we went...."

"O, my deareſt Adine!" I interrupted, "you were in *this* ſituation, when we firſt became acquainted."

"I was indeed; which naturally accounts to you for my being ſo much upon my guard, and ſo very quick-ſighted to the impreſſion I made upon your brother. I trembled at the bare idea of freſh food being adminiſtered to Monſieur de Sainval's jealouſy. Previous to our departure from Montemar, my mother, in rummaging out the contents of a *ſecrétaire**, of which the Marquis had given her the uſe, had diſcovered a private drawer, which had before eſcaped her notice: it contained a letter directed to me, with the ſeal broken—it was from Lord Wilton, and written in the interval between Monſieur de Sainval's diſcovery of our attachment, and the viſit I had been compelled to receive from him—was, of courſe, intercepted by the Marquis, and probably forgotten in the hurry of putting up his papers upon leaving the

* A writing deſk.

caſtle. This letter contained paſſionate lamentations at having been the cauſe of my unhappineſs, expreſſed in terms which clearly evinced the abſence of all criminal intentions between us. Lord Wilton informed me, that a moment's reflection had been ſufficient to convince him of the injury my reputation muſt ſuffer, from a duel between him and the Marquis; conſcious, beſides, that appearances juſtified Monſieur de Sainval's reſentment, he had, without heſitation, determined upon ſuch a conceſſion as might, at leaſt for the preſent, avert it. He had therefore written, he told me, to offer Monſieur de Sainval an explanation, which he truſted would entirely vindicate me; and had added, that if it proved ſatisfactory, he ſhould hope, from the Marquis's candour, that he would ſay ſomething to that effect in the preſence of thoſe gentlemen, who had been witneſs to the quarrel. Should any doubt, however, or wiſh for farther ſatisfaction, remain afterward in Monſieur de Sainval's breaſt, Lord Wilton would hold himſelf in readineſs to meet him at Paris, at a remoter period, when ſome other cauſe might be ſuppoſed to have ariſen for it. The an-

ſwer given to this had been characteriſtic of a gentleman, and a man of honour. The Marquis had anſwered, that the ſtep taken by Lord Wilton gave ſtrong preſumption of a noble mind, and a clear conſcience; nothing ſhort of theſe could inſpire the courage, to act contrary to received opinions. He declared himſelf willing to hear the explanation, and conform to the method propoſed of quieting the reports, that might have gone abroad. He did not wiſh to ſtigmatiſe himſelf by expoſing his wife, and no perſonal affront had paſt, which required to be waſhed off by blood; at the ſame time, he reſerved to himſelf the liberty of reverting to the concluding part of Lord Wilton's letter, after the explanation had taken place, which could alone determine the anſwer it called for. The explanation had, however, proved ſo ſatisfactory, that Monſieur de Sainval had been induced to go a ſtep farther than Lord Wilton had even thought of, and offered to bring him back himſelf to the caſtle, and cauſe him to be received as uſual by Madame de Sainval, in the preſence of ſeveral unintereſted ſpectators, who would naturally, by reporting what they had ſeen, put an end to

the ſtory. To this, however, Lord Wilton informed me, he had only agreed, in caſe it met my approbation; as he could neither bear the thought of increaſing my diſtreſs, nor yet of putting my firmneſs to a teſt, that might fall ſhort of the proof meant to reſt upon it. He added, that he had, in the courſe of the explanation, candidly acknowledged, that the miſchief he had drawn upon me had opened his eyes to the culpability of indulging an affection, improperly placed at any rate, let the purity of intention be what it might; and that he had inflicted upon himſelf, in atonement, the penalty of never ſeeing me more, happy if ſuch a ſacrifice could reſtore me to peace, and my huſband to the confidence I merited. The remainder of his letter was filled with the wretchedneſs, to which he had thus condemned himſelf; but he felt it was due to me, and ſhould religiouſly abide by the determination, though his life ſhould pay the price."

Madame de Sainval appeared conſiderably agitated by the repetition of the contents of Lord Wilton's letter, and pauſed a moment to recover herſelf.

"You have cleared the Marquis," I ſaid, "*from* the imputation that, in my mind

lay heavieſt againſt him, by this account of his motive for bringing Lord Wilton again into your preſence; the wanton cruelty of which had before appeared to me the moſt inexcuſable part of his conduct."

"I ſhould rather have expected an encomium upon Lord Wilton's diſintereſtedneſs, than a palliation of Monſieur de Sainval's cruelty, to have ariſen from the communication of this letter," Madame de Sainval replied.

"I am willing to do juſtice to Lord Wilton," I anſwered; "but I acknowledge myſelf more intereſted, in diſcovering a poſſibility of reconciling the Marquis's conduct to motives, that may not preclude all chance of a reconciliation between you."

She ſhook her head.

"Deareſt Adine, forgive what I am going to ſay; but does not ſome remaining predilection for Lord Wilton place Monſieur de Sainval in a more unfavourable light, than he perhaps quite deſerves?"

"I do not believe, Louiſa, that one ever becomes wholly inſenſible to a firſt and only love; the painful ſenſations recalled to my breaſt, by the retracing what raiſed him ſo

high in my eſteem, prove the truth of the obſervation. I do aſſure you, however, that he has long ceaſed to inſpire me with any feelings, but what the moſt rigid virtue may avow. I ſhall, during my exiſtence, retain a moſt grateful eſteem and friendſhip for him; but his own ſituation is now become as effectual a bar as mine to any apprehenſion of my peace being again endangered by him: he is married."

"That," I exclaimed, "is a very fortunate circumſtance!—and if the ſtep were prompted by a generous concern for your peace, which I think highly probable, it would indeed raiſe my opinion of him very much."

"I am afraid you give him more credit there, than he is quite entitled to; for had concern for my peace prompted the ſtep, I think he would have fallen upon ſome method of ſaving me from the danger of betraying emotion at the abrupt intelligence. But I believe it is not in man, to retain any delicate conſiderations of the uneaſineſs, that may ſtill linger about a woman's heart, after he has conquered his own love for her."

"I am perhaps a little romantic in my expectations; and I could have wiſhed to place Lord Wilton above the common level, as a better excuſe for my friend's partiality."

"You think, then, it requires an excuſe beyond a huſband's ill treatment?"

"I imagine you are of the ſame opinion, by the ſtreſs you have laid upon the change operated in your mind."

"I am of opinion, that the dignity of my own virtue called for the ſacrifice; but not that I owed it to a huſband, who ſhows ſuch perfect inſenſibility to me."

"But does not his treatment of Lord Wilton beſpeak a nobleneſs of mind, that entitles him to be more highly thought of than——"

"I really," interrupting me with quickneſs, "did for a moment do him the juſtice in my own mind, to admire the manner in which he had taken Lord Wilton's conceſſion. I am aware, that it requires a mind to underſtand the working of a mind, and I had never before ſuſpected Monſieur de Sainval to be poſſeſſed of one."

"And did he remain wholly inſenſible

to the greater degree of kindneſs this change, in your way of thinking, muſt naturally have occaſioned in your reception of him?"

"He never put it into my power, for a moment, to behave to him with any thing like kindneſs: meeting me with the feelings a man ever muſt have towards a perſon he had uſed ill, and convinced of the impoſſibility that I ſhould forgive him, he fancied an implied reproach in every word I uttered; and I, who, as the aggrieved perſon, looked for ſome conceſſion at leaſt on his part, could not degrade myſelf by coming forward, whilſt he coldly and haughtily kept back."

"So that your meeting at Boiſroſe produced nothing like a reconciliation?"

"It produced nothing in the world but daily altercations."

"And ended in your being left there?"

"No, the intereſted motives I before mentioned deterred him from that; I have paſſed theſe laſt two winters in Paris. But a country life is ſo much more conſonant to my taſte, that I follow your Engliſh faſhion of dividing my time between Paris and Boiſroſe; and, by this means, I am alſo ſure of being ſix months out of Monſieur de

ainval's reach, whoſe military concerns, and ttendance at Verſailles, divide his ſummer etween Paris and ſome part of the kingdom iſtant from that which I inhabit. In his bſence, I can ſometimes forget I have a uſband, and that is my only chance for eace."

"But huſbands and wives ſee ſo very little f each other in this country—for I have eard you ſay, that dinner is almoſt the only our of the twenty-four in which they ſually meet—and ſurely, during that ſhort eriod, which is ſcarcely ever *tête à tête* ither, they need not make themſelves very iſagreeable to each other."

"The generality need not, I grant you, becauſe they are wholly indifferent; but where poſitive ill uſage has taken place, and hatred ariſen out of it, there is no carrying it off ſo: beſides, as I was unfortunately born with a diſpoſition for domeſtic enjoyment, and deprived of it, I know not where to ſeek for happineſs!" And her eyes ran over——

The entrance of viſitors put an end to our converſation; but I cannot think it is

hatred, that Adine feels for her huſband. Of him I can yet judge but little: the extreme diſlike I had conceived to him, from the firſt part of her ſtory, had induced me to continue to dine in my own room longer than was abſolutely neceſſary, purpoſely to avoid him. But I went down to dinner this day, with a wiſh to become better acquainted.

Upon my appearance in the *ſallon*, he immediately came towards me with a polite inquiry after my health, and congratulation on the improvement in my looks, ſince he had ſeen me.

He had only ſent his daily inquiries by his valet de chambre, he ſaid, whilſt I kept my room; becauſe he knew that Engliſh ladies were ſcrupulous about receiving men in their bedchambers—nothing elſe would have prevented him from making them in perſon.

Suppoſing this to be only a civil excuſe, does it not ſtrike you to be beyond the common forms of politeneſs? The attention of not offending againſt cuſtoms different from their own, muſt ariſe from a conſiderate re-

fined civility of mind, which I have not before met with here; and which differs widely from the rough impreſſion I had received of the Marquis.

I aſſured him, that my Engliſh ſcruples had been very much worn down in this long fit of illneſs; and the huſband of my friend was entitled to be an exception, even if I had adhered more rigorouſly to the rules of my country.

I ſaid this with a view to remove the idea he had, in our very firſt meeting, thrown out of Madame de Sainval's making him her theme of complaint; for I cannot help thinking, there is more of miſunderſtanding than of poſitive diſlike between them.

His look teſtified ſurpriſe, but he only bowed, and there it reſted.

23*d*.—No Mr. Stanville yet! Is it not a little odd? ſo very civil and obliging as his firſt viſit was. He muſt have conceived ſome ſudden diſlike to me; miſconſtrued, perhaps, the warmth with which I received him, in conſequence of his attachment to you and his ſiſter, into a natural forwardneſs in me. I could wiſh him to call again, were it only

to retrieve my credit with him. I feel very uneaſy, to be low in the eſtimation of a friend of my brother's, and a brother of Lady Belfont's.

I am expoſed to a perſecution, which is extremely irkſome. The Chevalier d'Urſain, of whom I was going to give you ſome account in my laſt, but ſomething more intereſting intervened, has taken it into his head to be very troubleſomely aſſiduous in his attentions.

His being nephew to the *Commandeur*, gives him *les entrees libres** at all times; he is rather a ſenſible, elegant man, but extremely talkative and forward. He wears *la petite croix de Malthe*†, but would very readily relinquiſh all proſpect of *commanderies*‡, for the happineſs of obtaining my hand, as he has repeatedly and delicately aſſured me, in preſence of half a dozen witneſſes.

I did not at firſt trouble myſelf much

* Liberty of admiſſion.

† Worn before they actually take their vows of celibacy.

‡ Commanderies are only obtained after the vow.

about him, aſcribing it wholly to the habit *de conter fleurettes* *, which every man here, old and young, (ſome of the very reſpectable clergy only excepted,) thinks it neceſſary to do, without the ſmalleſt idea of its being conſtrued into any meaning at all; but ſince his language and his attentions have become more pointed, I have endeavoured in vain to repreſs them.

I have hitherto always believed, it was in a woman's own power to check addreſſes that were diſagreeable to her, by her ſteadineſs and conſiſtency in ſhowing them to be ſo; but with a Frenchman this is of no avail. When I have expreſſed myſelf in the moſt explicit terms, he concludes with the aſſurance, *qu'il ne ſe laiſſera pas rebuter* †, being perfectly aware, that young Engliſh women avail themſelves of the privilege of chooſing for themſelves, to take a great deal of courting.

I ſhall be obliged to have recourſe to Madame de Sainval, to deliver me from this torment.

* What is generally underſtood by the word *flirting*.

† That he ſhould not deſpair of ſucceſs.

24*th.*—Monſieur de Sainval and I are becoming quite ſociable, and he really is a very different man from what I had expected. He poſſeſſes much ſolid ſenſe, and a feeling heart; but, certainly, very little of the *tournure Francaiſe; il ſe préſente mal; il manque de prévenance**—a woman may let her fan or pocket handkerchief fall, *et il ne ſe précipite pas*† from the other end of the room, to pick it up; and theſe, I am aſſured, are *grands torts*‡; neither does he trouble himſelf, to *faire de l'eſprit*§, which ſtamps him irretrievably ſtupid. As the three great hinges of French converſation are *ſaillie*, *repartie*, and *perſiflage*||, he makes a very *unbrilliant* appearance with his plain good ſenſe; which, however, upon the long run, ſuits my taſte a good deal better, and, perhaps, may not lower him as much in your

* French turn; he preſents himſelf ungracefully; is deficient in courteouſneſs.

† Does not precipitate himſelf headlong.

‡ Serious errours.

§ Turn every thing into wit.

|| Sally, repartee, and irony.

eſtimation, as it does in that of the Marchioneſs.

He is paſſionately fond of muſic, and has improved his taſte in it by a year's reſidence in Italy. I yeſterday, at his deſire, attempted a canzonet; and was greatly ſurpriſed, when I had done, to ſee the tears in his eyes: ſurely, this beſpeaks feeling!

Madame de Valence hoped, that, when my voice was quite reſtored to its ſtrength, I would take a few leſſons from Grandval, who would give it a little French brilliancy; which was all, ſhe thought, that my ſinging wanted.

Monſieur de Sainval, ſmiling, aſked whether ſhe did not think Sacchini might do as well?

"By no means; he is quite ſpoiling Mademoiſelle Renaud, who had *le plus joli goſier** imaginable, before he undertook to teach her; but the *chant Italien, (J'en demande pardon à Miiſs) me paroit inſipide à mourir*†. A few nights of the *Grand Opera*,

* The prettieſt warble.

† The Italian mode of ſinging (I beg Miſs's pardon) is inſipid beyond endurance.

when you are well enough to attend it, will bring you over to my opinion, my dear," ſhe added.

I was diverted with the recollection of what you had ſaid upon that ſubject; but not yet having heard any real French muſic myſelf, I did not attempt to ſpeak upon it, and the ſubject dropped.

25th.—I have this morning ventured out on foot, beyond the garden, for the firſt time; it opens, as I told you, into the *Champs Eliſées*, which is very convenient as well as pretty.

I am a little fatigued; but ſo delighted to find myſelf recovering the uſe of my bodily faculties!—there is no ſaying how beneficial a fit of ſickneſs is, in opening the mind to a ſenſe of bleſſings, which it had never before dwelt upon.

As we reached the garden gate, Monſieur de Sainval overtook us, and inſiſted upon my taking his arm.

Madame de Sainval amuſes herſelf, whenever we are alone, with obſerving upon the metamorphoſis he has undergone; which ſhe chooſes to attribute to my influence. I be-

lieve the real fact is, that her eyes are opening to his merit, though ſhe will not allow it.

"You really have transformed him from a ſavage into a civilized member of ſociety," ſaid ſhe, as we returned into my room. "I wiſh you would ſend to Otaheite for a ſubject to try your power upon, and ſee whether in him you could *create* ideas, which would be going one ſtep farther than with Monſieur de Sainval, in whom you only *bring them to light;* you ſee my readineſs to do him all poſſible juſtice, in the preference I give him, to an Otaheitan."

When ſhe confines her raillery to our *tête à têtes*, I have not a wiſh to curb her agreeable vein; but I have once or twice ventured to remonſtrate with her, upon turning the Marquis into ridicule to the company, which, wanting wit to retort, he repels with ill temper, and this gives riſe to very unpleaſant ſcenes.

"It is very hard," ſhe ſays, "now your preſence fixes him in my drawing room every evening, if I may not, at leaſt, try to derive *ſome* amuſement from it."

"I own myſelf at a loſs to underſtand the amuſement that ariſes from provoking anger."

"Why, even that is better than indifference, you know; it is a ſentiment at leaſt, and there cannot be a more cruel humiliation to a woman, than not to inſpire a ſentiment of ſome ſort."

"But are you not frequently hurt with the bad humour you call up?"

"To be ſure; that's amiable again on my part, becauſe then I ſhow him that he can inſpire *me* with a ſentiment."

"My deareſt Adine, you affect a levity upon this ſubject, that is not in your heart; and I every day ſee freſh cauſe to think, that your mutual alienation reſts upon much ſlighter grounds, than I had at firſt ſuppoſed. I am perfectly ſure, that were you to allow Monſieur de Sainval to become ſenſible of your real merits——"

"Well, I conſider my wit as one of my firſt perfections; and, I'm ſure, I give him every opportunity of admiring it."

"But people ſeldom admire what they ſo ſeverely ſmart under."

"Let him pay me in kind then, and I would ſhow him my good temper in taking a joke; that's another great perfection, you know."

"But wit is not his talent; and you are ſurely aware, that to expoſe a perſon's inferiority, is putting their diſpoſition to a teſt ſo ſevere, that nothing but an exceſs of affection, or of humility, can brook it."

"And as he is equally remote from either of theſe, you would have me appear as ſilent and ſtupid as himſelf, leſt I might gain credit for being poſſeſſed of more wit than he can boaſt? This is the Engliſh matrimonial creed, I preſume?"

"Indeed, I hope it is; but I ſhould not think of recommending it to you, were I not convinced, that you might be made happy by the love of the man you pretend to hold ſo cheap; and I really believe that it would turn, upon very ſlight conceſſions on your part——"

"Conceſſions!" interrupting me; "I think, indeed, that knowing what you know, it is ſingular you ſhould call upon me for conceſſions! Recollect, that independantly of my private grievances, my birth and fortune entitled me to marry into any family in France; though I do not mean to diſparage his deſcent, which is certainly ancient, ſtill I feel conſcious of a claim to

*égards** on that account, which I have never met with. And you would have me let myſelf down by conceſſion!—I ſhould never have expected that, Louiſa"—with warmth.

"Neither ſhould I urge it, did I perceive you to be perfectly careleſs of his ſentiments; but where much may be obtained, ſome ſacrifice muſt be made. And if you, who ſo ſtrongly feel the want of domeſtic happineſs, could purchaſe it, by merely refraining from diſplaying your wit at your huſband's expenſe, ſhould you think the price very high?"

"If you call that a conceſſion," recovering to a ſmile, from the ſlight glow of diſpleaſure that had begun to take poſſeſſion of her features, "I have done much more than that already, and in your preſence too, if you will do me the juſtice to recollect it, but all in vain."

"It does not at this moment occur to me, I confeſs, that any great tendency to conciliation has appeared on your part; and I think it would have given me too much ſatisfaction, to have eſcaped unnoticed."

"Ay, there's the conſequence of his ad-

* Reſpectful attentions.

miration of you; it already makes you a partaker of his injuſtice, and blinds you to his faults, and to my merits."

"You are very ready with your accuſation; but I call upon you to convict me, before I ſhall plead guilty."

"Only recollect then what paſſed at dinner, no longer ago than yeſterday, when, in the preſence of Madame de Fronſac, who is a very leading woman at court, I purpoſely turned the converſation upon muſic, although it is a ſubject of which I know nothing myſelf, merely to give him an opportunity of holding forth to advantage, that her report of his judgment and taſte might gain favour at Verſailles, and obtain admittance for him to the private concerts, which might ultimately, you know, produce ſucceſs in his ſolicitation."

"Yes; that was a very amiable attention on your part, I allow; but——"

"But what? You ſmile, as if you were not inclined to give me any more credit than he did, who——"

"I beg your pardon, I give you all due credit; for conſidering how far his ſkill in muſic might be conducive to obtaining the

*intendance** of Dauphiné; *that* was an exceſs of kindneſs, that might not have occurred even to a more affectionate wife."

She ſhook her head at me. "You are ſarcaſtic, Louiſa."

"But my ſmile reverted to what followed upon your intended kindneſs, which might, perhaps, a little invalidate the merit of it with Monſieur de Sainval."

"I do not recollect what that was."

"Madame de Fronſac, in admiration of the knowledge he had diſplayed, obſerved, as you intended ſhe ſhould, that he had given her new ideas upon the ſubject, with which ſhe ſhould not fail to make her court; and added, when Monſieur de Sainval takes the trouble to impart his thoughts, one is always ſurpriſed to find how much he knows. Upon which the Chevalier d'Urſain, who thinks himſelf at liberty to ſay any thing, exclaimed, '*Oui, diable m'importe, c'eſt juſte: il ſemble Marquis que tu gardes ton eſprit en bouteille, pour n'en donner qu' à propos*†;'

* The governors of provinces are called *intendants*.

† Devil take me, but that's true enough, Marquis; you ſeem to bottle up your underſtanding in reſerve for particular occaſions.

to which you anſwered, ‘ *s'il garde ſon eſprit en bouteille, à coup ſûr il ne fera pas ſauter le bouchon* *.”

“ Ha! ha! ha! ſo I did indeed, and they all laughed very heartily, you know.”

“ All, but Monſieur de Sainval, who looked grave and hurt.”

“ How ſilly that was in him! for I meant nothing by it but to ſhow my own quickneſs; it was a good repartee, you'll allow, and I did not reflect a moment for it.”

“ No, for if you had, you would perhaps have ſuppreſſed it.”

“ For what? It is not my fault, that he can neither take, nor retort, a witticiſm. He has not even the ſenſe to underſtand his own intereſt, you ſee; if he would bear with my wit, I might occaſionally be tempted to lend him the advantage of it; for one may often carry a point by a happy ſtroke of pleaſantry, when all the pleas of merit and ſervices have failed.”

“ I am very glad to hear that wit can repay, in any ſhape, the miſchief it occaſions in ſo many to its poſſeſſor.”

* What he may bottle up, will certainly never make the cork fly.

"I proteſt, Monſieur de Sainval has infected you, Louiſa. You are the firſt perſon, with real pretenſions to wit, that ever I knew hold it cheap; for of that, and of birth, it is ſaid with great truth, that it is only by thoſe who are deficient in them, they are ever diſparaged."

"You give me credit for pretenſions to which I certainly have very little claim, and if I had, I ſhould ſtudiouſly repreſs them; for I believe, Adine, it is ſaid with at leaſt equal truth, that wit has loſt many a friend, but never yet made one."

"It creates admiration."

"And enemies."

"The one counterbalances the other."

"Though the enemy ſhould be a huſband?"

"Ah! would to Heaven, *ma petite*, that my happineſs had no other impediment!"

"That your wit might have the full credit of the ſacrifice you chooſe to make to it?"

"No, indeed—that I might ſhow you how much I would ſacrifice for domeſtic peace."

"And are you equally capable of making *a ſacrifice* to friendſhip?"

" Try me."

" Why then, my deareſt Adine, ſacrifice to me, for one month only, the amuſement of expoſing the Marquis; merely to ſatisfy me, whether as much turns upon that ſingle circumſtance as I believe."

" There's my hand upon it. I will make the trial, though I know it will be in vain; but I would do much more to recover your opinion, which I ſee is ſhaken, my Louiſa; I never knew you ſevere before." Her eyes filled.

" I beg your pardon, if I have appeared ſo; but, indeed, the difficulty of bringing you to be a moment ſerious, upon a ſubject ſo very important to you, betrayed me into it. So far from thinking leſs well of you, I believe there are very few women in the world, who could have the candour and generoſity you evince, in having brought yourſelf even to wiſh for a reconciliation, after the treatment you have experienced."

" My dear! my only friend!" throwing her arms about my neck, the tears now trickling faſt, " to you do I owe all that I have ever experienced of real happineſs; and

could I paſs my life with you, it would make me amends for every other privation."

Equally affected with herſelf, I preſſed her to my heart; and, juſt at this moment, Monſieur de Sainval entered the apartment.

With much appearance of ſurpriſe, he ſaid, "What may this mean, Miſs Riverſdale? I do not believe Madame de Sainval was ever ſoftened to tears before; but you are formed to ſubdue every one."

She left the room without making an anſwer. I accept this firſt inſtance of forbearance as a favourable omen, and cannot but flatter myſelf that good will ariſe out of it.

The opinion he ſeems to have conceived of me may perhaps put it into my power, at a future opportunity, to remove ſome of the prejudices, that warp his judgment in regard to her.

27th.—Madame de Sainval is gone to pay her court at Verſailles, which is generally the buſineſs of a couple of days; with her it will be longer, becauſe a ball is intended for Thurſday.

I was much entertained with Mademoiſelle

Bertin, who honours Madame de Sainval with her protection, and calls upon her regularly, as ſhe returns from her Sunday *travail* at Verſailles, for approbation, or, peradventure, criticiſm of the newly invented *chiffons**; "*car elle a le goût parfait comme la figure, cette charmante Marquiſe!*†" ſhe ſays.

She was very condeſcending in her approbation of me likewiſe, and aſſured me ſhe would work for me with pleaſure; which was more than ſhe could ſay for the generality of my countrywomen, who certainly did not ſet off her work to the beſt advantage, though they all came flocking to her upon their arrival; "*comme s'il dépendoit de moi,*" ſhe ſaid, "*de leur donner l'aiſance de taille, et la grace qui diſtinguent nos dames; tout ce que je puis moi, c'eſt de les faire valoir quand je les trouve*‡."

* Millinery goes by the general name of *chiffons*.

† For this charming Marchioneſs's taſte is as perfect as her perſon.

‡ As if it reſted with me to impart the eaſy ſhape and grace that diſtinguiſh our French ladies; all I can do, is to ſet them off to advantage, where nature has given them.

"*Vous êtes auſſi par trop modeſte**;" ſaid the Marchioneſs, ironically.

"*Ma foi non; tenez, ce n'eſt pas mon défaut,*" ſaid ſhe, taking her chocolate; "*Mais voyons qu'eſt ce qu'il lui faut à cette belle enfant†?*"

"I ſhould be glad to ſee ſome caps," I replied, "that I might chooſe a very quiet one, ſuitable to an invalide, who is to dine out for the firſt time."

She did not keep caps to ſend about; but if I would tell her where I was to dine, ſhe would take care and ſuit me.

"At the Engliſh ambaſſador's; but a very ſmall party, and I would rather be under than over dreſſed."

"*Ah, mon Dieu! laiſſez moi faire‡!*' Don't I know better what will do than you, who are in Paris for the firſt time? Aſk Madame de Sainval how I ſucceed, when I take an intereſt in my cuſtomers."

* You are too modeſt.

† Faith, no! that's not my failing; but what does this pretty child want?

‡ Oh, my God! let me alone for that.

"*Oh, pour cela oui,*" replied the Marchioneſs, ſmiling, "*ſi Mademoiſelle Bertin vous prend en amitié mon cœur, votre fortune eſt faite* *."

"*Cette jolie Marquiſe eſt en poſſeſſion de perſiffler ſon monde,*" ſhe ſaid, "*et tout lui va au reſte* †;" but I ſhould ſee how ſhe would adapt her taſte to my convaleſcent ſtate.

I could not reſiſt giving you this little ſpecimen of a French milliner. They are not, however, all ſo deſpotic: my friend aſſures me, ſhe preſumes upon her favour at court, where ſhe is actually nearly upon the ſame footing with the Queen, that ſhe puts herſelf upon, with her Paris cuſtomers. She attends regularly at Verſailles on a Sunday, not only to dreſs her Majeſty, but to invent new faſhions, in the Queen's private apartment, which receive the royal aſſent before they are given to the public; and this ſhe calls

* Certainly, if Mademoiſelle Bertin favour you, your fortune is made.

† This pretty Marchioneſs has the privilege of turning people into ridicule; but whatever ſhe does becomes her.

*faire un travail avec la Reine**. She would not work for a bourgeoiſe on any account; ſcarcely, indeed, for a *femme de robe*†, and as to the *finance*‡!—*fi donc! cela n'a ni ton ni grace*§! ſhe ſays.

28*th*.—The Chevalier d'Urſain takes the advantage of Madame de Sainval's abſence, to be very troubleſome indeed in his aſſiduities; and I have been obliged to have recourſe to Madame de Valence.

She cannot underſtand my objections to him. His views are certainly matrimonial, ſhe obſerved, or ſhe ſhould have interfered, on the ſcore of relationſhip, when ſhe ſaw his paſſion becoming ſo ſerious.

I ſhould not have been under the neceſſity of applying to her, I replied, if I had thought them otherwiſe. I hoped I ſhould always

* Make a millinery ſtudy with the Queen.

† A lawyer's wife. *La robe*, includes all the law dignities; and is reckoned *ſeconde nobleſſe*, i. e. ſecondary nobility.

‡ *Finance* is what they call *roture*, anſwering to Engliſh gentry.

§ Fy! they have neither manner nor grace.

know how to aſſert the dignity of virtue, without troubling my friends.

Ah! that was not always ſo eaſy, ſhe ſaid, when a woman had neither huſband nor brother to appeal to: but what could induce me to refuſe the Chevalier, who is *de tres bonne maiſon*, though *ſans illuſtration* *; not rich at preſent, indeed, but heir to a good eſtate, and the title of Duke, at the death of an old uncle; beſide the ſurvivorſhip of a conſiderable place at court, of which the actual poſſeſſor is *moribond* †. And by ſetting out in a quiet way, under the auſpices of his mother, who has no will but his, and would certainly be very ready *de faire ménage enſemble* ‡, until we were a little more at eaſe, ſhe thought every thing might be arranged without difficulty, and could not imagine where the objection lay.

I aſſured her, all theſe conſiderations had never occurred to me; that I had an objec-

* Of a very good family, though not *illuſtrated*.—N. B. *Illuſtration* means ſuch dignities in a family, as entitle them to enter the King or Queen's coach, ſuch as *Duc et Pair*, *Maréchal de France*, &c.

† Dying by inches.

‡ To join in houſekeeping.

tion more valid than want of fortune could ever appear to me, which was to his perſon and manners, and the total want of coincidence in our diſpoſitions and way of thinking.

"*Mais mon enfant,*" ſhe exclaimed, "*ſi on s'arrête à des niaiſeries pareilles**, one may never marry at all. There is nothing forbidding in his perſon, and his manners are *comme ceux de tout le monde*†."

I did not by any means think matrimony eſſential to happineſs, unleſs it reſulted from mutual affection, I told her.

"*Ah, bon Dieu! comme toutes ces têtes Anglaiſes ſont exaltées*‡!" cried ſhe, ſhrugging her ſhoulders.

However, though I have not been able to convince her I am right, ſhe has promiſed to make a point with the Chevalier to deſiſt from his pretenſions.

Of Mr. Stanville you muſt not expect to

* But, my child, if a woman be deterred by ſuch nonſenſical conſiderations as theſe.

† Are like every body's.

‡ Ah, good God! how romantic all your Engliſh heads are!

hear any more: I am tired of forming conjectures, and am determined to leave it to the explanation he will probably give you himſelf, or to Lady Belfont:—ſurely ſome little excuſe will be neceſſary to you both, for a neglect ſo marked of a girl ſo highly honoured in her partiality, and your affection. He is her favourite brother, you know; and, on that account, I cannot mention to her a ſubject, that muſt wear the form of a complaint.

March 1ſt.—Madame de Sainval returns from Verſailles to morrow, and on Saturday we dine at our Ambaſſador's; a very ſmall party—no women but ourſelves—ſtill it is my firſt emerging into the world, and I feel agitated with the very expectation of it.

Mr. Stanville will probably be there——

Monſieur de Sainval interrupted what I was going to ſay, and I have had a converſation with him, which has given me an opening, that I hope to improve at ſome future opportunity.

He knocked at the door of my writing cloſet, but ſeeing the pen in my hand would

have withdrawn. I requeſted him to come in, ſaying, that I uſually employed my ſolitary hours either in writing or reading, but never to the preclusion of a friend's converſation.

He could not have flattered himſelf with being ſo ſoon admitted to that title, however ambitious of meriting it, when he conſidered what a ſtrong prejudice he muſt have to overcome, in the mind of Madame de Sainval's confidential friend—"but Miſs Riverſdale's penetration——"

"Has had little to do in this," I interrupted. "I will not affect ignorance of what I ſo ſincerely lament as the coolneſs between you and the Marchioneſs"

"Coolneſs is a very gentle word for poſitive hatred."

"I have not yet had an opportunity of judging of your feelings for her; I can only ſpeak of hers for you."

"I ſhould imagine *contempt* is the beſt modification you can give them."

"I really ſhould be unjuſt to her, were I to admit your ſuppoſition; it is, on the contrary, from her repreſentation of ſome noble *traits* in Monſieur de Sainval's character,

that I was induced to wiſh, I might have the good fortune of adding his friendſhip to hers."

I ſpoke this with the ſtricteſt truth, Henry.

"It will be the only point of union, I believe, that we ſhall ever form," he replied with quickneſs; "but ſince you condeſcend to admit me to your friendſhip, allow me to take the privilege of a friend, in pleading for *un malheureux de votre façon**, who has had recourſe to me, from the ſeverity with which Madame de Valence has treated him on your part."

I repeated to him my objections to the Chevalier d'Urſain, enforced by the conſiderations of country and religion, which I had not urged to Madame de Valence, becauſe I knew ſhe would not give them a moment's thought; Paris being, in her opinion, the terreſtrial paradiſe, and her religion what no body would heſitate to conform to, who was ſo lucky as to have it thrown in their way.

Monſieur de Sainval paid many compli-

* An unfortunate of your making.

ments to the ſolidity of my way of thinking, and promiſed to *mettre à la raiſon* † the Chevalier.

He adverted to the good effects of Engliſh education, in forming a young woman's mind, and enabling her to judge and act for herſelf.

"Praiſe undeſerved is *cenſure* in diſguiſe;" a conſcious bluſh overſpread my face at the mortifying recollections that obtruded themſelves, and I made no anſwer.

Monſieur de Sainval proceeded to lament the double cruelty of marriages in this country; which, beſide being contracted without the concurrence of the parties, were made indiſſoluble. He conſidered the liberty of divorce as one of the firſt of bleſſings.

This ſo evidently pointed to his own ſituation, that I took the opportunity of recuring to the ſubject he had before evaded; but we were interrupted by the entrance of Madame de Valence.

However, it will now be eaſy to revert to this topic again; and the very great deference

† Bring him to hear reaſon.

he upon all occaſions expreſſes for me, gives me a hope, that my interference may not be ineffectual.

2*d*.—Madame de Sainval is returned; ſhe has been extremely *fêtée** at Verſailles; indeed, her beauty, wit, and elegance, muſt command admiration every where. Is it to be conceived, that her huſband ſhould continue blind to them?

She ſaw Mr. Stanville at the Ducheſs de P——'s, and converſed a good deal with him; ſhe thought him extremely agreeable, and as his ſhyneſs wore off, ſhe was ſurpriſed to find how eaſily he expreſſed himſelf in French, though his ideas, ſhe ſaid, evidently loſt ſome of their elegance, by his ignorance of the *fineſſe & nuances*† of the language. He ſpoke with enthuſiaſtic warmth of Lady Belfont—of you—but of *your* ſiſter, and *his* ſiſter's *friend*, ſcarcely an inquiry—at leaſt, I think, Adine would have told me, if he had even remembered to name me; and I did not chooſe to aſk—I'm ſure I don't

* Much made of.

† Idiomatic refinements, and ſhades of expreſſion.

know why, for I hope I am free from the mean ſelfiſhneſs of only valuing people in proportion to their partiality for me; and yet, the mortification I feel at his total neglect borders ſo much upon reſentment, that I am quite aſhamed of it.

3*d*.—I am juſt come from under the hands of Monſieur Leonard*, who is an original, as complete in his way as Mademoiſelle Bertin; *mais c'eſt une féerie que ſa coiffure*†; that's the expreſſion.

I have taken up my pen, while Madame de Sainval is getting ready, ſimply *pour me diſtraire*‡, as they call it; for this firſt introduction into the world really appears to me very tremendous. I do not know when I have felt ſo much agitation—and I cannot tell what it is I fear—my nerves are weaker ſtill, I believe, than I had imagined.

* The Queen's hair dreſſer.

† The air he gives to the head dreſs is like the work of the fairies.

‡ To divert one's thoughts from any unpleaſant ſubject.

I begin to wonder at not having an anſwer from Lady Mary Melvile. Surely—

3d. at night.—It is evidently to *me*, Henry, that Mr. Stanville has conceived a diſlike—nothing could be more ſtrongly marked, as you ſhall hear—but, believe me, I only feel hurt at it, from a ſenſe of the mortification it will cauſe to your affectionate partiality for your Louiſa; the very recollection of which draws tears from my eyes at this moment.

And Lady Belfont too!—I am ſure it would have been gratifying to her, that her brother ſhould have approved of her friend—and then, his being a man ſo uncommonly intereſting in point of character and abilities would have made his good opinion highly flattering.

But this was not what I meant to begin upon. You will have underſtood my unfiniſhed ſentence to imply my being called away.

We were only ten at table; and Madame de Sainval and I, being the only women, were, of courſe, on each ſide of the Ambaſſador. It ſo happened, that in moving towards the table, Mr. Stanville muſt naturally

have ſat on my other hand, had he not pointedly ſhrunk back from the place, and gone all the way round, to ſeat himſelf next to Madame de Sainval, ſaying to Sir George Rutland, "I beg your pardon; I did not mean to be in your way!" who immediately took the ſeat next me.

Could any thing be more marked?—And I ſhould have told you, that when we entered, he was ſtanding before the chimney; and upon my being ſeated in the *fauteuil au coin du feu**, as the warmeſt place for an invalide, he made me a very grave bow, inquired after my health, and then retired to the window, where he was joined by another gentleman, whom he ſoon after led towards me, ſaying, "May I take the liberty, Miſs Riverſdale, of introducing to you my friend, Sir George Rutland?" with an embarraſſment ſo evident, as to be diſtreſſing; and whilſt I addreſſed ſome words of common civility to Sir George, he inſtantly again withdrew to a diſtance.

I perceive I am giving you a very lame and confuſed account of this matter; but really,

* The large arm chair by the fire ſide, which is reckoned the place of honour in French houſes.

deareſt Henry, the ſubject is not ſufficiently agreeable to go over it again; ſo I muſt truſt to your making it out. I ſhould certainly have begun by telling you, that the Ambaſſador being out of the way, juſt at the moment of our arrival, the Secretary came to hand us out of our carriage, and Mr. Stanville, who had let him come *alone* to do the honours to *two* women, was ſtanding unoccupied before the fire when we went in. I trembled ſo much from weakneſs, that I could ſcarce ſupport myſelf, but he neither came forward to offer aſſiſtance, nor, indeed, ſeemed to perceive it; and I had been ſeated for ſome little time, before he even took the conſtrained notice of me which I mentioned.

At dinner the converſation was uncommonly brilliant, chiefly ſupported between the Marchioneſs and Mr. Stanville; ſhe ſpeaking French—he Engliſh. Wit ſparkled on both ſides, but I thought a great deal of what Madame de Sainval ſaid borrowed its prettineſs from the language in which it was ſpoken; while Mr. Stanville lent a grace to his expreſſions, of which I was not aware the Engliſh language was ſuſceptible. His ſelection of words is very ſtriking; for, with-

out the ſmalleſt degree of pedantry, he ſays the very commoneſt thing in the very beſt poſſible manner, and ſeems indeed, as you ſay, to have a turn of thought peculiarly his own.

The tone of his voice appeared to me alſo ſingularly pleaſing. I ſhould think his perſuaſion would be irreſiſtible—what influence muſt his oratory derive from this in the Houſe of Commons! Did you ever hear him ſpeak, Henry?

The converſation at one time took a political turn, and Madame de Sainval having expreſſed a curioſity, in regard to the different merits of ſome of the moſt admired ſpeakers; Sir George ſaid, that Lord N—'s fort ſeemed to lie in the clearneſs of his financial ſtatements, and the ſimplicity of his arguments, never weakening their force by ſuperfluous declamation.

"Add to this his extraordinary ſelf-poſſeſſion, and peculiar felicity in warding off the ſcurrilous invective, with which he is frequently attacked," ſaid Mr. Stanville. "I can often fancy I ſee his guardian angel perched upon his ſhoulder, and whiſpering in *his* ear the beſt poſſible reply upon every oc-

caſion. Then, his pleaſantry ſo conciliating; his ridicule enlivening, without irritating the houſe—the very objects of it joining irreſiſtibly in the laugh; his wit is phoſphoric, brilliant, without being cauſtic."

"*Comment!*" interrupted Madame de Sainval, "*on ſe permit dans votre grave parlement, de faire de l'eſprit? J'aurois crue que ce ſeroit un crime de lèſe-raiſon**."

"You would perhaps, on the contrary, think it uſurped a portion far too conſiderable of the debate," replied Mr. Stanville, "if you were to hear the ſplendid, figurative, animated imagery of B——, ſoaring away from his ſubject, till it is ſcarce poſſible for the mind's eye to follow him; quoting from Lucretius, Hudibras, Cicero, Rabelais, or an old ballad, with equal readineſs."

"But all this occaſionally ſo interlarded with puerile pathos, and vulgar ſcurrility," ſaid Sir George.

"That ariſes from want of taſte, not of powers," Mr. Stanville replied.

* How, is wit allowed of in your ſerious parliament? I ſhould have expected it to be conſidered as high treaſon againſt reaſon.

"Digreſſions without end," continued Sir George, "the apparent concluſion of his ſpeech ſtarting into the exordium of another, like Ovid's Metamorphoſes; in ſhort, I am come to conſider his riſing to ſpeak, merely as a ſignal to adjourn to the beef-ſteak room; and ſo, I'll be ſworn, did the better half of the members, when they nicknamed him the Dinner bell."

"I believe it may be fair to ſay of him," rejoined Mr. Stanville, "that for good, bad, and indifferent, he has not his equal. There is a mixture of delight and diſguſt in hearing him, which ſeems to endue the ear at once with the centripetal and centrifugal motions; at the ſame time, his mind is perfectly electric, for upon the ſlighteſt friction it pours forth a ſtream of intellectual light."

"Which ſo completely dazzles his devotees," interrupted Sir George, "that they are ready to ſubſcribe even to his judgment."

The Ambaſſador thought, that, as a finiſhed orator, Mr. P— ſoared above competition.

Mr. Stanville admitted his talents to be refined, verſatile, and poliſhed. "His flowing harmonious periods, his nice ſelection of

apparently unſtudied phraſes, his inexhauſtible copiouſneſs, are very ſtriking; and that perſpicuity of diction, which ſeems to expreſs his ideas with ſuch clearneſs."

"*Seems* to expreſs?" interrupted the Ambaſſador.

"Certainly, only *ſeems*, for upon a moment's reflection, you will commonly find it impoſſible to attach any preciſe meaning to it."

"But this I take to be a peculiar art, for which I give him great credit," contended the Ambaſſador; "for you will allow, that when it ſuits his purpoſe to be fully underſtood, he can ſtate the moſt complicated buſineſs with the cleareſt accuracy."

"So that your Lordſhip values his powers of language," replied Mr. Stanville, archly, "in proportion as they ſerve to diſguiſe his meaning?"

This occaſioned a general ſmile. Monſieur de Sainval, who, from having ſerved in America, underſtands Engliſh, and ſpeaks it with tolerable fluency, obſerved, that he had always conceived Britiſh orators to be above every ſort of trick themſelves, while they ſo

conſtantly affixed that epithet as the ſtigma of French politics.

"We have an old adage which may account for it," ſaid Sir George; "Mocking is catching."

Mr. Stanville, good humouredly ſeeming to wiſh to do away his friend's bluntneſs, ſaid, "There are certain *ruſes de guerre** admitted in all governments; and I do not mean to detract from abilities ſo conſpicuous as Mr. ——'s in particular; I have always admired the never failing felicity, with which he improves, to his own advantage, the ſlighteſt opening given by his antagoniſt."

"But obſerve," ſaid Sir George, "whether it be ever poſſible to carry away, or quote any thing from his ſpeeches."

"No, they certainly are characteriſed," Mr. Stanville replied, "by a languid, glittering verboſity, which fills the ear without ſatisfying the mind. How ſtrikingly contraſted with the energetic, commanding, impaſſioned eloquence of his rival! which at once convinces the underſtanding, and ſeizes upon the heart."

* Stratagems of war.

"Ay, there indeed," exclaimed Sir George, "are candour and acuteneſs, joined to ſound judgment, depth of thought, and force of logic, unequalled."

"His elocution level to every capacity," rejoined Mr. Stanville; "never ſeeking for a word to embelliſh his period, but enliſting and diſciplining the commoneſt in a moment, to charge in the ranks, and bear down all oppoſition. He proves the irreſiſtible power of luminous common ſenſe, leaving all the little arts of debate at a diſtance, and ſtands forth alone the *Orator of Reaſon.*"

"There I recognize the true Engliſh character," ſaid Madame de Sainval, "and I judged your whole parliament to be ſo compoſed."

"You did us too much honour, indeed," replied Sir George, ſhaking his head. "One ſuch man in a century would be ſufficient to ſupport the dignity of the human race! You'll allow him to be phoſphoric and electric too, Stanville?"

"He!" exclaimed Mr. Stanville, with an enthuſiaſm that well became him. "His oratory is the effulgence of the meridian ſun,

darting the clear ray of unſophiſticated reaſon around, and ſhedding intellectual day."

"Upon my ſoul, you are inſpired, Stanville!" cried Sir George, looking delighted with the brilliancy of his friend's obſervations.

"*Et inſpiré encore par la raiſon, denuée des graces!*" added Madame de Sainval, ſmiling, "*cette grande triſte raiſon—ſi froide—ſi âpre—ſi peu inſpirante—quel miracle**!"

"Perhaps, upon *better* acquaintance with her, you might think more favourably," ſaid Monſieur de Sainval, with a degree of archneſs which I did not think he had poſſeſſed.

Her eye ſtruck fire as ſhe glanced at him; and the 'retort,' *not* 'courteous,' I believe, was riſing to her lips; but Mr. Stanville averted it by obſerving, that Madame de Sainval would not eaſily find the opportunity of improving an acquaintance, which her appearance was ſo likely to put to flight.

"Mr. Stanville's wit, like Midas's touch,

* And inſpired by *reaſon*, diveſted of the graces moreover! gigantic diſmal REASON, ſo cold—ſo dry—ſo uninſpiring! What a miracle!

has the property of converting all to gold. It would not readily have occurred to any one elſe, to turn the mere repetition of a reproach into a compliment," replied the Marchioneſs ſmiling, who required but the moment's reflection, to curb her diſpleaſure, for which he had given her time; ſhe added, "I may be excuſed, if I fail in the accurate appreciation of *un perſonnage de trop mauvais ton* *, to be admitted into French good company; but I ſhall truſt to my Louiſa, for putting me in the way *de lui faire réparation d'honneur* † in England; where I expect to find her preſiding at every tea table—*et puis, nous irons auſſi entendre ces miracles au parlement; n'eſtce pas mon cœur* ‡?"

I ſaid, I was afraid ſhe muſt take them upon truſt, for I had underſtood that women were now excluded from the gallery.

"To the eternal diſgrace of our gallantry, I confeſs it," the Ambaſſador ſaid.

* A perſon too unfaſhionable.

† Make her honourable amends.

‡ And then we ſhall alſo go and hear thoſe wonders in the houſe of commons. Shall we not, my love?

"*Ah, les Oſtrogots*!*" cried Madame de Sainval. "No wonder that reaſon ſhould have power, where women are inadmiſſible."

"Would any of us have dared to utter ſuch an implied ſcarcaſm upon the ſex?" exclaimed Mr. Stanville. "In virtue of my claim, as its profeſſed champion, I beg leave, in our parliamentary language, to offer an amendment, by ſubſtituting the word *graces;* which, however it may ſtrike us all *at this moment,* to be ſynonimous with woman, will certainly reſcue a part of the ſex at leaſt, from the ſeverity of Madame de Sainval's remark: which will then be reduced to this political axiom, 'that the triumph of reaſon can only be ſecured by the excluſion of the graces.' And this is undoubtedly the principle upon which thoſe ſenators acted, who voted the ladies out of the gallery."

This happy knack of complimentary ſarcaſm, in which fulſomeneſs and ſeverity are equally loſt, brought your agreeable Mrs. Blandford's appeal into my mind.

* Oh, the Hottentots!

After dinner, Sir George Rutland desired to be presented to Madame de Sainval; and talked to us of Lady Belfont, whom he greatly admires. He also said very handsome things of Mr. Stanville, with whom he has lived in habits of intimacy ever since they both left college: and a more honourable, noble-minded man never existed, he says; his very faults arise out of his virtues. Upon this subject I could have nothing to say, as I had had no opportunity of judging; but I observed, that his parts were very conspicuous.

"Yes, they are universally acknowledged," Sir George replied; "but his heart is only known to his friends, and to the unfortunate. I have often wished it less susceptible, for his own sake. Poor Stanville!" added he sighing, and looking affectionately at him.

I really like Sir George very much; he appears to be a sensible, friendly, unaffected man, and I thought his conversation quite agreeable, when it did not interfere with the attention I wished to pay to whatever fell from Mr. Stanville: it is so seldom that an opportunity offers of hearing any thing so very superiour, that I was unwilling to lose a

word—and how wonderfully his countenance lightens up, when he ſpeaks, Henry!

Cards were propoſed till the hour of the *ſpectacles*. Madame de Sainval ſat down to *triſette* with the Ambaſſador, Mr. Stanville, and another young man.

I remained by the fire with Sir George Rutland and Monſieur de Sainval, to whom I was giving an account, how much I had been diverted with Monſieur Leonard's coming in his *cabriolet*, with his page in waiting, to put the *papillottes* into my hair.

"He would not fail to *débiter mille galanteries**, while he was about it," ſaid Monſieur de Sainval.

"It was quite as amuſing to ſee Louiſa's bluſhes, and embarraſſed looks," cried Madame de Sainval from the card table, "as to hear Leonard's *flagorneries*†."

"He compared your hair to the Queen's, of courſe," the Marquis ſaid.

"That compariſon probably holds good for every fair hair'd woman that he dreſſes," I anſwered.

* Say a thouſand gallant things.

† Fulſome flattery.

" But I aſſure you, he is very choice of his compliments," cried Madame de Sainval; " they are only beſtowed upon thoſe that he thinks will do credit to his ſkill. Do pray repeat his panegyric, that Sir George may learn how to trace analogies."

" He aſſured me that my hair, in its preſent diminiſhed ſtate, was an emblem of the delicacy of my mind; more impreſſive than the luxuriant flowing locks of the moſt beautiful healthy woman of the court; that it was ſoft and ſilky like my temper, he was ſure—"

I ſtopt—feeling myſelf really embarraſſed at thus repeating, before ſtrangers, a piece of flattery addreſſed to myſelf, however abſurd or inſignificant the flatterer.

This may appear very affectedly inconſiſtent with my promptneſs in retailing to you compliments of far greater magnitude; but I conſider my brother as my confeſſor, to whom both good and bad muſt be uttered without reſerve: beſides, I always bear in mind, that when you enjoined me to be minute, in ſtating converſations which were any way intereſting or characteriſtic, you added, " for I ſhall often form my opinion of a man's ſincerity, upon more trifling circumſtances

than you can be aware of; the very turn of his flattery will enable me to judge, whether he merely admire your perſon, or reſpect your underſtanding."

"*Eh bien!*" exclaimed Madame de Sainval, "*continuez donc! peut on être enfant au point de ſe laiſſer décontenancer par les bétiſes d'un friſeur? et ſon enthouſiaſme, pour 'ces cheveux ſi bien plantés**' and his wiſh, if you would have given him time to invent a new *coiffure en tête naiſſante*†, with which you ſhould eclipſe the Princeſs de L—— herſelf, it ſhould be ſo *diſtingué*, and add ſo much new grace to your beauty."

"Nature might have bidden him defiance there," ſaid Mr. Stanville; but inſtantly checking himſelf, as if afraid that I ſhould, even for a moment feel obliged by the elegant compliment, he added, addreſſing himſelf to the Marchioneſs, with a quickneſs of manner which was really peculiar, "Do you recollect a thought, to this effect, of Dorat's,

* Go on then! Can any one be ſo childiſh, as to be put out of countenance by the nonſenſe of a hairdreſſer, and his enthuſiaſm for the ſhape of your forehead?

† *A* growing head dreſs.

with which perhaps you might yourſelf have inſpired him, as I underſtand he is the avowed favourite of all the wits and beauties of Paris?"

" Et la nature en formant ſes attraits,
" Sût aſſortir l'eſprit avec les traits,
" De peur que l'art ne gâtât ſon ouvrage."

" Your own thought is certainly more applicable than your quotation, Stanville," ſaid the Ambaſſador; " for however happy the aſſortment between Miſs Riverſdale's mind and her perſon, Leonard did not ſeem to carry his idea quite ſo far."

" I admire," ſaid Madame de Sainval, " the ingenuity with which Mr. Stanville has edged *me* into the compliment. No experienced coquette, between two lovers, *ſe ſeroit mieux tirée d'affaire**; though, were I maliciouſly inclined to mark a diſtinction, I might ſay, that Louiſa's part of it occurred ſpontaneouſly, whilſt mine was ſupplied by recollection, *comme pour le gaſer* †."

Mr. Stanville, colouring exceſſively, ſaid,

* Could have managed the matter better.

† As if to veil it.

he ſhould never venture to bid defiance to Madame de Sainval's wit; and there it reſted.

Madame de Sainval went to the opera; but I was too much fatigued with this firſt exertion, to accompany her, ſo ſhe ſet me down at home; and I eſtabliſhed myſelf at her writing table in the ſalon, imagining I ſhould be uninterrupted till the time for re-aſſembling after the play, but Monſieur de Sainval ſoon followed me.

4th.—I could not proceed laſt night, to give you the account of my converſation with Monſieur de Sainval; my ſpirits were ſo much worn, that I have not quite recovered them to this moment, after a night's reſt—not, indeed, ſo good as uſual.—Did you ever find yourſelf fatigued beyond the power of obtaining reſt, Henry? I hope not, as I attribute it to remaining weakneſs.

And now, my deareſt brother, give me your opinion upon the very ſingular behaviour of Mr. Stanville; for that, among other things, recurred during my ſleepleſs hours—give me your opinion, did I ſay? O, my firſt of friends! my beloved brother! before

I can now have your opinion upon any ſubject, however important—weeks—months—years, may roll away!—Whenever this chilling idea occurs, it overpowers me.

5th.—When I took up my pen yeſterday, it was my intention to ſpeak only of Monſieur de Sainval, but other ſubjects ſomehow obtruded themſelves, to which I found myſelf unequal, and I was obliged to deſiſt from writing.

And now—I have had the oddeſt converſation with Madame de Sainval, who laughs exceedingly at the notion of Mr. Stanville's averſion to me; and will have it that..... I really ſcarcely know how to tell you her opinion, it appears to me ſo perfectly unfounded—and her accuſation of me too!—but you ſhall have it in her own words.

Sir George Rutland had called yeſterday evening, and, in the courſe of converſation, had mentioned Mr. Stanville with ſome anxiety. He is of late, it ſeems, become ſo grave and reſerved, except when he appears to make an effort to force ſpirits, that Sir George fears he is not well. It was very natural that I ſhould hear this with pain, who

am ſo much intereſted in him, through the medium of others; for certainly, on my own account, I cannot be ſuppoſed to have much reaſon to care, unleſs, indeed, from a conſciouſneſs which immediately ſtruck me, that I might perhaps have been unjuſt in the diſpleaſure I had conceived at him . . . In ſhort, I believe I coloured more than I now know how to account for, though I really think the Marchioneſs is a good deal miſtaken in the cauſe, to which ſhe chooſes to aſcribe it —that is—I mean, it certainly was not altogether what ſhe thought—however, at all events, I flatter myſelf it has eſcaped Sir George's notice, as I could not bear that he ſhould have formed the ſame idea.

The inſtant he was gone, ſhe began to rally me upon Mr. Stanville's ſuppoſed diſlike. It would be no more than a deſerved retaliation, ſhe thought, for all the mortifications I inflicted upon others; there was the poor Chevalier d'Urſain, making his moan to the *échos d'alentour**, and proteſting how near this firſt refuſal he has ever experienced goes, to make him hang himſelf; and actually,

* Surrounding echoes.

ſhe believed he was only ſaved from it, by finding in the novelty of the circumſtances a new ſubject of converſation, which is the zeſt of life with him;—and muſt not ſhe enjoy my humiliation, in revenge for having enveigled her huſband's heart, which otherwiſe might now, perhaps, *pur pur déſœuvrement**, have beſtowed itſelf upon her?

My ſpirits were more than uſually weak; and I entreated her to ſpare me, with a look more diſturbed, poſſibly, than I was aware of: for ſhe inſtantly changed her tone, and, with the moſt ſoothing kindneſs, began enumerating her reaſons for judging very differently of Mr. Stanville's motives from what I did. "Truſt me, who am ſomewhat of an adept in theſe matters," ſaid ſhe, "a man betrays his preference for a woman as much, and often more, by exceſs of reſerve, as by exceſs of attention. He ſtudiouſly avoided, but was unintentionally attracted towards you —why elſe his inceſſant blunders at Triſette? why that awkwardly ingenious attempt at giving me a ſhare in the compliment to your

* Mere want of employment.

beauty, which it had ſeemed to force from him by ſurpriſe? and why, above all, his extreme confuſion, when I ſo handſomely reſtored the whole of it to you?"

"And why, my dear friend, if there were the ſlighteſt grounds for all theſe obſervations, ſhould he impoſe this difficult taſk upon himſelf? I muſt ſtill feel humbled, that it ſhould appear neceſſary ſo ſtudiouſly to avoid the object of his ſiſter's partiality—if he thought me worthy of his, what ſhould prevent his avowing it? He is independent, and in eaſy, though not affluent circumſtances."

"I perceive at leaſt, my Louiſa, that whatever obſtacles there may be in his way, he will not find you averſe to aſſiſt in removing them: nay, now you look juſt as embarraſſed and fooliſh as he did—ſhall I deſiſt from the diſagreeable ſubject," archly, "and leave you to flatter yourſelf, I am as blind as you wiſh me to be?"

"Are you quite kind, Adine, in indulging your wit at my expenſe juſt now?"

"You tell me, I often indulge it at my own; and it is the moſt undeniable proof of affection,

to treat one's friend like one's ſelf, you know," ſhe replied, as ſhe kiſſed away the tear that had ſtarted into my eye.

"Indeed I muſt wiſh, that you would treat both yourſelf and your friend better in that reſpect."

"And ſo I ſhall in time, I dare ſay, if we remain long enough together; for I really am ſometimes aſtoniſhed at my own improvement, and I did now intend to be quite ſerious, from the moment I perceived you were hurt; but then, I expected you to be honeſt in return, and when you ſhow me a want of confidence, I feel entitled to take my own methods of conquering your reſerve."

"Surely nothing could leſs merit this accuſation, than the fairneſs, with which I was ſtating my want of perception of the obſtacles there could be in the way of Mr. Stanville's evincing the preference you allege he feels; but the archneſs of your look made me ſhrink from the fear of my ſincerity being miſconſtrued into a forward wiſh for the exiſtence of ſuch a preference."

"And in your conſcience, Louiſa, you have no ſuch wiſh?"

"In my conſcience, Adine, if I have it, it has hitherto been unknown to myſelf; and I think I have only felt humbled, to believe myſelf an object of diſlike, where it was ſo much my ambition to pleaſe."

"And your conſcience wholly acquits you of any particular views in the ſtyle of your dreſs for yeſterday's dinner at the Ambaſſador's? when you quarrelled with the *toque** Mademoiſelle Bertin ſent you; and made Leonard twiſt a bandeau into your hair, at the riſk of giving you cold?"

"I always wore a bandeau before my illneſs."

"And it had not the ſlighteſt reference to the report I had made of my converſation with Mr. Stanville, at Verſailles; and his admiration of a ſimple bandeau, in preference to the fantaſtic headdreſſes diſplayed at the ball?"

"That might again bring a bandeau into my head—I can't exactly ſay—but what a cruel obſerver you are!—"

"Only an accurate one, Louiſa, that's all.

* A particular kind of cap.

—but now to be ſerious with you, my love. I do really wiſh to open your eyes to yourſelf, for I am very apprehenſive, that your mind dwells more upon this ſubject, than will prove conſiſtent with your peace. Whether your conjecture, or mine, be right in regard to Mr. Stanville, it is very evident that he has ſome reaſon, with which we are unacquainted, for avoiding you—and, therefore, I wiſh you not to let him engroſs your thoughts, as of late he has appeared to do."

"And has he appeared to engroſs my thoughts?" I aſked with unfeigned ſurpriſe.

"I ſhould imagine your letters muſt partake ſo much of the turn of your converſation, that I am tempted to refer to them for the proof of my aſſertion; look back a few pages of your journal to your brother, and if there be two, in which Mr. Stanville is not in ſome ſhape or other introduced, I will forfeit my claim to penetration in future."

I did ſo, Henry, and was confounded.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "this is a humiliation indeed!"—

"I will not allow you to think it ſo—you know what one of your poets ſays—

'A maid unask'd, may own a well-placed flame;
'Not loving *firſt*, but loving *wrong* is ſhame.'

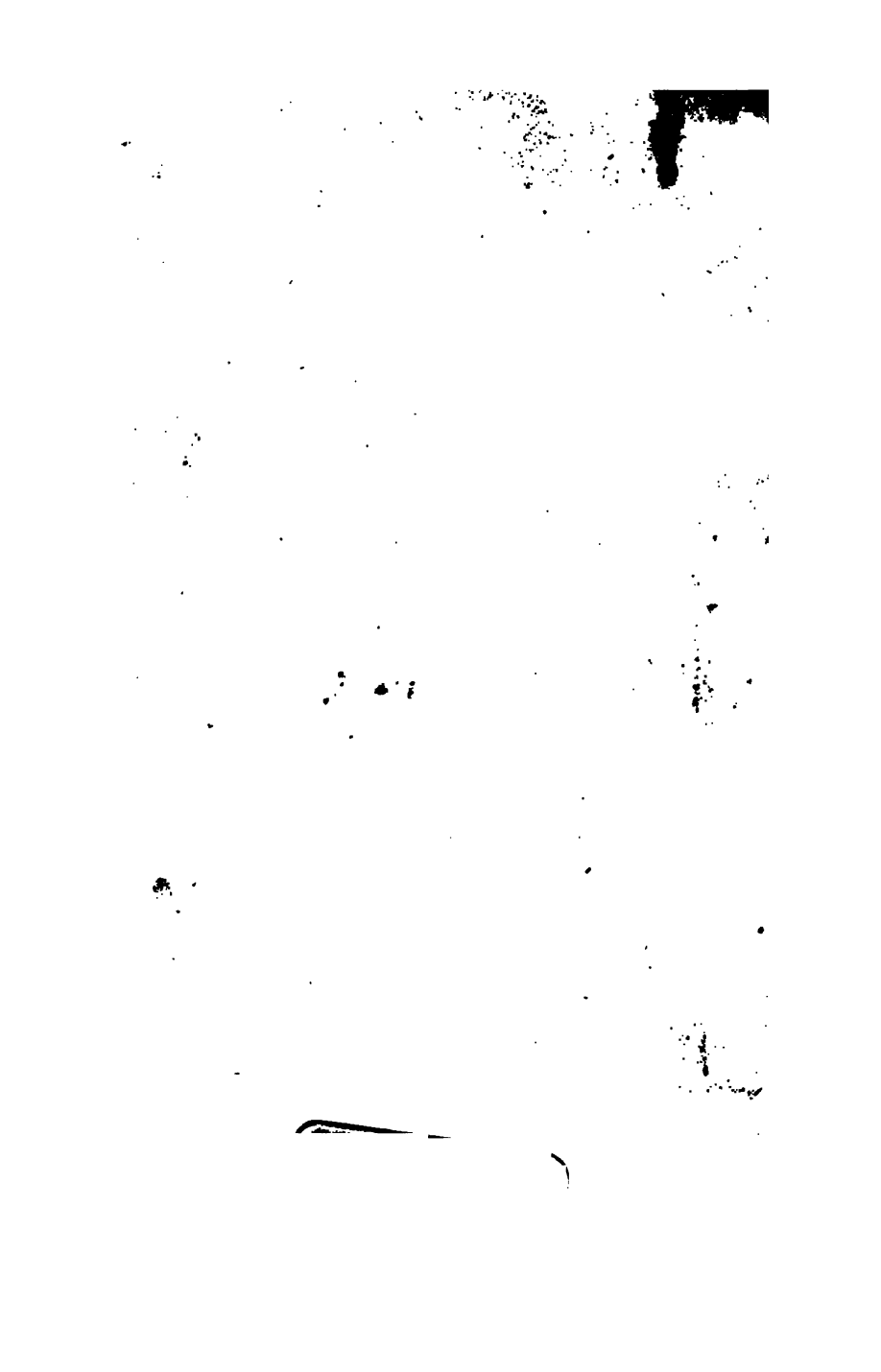
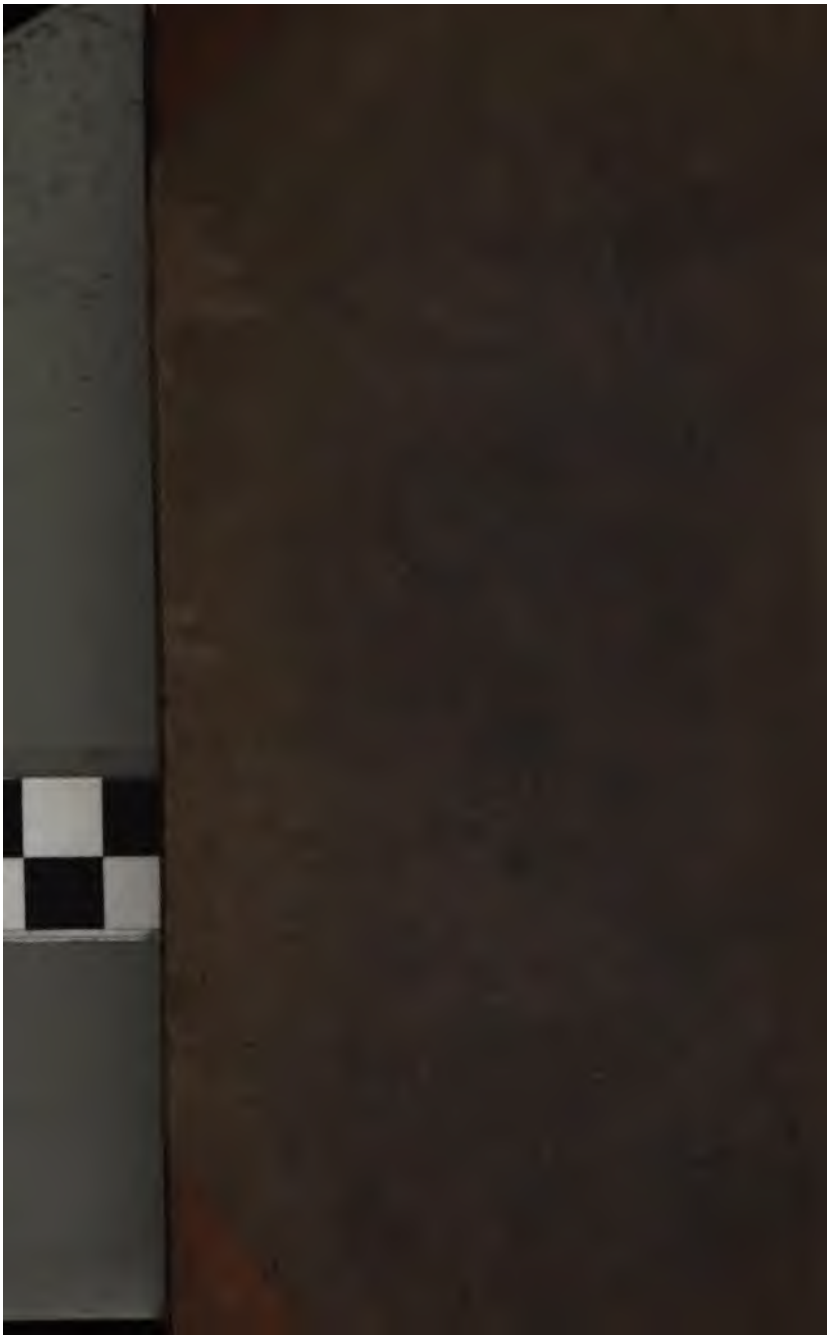
It is your *peace*, and not your *pride*, that I ſee reaſon to be concerned for."

But ſurely, my dear brother—ſurely! Madame de Sainval miſtakes the nature of the intereſt I take in Mr. Stanville! The moment ſhe left me, I endeavoured, fairly and calmly, to inveſtigate my own feelings; and I would not be guilty of inſincerity either to her or to you. I candidly acknowledge, that Mr. Stanville appears to me quite unexceptionable, and certainly calculated to make any woman happy, whom he might prefer; yet, if he have reaſons for ſhunning me, I truſt I ſhall not find it ſo very difficult to make myſelf eaſy upon the ſubject, particularly if I can diveſt myſelf of the mortifying idea of diſlike.

Certainly, Madame de Sainval's judgment is likely to be more accurate and impartial than mine—Mr. Stanville aſſuredly did ſeem to wiſh to recall what fell from him at the

card table—but after all, what was it?—a mere compliment to my perſon—it is not for an advantage ſo trivial to make a laſting impreſſion upon ſuch a mind as Mr. Stanville's. He has ſeen a thouſand handſomer women, and is ſtill free.

His embarraſſment, perhaps, only aroſe from ſeeing, that he had put me out of countenance, for I felt myſelf colour exceedingly —that would look as if he cared, though— I bewilder myſelf in vain conjectures—but, upon the whole, I feel my mind rather more at eaſe.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Printed by G. Woodfall, No. 22, Paternoſter-row, London.